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AN APPEAL TO THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

Objects of Collection Desired by the Illinois State Historical Library and Society.

(MEMBERS PLEASE READ THIS CIRCULAR LETTER.)

Books and pamphlets on American history, biography, and genealogy, particularly those relating to Illinois and the West; works on Indian tribes, and American archæology and ethnology; reports of societies and institutions of every kind, educational, economic, social; scientific publications of states or societies; books or pamphlets, relating to all wars in which Illinois has taken part, especially collections of material relating to the great world war and the wars with Indians; privately printed works; newspapers; maps and charts; engravings, photographs; autographs; coins, antiques, encyclopedias, dictionaries, and bibliographical works. Especially do we desire

EVERYTHING RELATING TO ILLINOIS.

1. Every book or pamphlet on any subject relating to Illinois, or any part of it; also every book or pamphlet written by an Illinois citizen, whether published in Illinois or elsewhere; materials for Illinois history; old letters, journals.

2. Manuscripts; narratives of the pioneers of Illinois; original papers on the early history and settlement of the territory; adventures and conflicts during the early settlement, the Indian troubles, or the great rebellion or other wars, biographies of the pioneers; prominent citizens and public men of every county, either living or deceased, together with their portraits and autographs; a sketch of the settlements of every township, village, and neighborhood in the State, with the names of the first settlers. We solicit articles on every subject connected with Illinois history.

3. City ordinances, proceedings of mayor and council; reports of committees of council; pamphlets or papers of any kind printed by authority of the city; reports of boards of trade and commercial associations; maps of cities and plats of town sites or of additions thereto.

4. Pamphlets of all kinds; annual reports of societies, sermons or addresses delivered in the State; minutes of church conventions,

synods, or other ecclesiastical bodies of Illinois; political addresses; railroad reports; all such, whether published in pamphlet or newspaper.

5. Catalogues and reports of colleges and other institutions of learning; annual or other reports of school boards, school superintendents, and school committees; educational pamphlets, programs and papers of every kind, no matter how small or apparently unimportant.

6. Copies of the earlier laws, journals and reports of our territorial and State Legislatures; earlier Governors' messages and reports of State Officers; reports of State charitable and other State institutions.

7. Files of Illinois newspapers and magazines, especially complete volumes of past years, or single numbers even. Publishers are earnestly requested to contribute their publications regularly, all of which will be carefully preserved and bound.

8. Maps of the State, or of counties or townships, of any date; views and engravings of buildings or historic places; drawings or photographs of scenery; paintings; portraits, etc., connected with Illinois history.

9. Curiosities of all kinds; coins, medals, paintings; portraits; engravings; statuary; war relics; autograph letters of distinguished persons, etc.

10. Facts illustrative of our Indian tribes—their history, characteristics, religion, etc., sketches of prominent chiefs, orators and warriors together with contributions of Indian weapons, costumes, ornaments, curiosities, and implements; also stone axes, spears, arrow heads, pottery, or other relics.

It is important that the work of collecting historical material in regard to the part taken by Illinois in the great war be done immediately before valuable material is lost or destroyed.

In brief, everything that, by the most liberal construction, can illustrate the history of Illinois, its early settlement, its progress, or present condition. All will be of interest to succeeding generations. Contributions will be credited to the donors in the published reports of the Library and Society, and will be carefully preserved as the property of the State, for the use and benefit of the people for all time.

Your attention is called to the important duty of collecting and preserving everything relating to the part taken by the State of Illinois in the great world war.

Communications or gifts may be addressed to the Librarian and Secretary.

(MRS.) JESSIE PALMER WEBER.

GREAT DATES AND DEEDS OF ILLINOIS.

(An address by Dr. Frederick F. Shannon, before the State Historical Society at Springfield, Ill., Dec. 3, 1923, and repeated before the Chicago Historical Society, Dec. 4, 1923.)

Great dates and deeds in the history of Illinois disclose the unfolding of a vast and thrilling drama. The very name, Illinois, is beautifully significant. It comes from an old Indian word meaning "Man." Any study, therefore, of this great commonwealth must keep at its center that which is central—manhood and womanhood. Moreover, any adequate appraisal of Illinois must include centuries of time, various nations, antagonistic forces, desperate struggles, undying heroisms, dastardly treacheries, golden loyalties, patient endurance, and daring achievement realized through unconquerable faith in God. Indeed, as the student meditates upon the moving story of Illinois and undertakes to weave its varied threads into a connected whole, he at once faces genuine embarrassment through manifold riches of material. Who can possess and ponder the Centennial History of Illinois, with its brilliant scholarship, with its vivid and accurate recital of facts, and its splendid achievement in artistic book-making, without a feeling of profound gratitude to the Centennial Commission, and to the eminent historians who have placed this wealth at his disposal? These six volumes should be in every home, every school, and every church in the State.

My purpose is a simple one. I propose to recall some of the significant dates and deeds of the four centuries which have gone into the making of our Commonwealth. To the superficial observer these periods may seem quite remote, having little to do with the matter in hand; but to the student of history they are all wonderfully related, each sustaining a

vital part to every other, and the whole so perfectly bound together as to make one stand in a kind of awe and exclaim: "What hath God wrought!"

I.

Consider, first, the seventeenth century in the history of Illinois. I regard 1637 a great date for the calendar; for in that year Jacques Marquette was born in Laon, France. Add to 1637 the year 1645 and you have a set of twin dates whose lusty doings Illinois shall never hear the end of; for in 1645 Louis Joliet was born at Quebec. These two—the good priest and the great explorer—seem to symbolize the spirit of adventure and daring which still haunts this mighty mid-western empire. Of the priest the historian says, in recounting his perilous journeys by land and sea: "The Father had long premeditated this undertaking, influenced by a most ardent desire to extend the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, and to make Him known and adored by all the peoples of that country." Well and nobly did Father Marquette toil, dying at last, as he wished, in the heart of the great woods, whose backward, savage children he loved and served. Joliet is pictured in these words: "He has Courage to dread nothing where everything is to be Feared." Therefore, as he set his face, along with Marquette, toward the Mississippi in 1673, in vain did Indians tell him of monsters and demons waiting to destroy in those wild and trackless regions.

"But," asks the cynic, "what, after all, have these two men to do with the history of Illinois? Were they not merely dreamers and discoverers?" Well, the fact that these two men lingered for a little while at a point on the present site of Chicago makes it impossible for us to forget these identical dreamers and discoverers! Where high souls have encamped an undying fragrance remains. But more than fragrant and inspiring memories abide; these heroes have molded themselves into something tangible and material. What a tribute to these men, as well as to ourselves, that we even name our buildings, our railroads, and our cities after them! "For of

illustrious men the whole earth is the sepulcher," said Pericles; "and not only does the inscription upon columns as their own land point it out, but in that also which is not their own there dwells with every one an unwritten memorial of the heart." How fitting, then, that this part of the earth was once pressed by the feet of two such men! If John the Baptist fed upon locusts and wild honey, I like to think that here on our own prairies—"God's Meadows"—Father Marquette and Louis Joliet knew the taste of the crab-apple, the persimmon, and the wild plum.

"When the high heart we magnify,
And the sure vision celebrate,
And worship greatness passing by,
Ourselves are great."

Another date manifestly influencing our history is 1643, the year in which Robert Cavellier Sieur de La Salle was born at Rouen, France. La Salle was one of the most indomitable spirits that ever touched the Illinois country. He discovered the Ohio and may have discovered the Illinois. He explored the Mississippi, naming the Louisiana district after his king, Louis XIV. After Father Marquette's hut, La Salle's small post was the first building on the site where Chicago now stands. It is probable, also, that La Salle established Fort St. Louis on Starved Rock. "Serious in all things," says Parkman, "incapable of the lighter pleasures, incapable of repose, finding no joy but in pursuit of great designs, too shy for society and too reserved for popularity, often unsympathetic and always seeming so, smothering emotions he could not utter, schooled to universal distrust, stern to his followers and pitiless to himself, bearing the brunt of every hardship and every danger, demanding of others an equal constancy joined to an implicit deference, heeding no counsel but his own, attempting the impossible and grasping at what was too vast to hold,—he contained in his own complex and painful nature the chief springs of his triumphs, his failures, and his death."

In this eloquent characterization of La Salle, do we not catch a glimpse of those mysterious forces operating afar off, almost at the circumference of our historic being? And yet, if we look patiently and deeply, we shall find these strange forces at the circumference firmly held in poise and order by something grandly strong and wisely directive at the center. Indeed, as we consider the contacts of men like Joliet, Marquette and La Salle with the forest children; as we try to imagine the reactions of the red men to these wary mortals from beyond the tumbling seas; as we behold them, half trustful and half doubtful of the white men, sometimes cruel in their revenge and oftentimes cruelly deceived and mistreated themselves; as we picture these vast lakes and great rivers and rugged hills and rolling prairies—a kind of theatre upon which wild beasts, savage Indians, adventuresome explorers and devoted missionaries played their various parts—are we not made to confess that uncivilized chaos is being gradually played upon by the forces of civilization, all directed and controlled by an All-wise Providence, and hymned in the well-known lines:

“A fire-mist and a planet,—
A crystal and a cell,—
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And caves where the cavemen dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod,—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high,—

And all over uplands and lowland
The charm of the goldenrod,—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in,—
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod,—
Some of us call it longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,—
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod,—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.”

II.

Consider now, however briefly, the eighteenth century's contribution to the history of Illinois. The first decade of the century reveals a story of missionary heroism that must always take high rank among such works by men on behalf of man. The devotion, the courage, and the sacrifice of the Jesuit missionaries in their effort to evangelize the Indians makes a brave and golden chapter in our early history. No winter was too cold, no summer was too hot, no water was too deep and wide, no forest was too dark and lonely, no

prairie was too long and wind-swept to deter these Pioneers of the Cross in their high resolve to carry the words of life to the benighted children of plain and hill and stream and forest.

Then, as if we were forced to make a study in contrasts, that first decade of missionary heroism is followed by what may be characterized as an epoch of speculation, beginning with 1712 and concluding with 1720. Say what we will about the Mississippi Bubble, John Law, the Scotch blower of this economic vesicle, was a man o' parts. I am not eager to tarry for a definition of the "parts"; nevertheless, a man who can kill another in a duel, escape from his native Scotland to the Continent, become the financial dictator of France, obtain a charter for the colony of Louisiana granting complete trade control, "even including the buying of beaver"; who can also make the shrewd Frenchmen visualize Southern forests and streams already teeming with thriving towns and cities instead of wild beasts, crocodiles, savage men, and a few explorers and missionaries—that man, I say, is at least possessed of an uncanny kind of personal magnetism.

Nevertheless, the incident known as the Mississippi Bubble has a place here because of its influence upon the Illinois country and inhabitants. In the reorganization which followed John Law's flight, Pierre Duque became commandant at Kaskaskia. A man of unprepossessing stature, Duque had excellent judgment, knew the psychology of the Indians, and was a master of their language. In his first address to the red men, he spoke of his small body, and added: "But my heart is large enough for all my children, the Illinois red men, to dwell in it as in a spacious cabin." Should not history take due account of a soul such as Duque's? For, as we behold the pathos and tragedy of the vanishing aborigines, it is refreshing to find a man who treats them with kindness, justice, and even brotherhood itself. And such was Duque, the new commandant at Kaskaskia, to whose coming we are remotely indebted to John Law, father of the Mississippi Bubble.

Briefly, we witness from 1748-1762 the struggle of Great Britain and France for supremacy in the western world, and

the final termination of French rule. From this point events move rapidly toward the independence of the colonies in 1776. For the winning of the Old Northwest from British rule, we are deeply indebted to George Rogers Clark. For a long period the supreme value of Clark's work was in eclipse. He spent the last years of his life in poverty and alone, near Louisville, Kentucky. Near the close of his strenuous career, it is said that his native State, Virginia, sent him a sword. Upon receiving it, he exclaimed: "When Virginia needed a sword, I gave her one. She now sends me a toy when I need bread." With these words, he thrust the sword into the ground and broke it with his crutch. Like many another, Clark has had to wait for justice and appreciation. His capture of the village of Kaskaskia, 1778, along with the agent of the British Government, was one of his many gallant feats. He was the friend of Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and prided himself upon his resemblance to George Washington, his immortal contemporary.

1787 is a memorable date in Illinois; for in that year the Northwest Territory was formed by Congress, comprising the present states of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Illinois. Within this Territory, be it everlastingly remembered, slavery was prohibited. Strange how this question, introduced as an almost necessary compromise into the Constitution itself, keeps showing its sinister aspects again and again. No matter how it was protected by law, it begot a sore uneasiness in the souls of high-minded and right-thinking people from Thomas Jefferson to less distinguished characters. But, I repeat, 1787 is a conspicuous date in the history of Illinois, not simply because the Northwest Territory was created by Congress, but also because slavery, as an institution, was forbidden within that Territory.

In 1790 Governor Arthur St. Clair of the Northwest Territory visited the Illinois settlement. Reaching Kaskaskia on March 5th, shortly thereafter he visited Cahokia also. "On April 27th," remarks the historian, "he proclaimed the boundaries of the county of St. Clair, the mother of many future

counties." This visit was productive of the inauguration of the courts of common pleas, general quarter sessions, the justices of the peace, and probate court. Thus, little by little, the wild disorders of the savage are supplanted by the forces of law and civilization. Is it not well for us to linger thoughtfully over these far-off times? Gradually, and at great cost of life and sacrifice, was the Tree of Freedom transplanted in these distant parts. I consider one of the immeasurable services of the Illinois and Chicago Historical Societies to be just this: You will not allow us to forget the pit whence we were digged and the rock whence we were hewn!

I must tarry a moment longer in this period to inquire how it fares with men's moral nature hereabouts in the closing years of the eighteenth century. A pioneer preacher, the Reverend John Clark, visited Illinois in 1796. "The character of the American families," he says, "was various. Some were religious people, both Baptists and Methodists; some were moral and respected the Sabbath; others were infidels or at least skeptical of all revealed truth. They paid no regard to religious meetings, and permitted their children to grow up without any moral restraint. They were fond of frolics, dances, horse-racing, card playing, and other vices, in which they were joined by many of the French population from the villages. They drank tafia and when fruit became plentiful, peach brandy was made, and rye whiskey obtained from the Monongahela country." Perhaps the observations of the Reverend Mr. Clark, were he to come this way again, would not be essentially altered. The scale would be larger and a judgment more difficult because of complex social conditions. Yet, on the whole, human nature in the eighteenth century bears a striking resemblance to human nature in the twentieth century, thus emphasizing the words of Illinois' most illustrious son: "Repeal the Missouri Compromise; repeal all compromises; repeal the Declaration of Independence; repeal all past history; you cannot repeal human nature."

III.

We come now to the nineteenth century and ask for its contribution to our State. On February 3, 1809, Illinois Territory was organized, the remainder of what was left of the Northwest Territory, after Ohio was set off in 1800, Indiana in 1802, and Michigan in 1805. Just here it may be well to recapitulate and get the historic bearings of what is now Illinois. Settled by the French at Kaskaskia in 1682, Illinois was ceded to Great Britain in 1763 and to the United States in 1783. It became part of the Northwest Territory in 1787, and part of Indiana Territory in 1800, and was made, as I have just stated, a separate Territory in 1809.

August 15, 1812, cannot be forgotten because, on that day, the frightful massacre of Fort Dearborn took place. Apprised of the fall of Macinac, General William Hull, who lost Detroit on the selfsame day as the dreadful massacre, concluded that it would not be possible to hold Fort Dearborn. He ordered the Chicago Commander, Captain Nathan Heald, to evacuate his post at once and march his garrison to Fort Wayne. Inasmuch as the Winnebagos were already aroused, the evacuation was regarded by Heald's fellow-officers as exceedingly bad strategy. Furthermore, Winnemeg, the friendly Indian, soon after his arrival with the dispatches, sought out John Kinzie, known far and wide as the Indians' friend. Kinzie, aware of the wicked mood of the red men, tried to dissuade Captain Heald from undertaking the fatal march, notwithstanding the command of General Hull. But it was all in vain. Heald called a council of Indians, told them of his forthcoming evacuation, and requested of them an escort for the garrison on its long march. To make an oft-told story short, the Indians furnished Heald the escort he asked for. Just before the abandonment of the fort, however, Captain Wells arrived from Fort Wayne with a band of Miami warriors, who were also to accompany the garrison. Knowing the hostility of the Pottowatomies, Wells felt that it meant certain death to leave the fort. But inasmuch as most of the garrison's ammunition had been destroyed, there was nothing

to do but to start upon their march of death.

Hot and clear dawned that fearful August 15, 1812. Placing himself at the head of the column on horseback, his face blackened, Indian fashion, "in token of his impending fate," Wells rode forth, set upon doing his duty in the face of death. Next came the Miami band, then the musicians, appropriately playing the Dead March. Then followed the soldiers, each having only twenty-five rounds of ammunition. Next followed the wagons, loaded with camp equipage and provisions. Women and children were placed in the wagons, with the exception of Mrs. Heald and Mrs. Helm, wives of officers. They accompanied the procession on horseback.

Before it had gone very far, the column noticed that the Pottowatomic escort was getting farther and farther away. Continuing their divergent course, the Indians were soon lost to view behind a range of sand-hills and sand-banks, studded here and there with trees. Before a great while, Captain Wells was seen approaching, waving his hat and shouting: "We are surrounded by Indians!" The escorting Indians had become, as was anticipated, bloodthirsty murderers. The brave stand of the men against overwhelming odds counted for little. The militia was almost wiped out to a man; the regulars surrendered after a bloody struggle; two women and twelve children were brutally slaughtered in the wagons, which resembled a shambles. The few who escaped the tomahawk were taken captive. All told, the American dead numbered fifty-three; while the Indians lost about fifteen. "For two days," says Doctor Alvord,* "the savages reveled in a glut of blood and plunder; then they set fire to the fort, distributed their prisoners, and returned to their villages. In all the region of Lake Michigan there remained not one loyal American at liberty."

Yet, in the midst of this Indian treachery and brutality, I am sure that the Indian, Black Partridge, deserves to be reckoned among the performers of great deeds as well as deporting himself as a very great gentleman. He not only

* Centennial History of Illinois, Vol. I, p. 441.

succored women and children on that fatal day, but the night before Black Partridge came to the officers' quarters and addressed Captain Heald in words which ring with the noblest chivalry. "Father," said he, "I come to deliver up to you the medal I wear. It was given me by the Americans, and I have long worn it in token of our mutual friendship. But our young men are resolved to imbrue their hands in the blood of the whites. I cannot restrain them, and I will not wear a token of peace while I am compelled to act as an enemy." Truly, Black Partridge lends a luster to an exceedingly dark day in frontier history.

The year 1818 marks a decided advance in Illinois. Our first Constitution was adopted on August 26th; and on December 3d "Illinois was admitted into the Union with boundaries so extended to the north as to include the port of Chicago." Here are two very definite and most important statements. The first is that Illinois became a state in our sisterhood of states. The second is, and mark it well, her boundaries were so extended to the north as to include the port of Chicago. Do not mistake the importance of the latter statement. And why? Because somebody, back there more than a century ago, was wise enough to know that every great city in history has dipped its feet into the liquid streets of mankind. Either directly, by one thrust, must every great city touch the national and international waterways, or indirectly, through lake and river and canal, must it take its place out upon the flowing, heaving, billowy streets named the Seven Seas. Thus, there is not only a law of the land for both nations and cities; there is likewise a law of the water, and every great and vital people, from Egypt to Greece, from Greece to Italy, from Italy to Germany, from Germany to France, from France to England, from England to America—all alike have to make, either directly or indirectly, for the open sea. Most significant is the statement that Illinois was admitted into the Union with boundaries so extended to the north as to include the port of Chicago! And Chicago, by the way, is no longer content with dainty lake slippers; she is getting ready for vast gum-boots that will ford the Atlantic ocean!

The year 1830 is supremely significant for Illinois. In that year a young mountaineer, born in Kentucky, adding several feet to his stature in Indiana, came unheralded into Illinois to determine for future generations "the measure of a man." Abraham Lincoln began the practice of law at Springfield in 1837. Many things have taken place in our state capital; many more things will take place there in the come and go of the years. But set this one thing down as of transcendent importance: In the year 1837 Abraham Lincoln began the practice of law in Springfield, Illinois. I don't know when Phidias carved his first statue; or when Angelo painted his first picture; or when Shakespeare wrote his first poem; or when Newton proved his first theorem; or when Handel conceived his first opera; or when the Earl of Chatham made his first speech. But one thing I do know: Abraham Lincoln began the practice of law at Springfield in 1837. So, when Squire Masters, of Petersburg, was threatened with a lawsuit, he concluded to go to Springfield and talk it over with Lincoln. The lawyer urged him to settle the matter out of court, if possible; if not, he agreed to defend the case for Masters. "What'll you charge, Abe, to go into court for me?" "Well," said Lincoln, "it will cost you ten dollars; but I won't charge you anything if you can settle it between yourselves." Hearing of the Squire's visit and Lincoln's answer, the other party agreed to settle.

I don't know how far it is to Jupiter; nor how many babies' smiles are required to make an angel's laugh; nor how many times Juliet looked at the moon and sighed; nor how many songs there were in the throats of last Summer's birds; nor how much sweetness there will be in the breath of next June's roses; nor how many words lovers will speak in the June time; nor how many prayers mothers will pray for prodigal sons and daughters. But one thing I do know: Abraham Lincoln began the practice of law at Springfield in 1837. Remembering this, I also inevitably recall the immortal words of the great Hooker: "Of law there can be no less

acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world."

1837 is significant for another reason. In that year Chicago was incorporated as a city. A census of Chicago reads like a romance. Sometime about 1810 Chicago had one inhabitant; in 1815, after the Fort Dearborn Massacre, there were some half dozen persons; in 1837 there were a few thousand; in 1870 there were 298,977; in 1880 there were 503,585; in 1890 there were 1,099,850; in 1900 there were 1,698,575; in 1910 there were 2,185,283; in 1923 there are, in round numbers, nearly 3,000,000 human beings in the locality visited by Marquette, Joliet and LaSalle more than two hundred years ago. In other words, history furnishes no parallel of so many people assembling at a given point on the earth's surface in as short a period as is measured by the corporate life of Chicago.

Nor must we forget 1837, because in that year also, the blood of Lovejoy was mingled with the blood of the martyrs that the Tree of Justice and Liberty might continue to put forth rich blooms. Mobs might destroy his four presses; but Lovejoy's death printed his message upon the soul of the nation in letters of golden blood, so that men were compelled to read.

"Give thanks, O heart, for the high souls
That point us to the deathless goals—
For all the courage of their cry
That echoes down from sky to sky;
Thanksgiving for the armed seers,
And heroes called to mortal years—
Souls that have built our faith in man,
And lit the ages as they ran."

Forever glorious in our history shall be the year 1858; for then occurred one of the most significant and far-reaching debates recorded in the forums of mankind. Stephen A. Douglas, and the man who began the practice of law at Springfield in 1837, smote sparks of logic from the anvil of events

which, instead of vanishing like ordinary sparks, still lighten the human soul in its march toward the dawning day of world-wide justice and liberty. I have used the word *logie* in characterizing that debate. I shall not change it, save to say that it was *logic* white-hot, burning its way into the consciousness of a slowly awakening people. I think the Lincoln-Douglas eloquence was different from any other that we know in the whole history of forensic debate. It was not the speech of Demosthenes and Aeschines, nor of William Pitt and Charles James Fox, nor of Daniel Webster and Robert Hayne. It was clean, clear, straightforward talk, especially by Lincoln, about the intrinsic rights of human beings. The sonorous was awed by the sententious; the boom of the rhetorical cannon gave way before the Gatling gun; the edge of the verbal battle-axe was dulled by the sharp, quick strokes of the axe of *logic* in the practiced hands of the Rail Splitter. The key-note of the debate was sounded by Lincoln in the Springfield speech on June 16th, just before the battle of the Giants began. "‘A house divided against itself cannot stand,’" said Lincoln. "I believe the Government cannot endure half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I **do** expect that it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other." This was the challenge Lincoln issued from the opening at Ottawa until the close at Alton. It was as if Hercules had come in from the mountains and began to strangle the serpent of slavery already wound about the nation's soul and gradually crushing it to death. At the close of the speech in Quincy, David R. Locke interviewed the Rail Splitter in his hotel. "He sat in his room," says Locke, "with his boots off to relieve his very large feet from the pain occasioned by continuous standing,—or to put it in his own words: ‘I like to give my feet a chance to breathe.’" Was it not as if Antaeus, in touching the good brown earth, was so renewed that both his body and soul breathed and thought in the wide airs of humanity and merey? And when,

in 1865, home they brought the mighty warrior dead, men, women and children sobbed and sang through their tears:

“Not for thy sheaves nor savannas
Crown we thee, proud Illinois!
Here in his grave is his grandeur;
Born of his sorrow thy joy.
Only the tomb by Mount Zion,
Hewn for the Lord, do we hold
Dearer than his in thy prairies,
Girdled with harvests of gold;
Still for the world, through the ages
Wreathing with glory his brow,
He shall be Liberty’s Saviour;
Freedom’s Jerusalem thou!”

Between the year 1871, when Chicago was visited by its destructive fire, and 1893, the growth of Illinois was phenomenal. Therefore, we must not see the nineteenth century pass without casting one “long, lingering look” at the world’s Columbian Exposition. Some of us will always think of it as the White City of our dreams. Obeying the wand of thought, vision, energy, and patriotism, it rose up, as if overnight, to challenge the attention of civilization itself. To the foresight and enterprise of the noble men and women who wrought that splendid dream into immaculate tangibilities, are due all honor and praise and gratitude. They were the beginners of a larger time for Illinois in education, art, industry and agriculture. That they did their work well is certified by the fact that those who are familiar with all later and similar efforts are practically universal in the conclusion that the World’s Columbian Exposition still remains in a class by itself.

IV.

Coming now to the first quarter of the twentieth century, I must be brief, because the Century itself has hardly passed its majority. Moreover, is it not unwise to flatter youth, for

youth knows how to flatter itself with unvarnished and winsome brazenness? And yet we must not pass to the opposite extreme and say that all excellence is in the past, that all greatness belongs to yesterday. To appreciate history in the making oftentimes requires finer insight than the interpretation of history already made.

In general, it may be said that Illinois can furnish the inquirer almost anything he wishes. Is it variety of nationalities? Very well. In 1910, Great Britain, British America, Germany, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, Russia, Poland and "others," adds the statistician with a kind of witticism, either conscious or unconscious—these nations furnished Illinois 1,205,314 persons out of a total population of 5,638,591. If variety is the spice of life, then, humanly speaking, we have it, with the fifty-seven varieties thrown in for good measure!

Is it educational institutions that the prospector seeks? Very well. There are High Schools, Normal Schools, Colleges, Commercial Schools, Law Schools, Dental Schools, Medical Schools, Theological Schools, all crowned with our three great Universities—The University of Chicago, the Northwestern University, and the University of Illinois. In connection with our schools, Art Institute, Field Museum, and Libraries of Chicago, among many others must belong the names of William Rainey Harper and Frank Wakely Gunsaulus.

Does the inquirer wish to be told about Illinois farms? Very well. Between 1910 and 1917 our farm products and livestock rose from a valuation of \$506,517,000 to \$956,593,062. If you are a Pascal, and fond of juggling with figures, you may analyze and add up the items of this account. You will find that there are 320,000,000 gallons of milk; 100,000 dozen eggs; 1,000,000 cattle; 3,745,000 swine; 30,600,000 fowls; 4,300,000 tons of hay and forage; 580,000,000 bushels of cereals; 4,000,000 pounds of wool; 13,000,000 bushels of potatoes; 5,000,000 bushels of orchard fruits, and 13,600,000 quarts of small fruits. Just why anybody in the world should be

hungry and cold, in view of the annual yield of the farms of Illinois, is too intricate a problem for ordinary mortals to solve; therefore, it must be handed over to politicians, statisticians and economists.

Is it manufactures that the student asks about? Very well. In 1914 Illinois had come to be "more of an industrial than an agricultural or mining state." To say nothing of Peoria, Joliet, East St. Louis, Rockford and Moline, Chicago alone not only ranks second to New York City as a manufacturing center; Chicago, in manufactures, surpasses the total products of any single state in the Union, the four states of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Ohio alone excepted. In 1914, according to Bogart and Mathews,* the aggregate value of all manufactures in Illinois reached the colossal sum of \$2,247,322,819, an increase of almost two and one-half times over the products of twenty-five years before.

Is it transportation that our inquirer is interested in? Very well. Of the 252,230 miles of railroads in the United States, more than 12,140 miles are located in Illinois, making 4.6 per cent of all American railroads, giving her second place in railway matters.

And what shall I more say? Just this: Illinois means "Man," and matter, however cunningly manipulated, must never be allowed to obscure this truth. Consequently, when the Great War shook the world, Illinois remembered that, as this nation could not endure half slave and half free, so this earth could not endure half a self-determining democracy and half a military autocracy. During the Civil War, Illinois had her great Governor in the person of Richard Yates. Illinois was even more fortunate in having as her Governor during the World War, Frank O. Lowden. I am not among those who regard the issues of the Civil War as of more importance to America than the issues of the World War. True, had not Abraham Lincoln preserved the Union, the Union, at least as we know it, would not have thrown in the decisive power that helped to make the world safe for democracy in 1917. Never-

* Centennial History of Illinois, Vol. V, p. 94.

theless, it must not be forgotten that, while America fought for the preservation of the Union in 1860-1865, she fought in the World War for her own life and for the life of the world as well, notwithstanding the aspersions of ex-Ambassador George Harvey.

Fortunate, I say, was Illinois in having a Governor equal to his task. Dramatic indeed, was that hour when the members of the State Council of Defense met face to face. There sat Samuel Insull, public utilities magnate, and J. Ogden Armour, the famous packer, on one side, while John Walker and Victor Olander, President and Secretary of the Illinois Federation of Labor, sat on the other. Perhaps Governor Lowden felt something electric in the atmosphere as he looked into the faces of these traditional industrial enemies. "The Governor," says the historian, "saw the issue and rose directly to meet it; in well-chosen words he pointed out their community of interests. 'This war can be won by neither Labor nor Capital, alone. Gentlemen, you have got to work together.' " And they did. So did the 663,981 women registered for war work. In that crucial hour of international relations, we are told that Illinois was not only the most important state in the Mississippi Valley, but that Illinois was also regarded by our Federal Administration as the most important state in the Union. Illinois had a Governor, let me repeat, equal to the exigencies of the state and worthy of the boys in khaki who went forth to vindicate the rights of the free peoples of the earth.

Thus I close where I began. Great deeds and dates in Illinois disclose the unfolding of a vast and thrilling drama. The *dramatis personae* consists of many strains and types of human character. There is the Indian, flitting like a grimly vanishing shadow before us. There is the Spaniard, subtle and worldly-wise. There is the Frenchman, clever, quick and masterful. There is the Englishman, long-headed, obstinate, courageous. There is the priest, devoted, heroic, sacrificial—God's human ray of light in the midst of great spiritual darkness. There is the preacher and circuit-rider, unafraid of

storms or distance, zealous for the glory of God and burning with love for the souls of men—cheerful human chimes playing over woodlands and prairies. There is the German, with his thrift, energy and initiative. There is the Swede, the Norwegian, the Scandinavian, the Italian. There is the Negro, sometimes the pawn and sometimes the fellow-helper of the white man. All have helped to make this varied, teeming, mysterious Illinois, which signifies “Man.” There is also the lawyer, the merchant, the teacher, the fur trader, the speculator, the pioneer, the bushranger, the frontiersman, the ox-driver, the lonely woman and little children—a vast unnumbered moving human host who have come and gone, the curtain of time having been rung for them these many, many years. Yet, with their goodness and badness, their sacrifice and selfishness, their toil and struggle, their wisdom and foolishness, did they not build more wisely than they knew? Did they not plant harvests which generations unborn shall continue to reap? Meanwhile, is it not for us, the living, to dedicate ourselves to the unfinished task of making America the dutiful, the true, the righteous, as well as America the beautiful? So may Illinois continue to be a star of the first magnitude in our national heavens!

“O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!

America! America!

God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!

May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!

God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!"

HISTORY OF HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINTH FIELD ARTILLERY, FROM JUNE 30, 1917, TO MAY 10, 1919.

By WILLIAM E. GILMORE.

CHAPTER I.

AT THE STOCKYARDS—JUNE 30, 1917, TO JULY 10, 1917.

Under the call of the President of the United States, Headquarters Company assembled at its home rendezvous, Union Stockyards, Chicago, Illinois, on June 30, 1917. At this time there was little or no organization, for everyone, except the few old "Border Heroes," were rookies and the company was chiefly noticeable because of its lack of men and equipment. On June 30th the company records show there were on the rolls: one captain, one first lieutenant, one first sergeant, two cooks, one mechanic, fifteen musicians and trumpeters and fifty-five privates, thirty-two men being absent. A roll call on the following day, July 1st, showed the following men present: Capt. Smith, 1st Lieut. Atkinson, Stable Sgt. Aitkin, Mechanic Johnson, Bugler Oglesby, Privates: Bowers, Gehlaar, John, Kearney, Ruthrauff, Haigh, Mathias, Wandtke, J. Brown, Hathorne, Mastly, Istok, Huggett, Magee, Webb, Wray, Norlander, S. Thomas, Zeigler, Davis, Aaron, Liebfarth, Tredt, Ward, Wightman, VanSickle, McNeary, Wright, Woodmansee, Killin, McGlinn, Figenbaum, Lambert, Osmer, Rydell, Rystrand, Seastrand, Fryer, Gahan, Penny, Bisset, Robinson, Tubach, Balcham, LaForniere, A. Brown, Watkins, R. Wright, Machel, Hamilton, Band Leader Sylvester. Musicians: Sproute, Strait, Tortoriello, Trapp, Harms, Petrillo, Ponti, Sherwood, McCormick, DeMore, Appleoff, Chelsky, Tersip, Forte, DelAquila, Rizzo and Krusynski.

Because of the lack of equipment and administration, the men reported at 8:00 a. m. and were dismissed at 5:30 p. m. Some detail work was done and at one time the Articles of War were read. Each man had a typewritten meal-ticket allowing three twenty-five-cent meals a day. Needless to say, the fellows ate to the limit and, besides, often made additions, to the meals, with the aid of spare change. Real soldiering at this time was unknown and the main idea seemed to be to get home as much as possible.

Then came the order to move to Fort Sheridan where the regiment was assembling. The company left the stockyards at 5:00 a. m. July 10th, traveling by rail to Fort Sheridan, a distance of about thirty-five miles, arriving there at 8:30 a. m.

CHAPTER II.

CAMP GEISMAR, FORT SHERIDAN—JULY 10, 1917, TO SEPTEMBER 3, 1917.

Arrived at Fort Sheridan we got our first touch of swamp life. Fortunately the company got about the best piece of ground for pitching tents. Then the work of making the camp began. Trees had to be chopped down, stumps dug out, brush cut down, holes filled up and high spots leveled down, just as preliminary work. Then came the digging of ditches. All this was hard work, for most of the men, for the first time, learned the art of the shovel and the science of the pick. For those who had worked before it wasn't so bad but oh! how pitiful it was to see an ex-ribbon-clerk raising blisters with a shovel or a former traveling salesman wrestling with a stump. Perhaps the worst of all was to see one of the boys, fresh from university and accustomed only to the hardships of sorority girls, and books, dressed up in "royal

blues'' endeavoring to get the bacon grease off the kitchen pans.

Things went along thus, the main idea of the men being to get through the day's work so they could get to Chicago, at night, or, in case visitors came, to entertain them as best the camp would permit.

One of the first events of the camp was the physical exam., which several of the company failed to pass because of defective eyesight, defective hearing or other causes. Along about this time we also got our first experiences with "shots" in the arm.

As time went on, the camp underwent a wonderful change so that a visitor found, not a swamp, as we had found it in the early part of July, but a camp of floored tents, well-drained by its numerous ditches, level in all parts, with a canteen, Y. M. C. A. and a shower-bath house.

On August fifteenth the company was assembled and after standing in the hot sun for some time, we answered to our names as they were called. When the formation was over and everyone had walked away, we discovered that we had just been mustered into Federal Service and were no longer National Guard men—no longer members of the First Illinois Field Artillery, but Federal Militia men of the One Hundred and Forty-Ninth United States Field Artillery.

Additions were made to the company from time to time, chiefly on August 10th and August 24th, by drawing on the batteries. A few men also came over from the First Illinois Cavalry. These, with other additions made the company take on a more life-sized appearance, being increased from 92 to 166, so, that the first muster-roll on August 31st showed the following men:

Captain Smith, First Lieutenant Atkinson, Second Lieutenants Lawrence, Royer, Watkins, Color Sergeants Woodmansee, Cain, Supply Sergeant Johnson, Mess Sergeant Taylor, Sergeants Tatsch, Myers, Parry, Mach, Corporals Holycross, Kearney, Wandtke, Cline, Andreae, Michael, Ruthrauff, Webb, Horseshoers T. Davis, Goritz, Saddler Ott, Mechanic

J. Davis, Cooks, Holland, Epson, Downing, Bugler, Oglesby, First-class Privates, Washburne, Fairbanks, Knight, Carlson, Graves, Hoever, Privates, Aleshire, Ambler, S. Anderson, Barbour, Bartholomew, Bittner, Blake, Bowers, Brady, A. Brown, J. Brown, Bowen, Cella, Chandler, Collins, Cone, Courchene, Damron, Darius, Davies, DeMareo, Dodge, Donahey, Feher, Fitz, Figenbaum, Finer, Foutz, Gehlaar, Gilbert, Gilmore, Ginter, Godfrey, Gronnerud, Hamilton, Hathorne, Herbert, Hoefels, Hoos, Hopkins, Istok, Johannesen, John, Kekich, Kennedy, King, Kitchen, Lambert, Lemke, Loeb, Lundeen, Machel, MacKenzie, M. Martin, R. Martin, Maxwell, Meidinger, Miller, J. Morehouse, Navarro, Nusbaum, Osmer, Ostrow, Patriek, Peterson, Prentiee, Rasch, Resnekoff, D. Robinson, R. Robinson, Rogers, Rossner, Roos, Ryden, Sabo, Sahagin, Shaffner, Shieble, Seastrand, Smith, C. Stevens, G. Stevens, Swanson, Tarr, Thompson, VanCleve, Warner, Winters, Wray, D. Wright, T. Wright, R. Wright, Wyman, Zeigler, Zeman, Boyer, Eberle, H. Johnson, Kalkus, Band Leader Sylvester, Assistant Band Leader Mangano, Band Corporals Boone, Strait, First-class Musician Forte, Second-class Musician Tortoriello, Third-class Musicians Appelloff, Chelesky, Dolaquilla, Harms, Holl, Jones, Kirkpatrick, Kruszynski, Labraico, Mason, McCormick, Picknell, Provis, A. Rehnquist, E. Rehnquist, Rizzo, Sherwood, Sproule, Tersip, Teseli, Trapp.

With all this increase, the only men lost were a few men sent to the batteries and the horse detail that left on August 30th consisting of: T. Davis, Barbour, Finer, Lemke and Donahey. The shipping away of the horses was an event most memorable as it meant no more cleaning stables, grooming or riding. The band especially breathed a sigh of relief and shed not a tear as the animals were shipped away, for in their minds were still fresh the memories of the times when they were learning to ride.

Schools of all sorts flourished in August. This meant a division of the company with the idea of making some men specialists in one line and some in another. The radio men played with buzzers and learned some of the theory of the

game of wireless. The telephone work was also chiefly theoretical as well, for there were not the facilities or organization for practical work. It was at this time that the reconnaissance men began to learn to semaphore and wig-wag, as well as some of the principles of scouting and messenger work. The band all the while was plugging away so that what, at first, was a sort of a joke, was fast becoming a first-class band.

So the time went on, a more or less strenuous life for everyone, considering the long hours and excursions to Chicago which meant little sleep, until the question became, "Where do we go from here?" The fellows had abandoned the idea that we were going south and had become convinced that when the order came to move we would go eastward. Surely enough, it soon came out that the 149th Field Artillery was to be part of the Forty-Second Division about to be assembled at Camp Mills, Long Island.

As a necessary part of the plans, the men we were to send to Brigade Headquarters, were assembled. This took some men from the company tho the chief drain was on the batteries.

When the first of September came around it found the camp in full preparation for moving. Everything in the way of equipment was being checked and packed in boxes while the tent floors were piled up and knocked to pieces. A feeling of excitement became evident everywhere as soon as it was known that we would leave within a few days. Visits to home became more frequent, if possible, than before and the number of nightly visitors at the camp greatly increased. Every night the fellows said good-bye to their relatives, friends and sweethearts, never knowing when the day of departure would arrive, until finally on the morning of the third, all of the tents were taken down at the call of the bugle and the men entrained at ten o'clock. No information was given out as to our leaving, our route or our destination so that only a few were present when the trains pulled out.

CHAPTER III.

RIDE TO CAMP MILLS—SEPTEMBER 3, 1917, TO
SEPTEMBER 5, 1917.

At 10:00 o'clock on this morning of September 3rd, as the engine jerked us forward, we said farewell to Camp Geismar and headed towards the east, realizing we were on the first lap of our journey which turned out to be so long. The trains being Pullmans, we traveled in good style. Chicago was soon reached. At the Pennsylvania station, where we were shifted on to the Pennsylvania tracks, a few of the wiser parents and friends had broken through the secrecy of the movement and had gathered to give farewells. Aside from this, there was no excitement and we might just as well have been going to a funeral as far as any celebrations were concerned.

In this quiet manner we pulled out of dear old Chicago, little realizing it would be over twenty months before we would see it again. The trip was more or less an uneventful affair. We passed through Indiana and Ohio with nothing of interest happening, but when Pennsylvania was reached, the scenery was so beautiful that it became the center of interest. Horseshoe Bend was especially interesting. About dusk on the second day of travelling, we pulled into Harrisburg, where, for the first time, we got a real reception. There was a frightful din as all of the locomotives let go with their whistles, which together with the cheers of the crowd, made what could be called, "considerable noise." The young ladies, of course, were one-hundred per cent popular and there was a big scramble, by some, to get their addresses. As we went to bed that night there was much talk about seeing New York on the way through. However, we were sadly fooled, for on awakening in the morning we found ourselves touring New York a la tunnel and were soon "somewhere on

Long Island." The rest of the journey was short, for at 8:45 a. m. we pulled in near Camp Mills, having already 1,050 miles of travel to our credit.

CHAPTER IV.

CAMP MILLS—SEPTEMBER 5, 1917-OCTOBER 18, 1917.

Arriving at Camp Albert L. Mills was a different matter than our arrival at Camp Geismar, for at Camp Mills there was little camp making to be done, once the tents were pitched. It was then, for the first time that we realized what a division meant. When we had assembled at Camp Geismar, a regiment was regarded as consisting of quite a body of troops, but to see a division was something that opened our eyes.

Once settled, we started out on a training schedule consisting of schools for the various details, doughboy drill, calisthenics, and inspections, with a review now and then thrown in. The schools were a continuation of the work begun at Fort Sheridan. Radio and telephone men adjourned to the Y. M. C. A. tent each day for study while the reconnaissance men waved flags around most anywhere, the messages usually being about "dates" of the night before.

The doughboy drill consisted of ordinary foot-drill, often extended into road hikes. It was on these hikes that the men of the company, being all together, would jog along singing at the top of their voices. "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here!" and "Drunk Last Night, Drunk The Night Before," were the usual favorite vocal selections. Calisthenics were emphasized so much that the company, along with the rest of the regiment, got to be such experts at it that other regiments were required to watch us on different occasions so as to get the idea. Inspections seemed to be quite a hobby

amongst the commanding officers and Headquarters Company came in for its share. Every Wednesday and Saturday there were regular inspections of all equipment but at any time a special inspection was liable to be sprung so that a fellow's equipment was out, covered with Long Island dust, most of the time.

In order to get the best results, it was decided by Captain Smith to allow special passes for those who had the best looking tents, while those who were faulty were punished. Some of the men even got so enthusiastic about getting the special passes that they decorated the ground in front of their tents. The band seemed to lead in this artistic drive, chiefly because its members had more time for such work than the others.

As, at Fort Sheridan, the chief desire of the men was to get away on pass. Fortunately, Captain Smith was liberal as regards passes, though it was not uncommon to get a pass at three or four in the afternoon marked, "from eleven o'clock till reveille." Every evening every man in good standing could leave, as well as on Saturday afternoons and Sundays. An endeavor was made to allow Wednesday afternoon passes as well, but this proved more of a theory than a practice altho they were given out on a few occasions. One instance, in particular, lingers in the minds of all the men of the company. Everyone was all set at noon to leave, when the order came that no passes were to be granted, but instead, rocks, to decorate the sides of the sidewalks were to be carried. Needless to say, that afternoon was one of the longest in the history of the company.

At the entrance to camp were busses which hurried the men to Hempstead, Garden City or Mineola from which places the fellows embarked on their various enterprises. Most of the passes were issued till reveille the next morning and it seemed the iron-clad policy of the men to stay the limit or, at least, to get the last train from New York which meant about a two hour's sleep after arriving at camp. Busses could also be obtained back to camp from the various stations,

some going to the entrance of camp and others around the back, which was handier for some of the men. The cry of the taxi men of, "Back way to camp," got to be a by-word which was always mentioned at any later time when someone mentioned the name, "Camp Mills."

But in this company, there was one man in particular who stood all alone, as it were, immune from all regulations as regards passes. In fact, his stay at Camp Mills might be summed up by saying it was one continuous sojourn in New York, interrupted only now and then by visits to the camp to see whether or not the company was still there. This man was Shaffner. However, he was not alone in this, for there were others, who, though not as bad, were close enough to be called rivals. Such men were: Chaffee, Morehouse, Hoever, Maxwell and Aleshire. Chaffee, after several weeks of getting by, with an unsigned pass, was finally caught and introduced to the kitchen while Dutch Aleshire, after a spectacular A. W. O. L. was made trusty guardian of the incinerator.

Reviews took up enough time, at least from the standpoint of the men. Secretary Baker was accommodated on a hot day by seeing all of the Rainbow men pass by him, while on another occasion, the divisional commander received the same honor. These were the two big reviews, the only other of importance being a brigade review for Brigadier General Summerall and a French officer, who made quite a hit with his snappy blue uniform.

All this time the worries of the company, aside from that of the officers, rested upon the broad shoulders of Don Robinson, our first sergeant. The chief trouble of Don's was the fact that his work interfered too seriously with his crap games. "It surely is tough," he'd remark when it was time to call a formation, just as he was making a series of passes. However, such was life at Camp Mills, for poor Don.

Company punishments were few and far between, most of the men following the straight and narrow as mapped out by the military authorities. However, now and then one

would slip as Chaffee, Morehouse and Dutch Aleshire had done. So it was that one lovely evening in September the men were treated to one of the most amusing spectacles in the company's remembrance. It seems as if John Victor Seastrand and Limpy Johnson (he of the ingrown) being guilty of misdemeanors, were, for punishment, set to work polishing the stones along the company walk. One by one they were cleansed amidst the kidding and laughter of the fellows, until we had a collection of stones unequalled by any other organization.

Along in August some time, upon the bright suggestion of someone in the regiment, it was decided to have an artillery party. The plans worked out so that for evening mess one evening we entertained the 150th Field Artillery, 151st Field Artillery, 117th Trench Mortar Battery and the Virginia Military Police. Each battery and company of the regiment entertained the corresponding battery and company of the two other artillery regiments as well as a portion of the Trench Mortar Battery and the Virginia Military Police. Through much hard work and spending of much of the mess fund, a big feed was put out such as was never before seen in camp. This, together with the good fellowship formed by new acquaintanceships, caused the evening to go on record as a decided success. Later, the organizations that were our guests, reciprocated, inviting us over for evening mess, as well as for entertainment. By these parties a good fellowship which has never been broken, was created between all wearers of the red hat cords.

When certain data had been figured out and certain information obtained, which if compiled, would form a book of instruction such as the officers would need, it was decided to run the stuff out on mimeographs and compile the same. This led to the information of the printery and bookbindery in the tents near the regimental office. Typewriters and mimeographs were kept busy in one tent turning out the sheets of printed matter, while in another tent, Mother Susie Tatsch's bindery girls consisting of, Nell Damron, Madge

Tarr, Tillie Swanson, Rose Gilmore, Lottie Courchene, Lola Stephens, Emma Wray and Lill Bartholmew, made complete books of the pages. Speed and long hours were required on this work, which lasted over a week, but as a reward, on the completion of the work, all of the girls were given thirty-six hour passes to New York. It so happened that Frenchy Courchene and Bill Gilmore overstayed this leave a couple of hours because of a certain loathsomeness to get up early enough to make the train for camp. The two, after some question, decided to report the matter to Captain Smith and get whatever punishment the company commander thought necessary. So it was that these two lawbreakers asked permission to speak to the company commander. Upon obtaining it and explaining, according to a well-formulated story, the reason for the overstaying of the leaves, Captain Smith turned to Gil and said: "If you were in my place Gilmore what would you do?" This was unexpected and put Gilmore in an awful situation, but rising to the occasion, he said he thought that a reprimand and a promise not to do it again would be sufficient. Then turning to Frenchy he said, "What do you think?" Frenchy said he thought a night's confinement to camp would be sufficient. The captain thought a minute and said, "Well, promises of that sort aren't worth a ———. Consider yourselves reprimanded and report for duty." Two astonished privates thereupon saluted, about faced and headed for their tents, congratulating each other on the horse-shoe.

September the eleventh is of special interest, for on that day, Lieutenants Turner, Gaylord, Anderson, Packard, Gilmore and Barton joined us. Another arrival about this time was Maxson, who joined the company on September twenty-second.

As usually happens, when some men are added to the company rolls, others are lost and so it was that when on October second, the second horse detail left us at 6:30 a. m. bound for Newport News. The detail consisted of: Kearney, Holland, Bowers, Machel, Sabo and Thompson. At this time,

the men who volunteered for the detail, thought they would beat us across, having no idea they would not get across till over six months after the rest of the company.

About this time, along with the other work and drills, came the task of marking all of the property as well as packing, preparatory to our trip across. The pile of boxes at the end of the company street gradually grew higher until it was a good-sized pile. If anyone had said the company owned so much equipment one would have thought he had a good sense of humor but there it was, all ready to be loaded on trucks, which would take it to the boat.

One fine day, towards the last of our stay at Camp Mills, came a medical and mental examination. Luckily the latter was easy so all of us got by. Fortunately or unfortunately, Guy Kitchen, who had been having considerable trouble with his rheumatism, got by the medical examination. About this time we also got three more shots in the arm as well as a vaccination.

As the second week in October came to a close, preparations and signs were such that it was clearly evident that the Rainbow Division would soon leave Camp Mills. The date of departure, however, was kept so secret, that it was not till the night of the seventeenth, when no passes were allowed, that we were certain that sometime during the night or early in the morning, we would start on our trans-Atlantic journey. Bonfires blazed up all over the camp that night and in most of the tents the men had fires because of the cold and the lack of blankets, our blankets all being in our rolls. There was not much sleep that night so that when, about three o'clock in the morning, the order came to "get up," most everyone was awake and ready to go. There was some last-minute loading of such things as kitchen stuff and policing done but at 5:30 a. m. we marched out of camp, some laden with telephones, others with typewriters or boxes, to the trains, which were pulled in near the Garden City station. At 6:00 a. m. we were on the Long Island Railroad, which soon pulled out, taking us to a ferry by 7:30. Things worked

so quickly and silently that at 10:00 we found ourselves on the dock at Hoboken, New Jersey, from which we boarded the U. S. S. President Lincoln. As we boarded the Lincoln we noticed that alongside lay the Leviathan, formerly the Vaterland, the ship which later was to take us home.

CHAPTER V.

TRIP ACROSS—OCTOBER 18, 1917, TO OCTOBER 31, 1917.

At 8:30 p. m., just after dark, we pulled away from dock not knowing when we would put out to sea. Most of us, expecting we would lie around a few days and then slip out unexpectedly, were surprised, when, on awakening the next morning, found that we were well out at sea.

About as soon as we were assigned to our bunks, where we were shelved away like so much store goods, we were introduced to the lily-white life-preservers, which, we were told, would be our constant companions, for the remainder of the trip. The preservers had to be worn at all times and it was the duty of every guard to allow no one anywhere without one. It was a common sight to see a fellow start to go up on deck, perhaps getting by one or two guards, only to be caught by another and sent back for his preserver, which, the fellow having lived so many years without, had forgotten.

Of course, no lights were allowed on board which could be seen from the outside. This excluded smoking on deck after dark, although smoking was allowed in the mess-hall below. Everyone remembers, with no thrill of joy, the first mess. The lack of system was clearly evident as the men ganged into the almost pitch-dark mess-hall to get what was called our evening mess. However, after that, under the

supervision of Major Judah, the mess-line system was worked out as well as conditions permitted though it seemed that almost the whole day was taken up by the three meals.

The second day out we experienced our first alarm drill. It was so arranged that each organization, after the alarm was sounded, followed a prescribed route to a certain station on deck. Fair time was made with little confusion. After the first drill another could be expected at most any time, there being one every day, anywhere from 8:00 a. m. to 10:00 p. m.

The first day slipped along alright but on the second the dashing for the rails began as sea-sickness started to come into its own and by the third day, over half those on board were experiencing the none too pleasant thrills of losing some meals which had been previously eaten with relish. About the only good feature of this was that it made so many hug their bunks that there was more room on deck. Mert Myers seemed to be the general favorite for first prize in this sort of pastime. However, one of the fellows received the thrill of thrills when another, in his endeavor to reach the rail, only got as far as his mess-kit.

Not being satisfied with allowing us the few minutes between meals and fire drills, to ourselves, calisthenics were ordered, about the third day out. It was difficult enough to stand on deck at times but, when just as we were nicely poised on one foot, the boat would give a lurch, the exercise would suddenly end without the number. I guess it was figured out that we'd get ample exercise through the efforts to keep our balance.

Although Don Robinson was top sergeant, Frank Johnson had charge of the details. It was here that he got his start for his later promotion to the job of top-cutter.

As the wily subs had to be looked out for, the company had to furnish a number of men for watch. Everyone was so anxious to report a periscope, that anything on the water, from a sea-gull to a barrel, was reported. Stairway guards were also called for, their only job being to see that the men carried their life-preservers.

After evening mess, when everyone was by his bunk, there was no complaint about dazzling lights, for all we had were blue lights, which furnished just enough illumination to allow crap games and card playing, although a fellow could by great eye-strain, do some reading. Then to top off all this darkness, there was found on board a good-sized number of negro stevedores who were dolled up in old dress uniforms which were "in season" about 1890.

A few ships were passed on the way, one a Scandinavian tanker, and on one occasion the gun crews were called to "stand to" till the identity of a ship was found out. There were daily rumors about submarines being sighted, but they were usually passed on as being the products of over-imaginative minds or the desire of someone to create a sensation.

Aside from our practice drills for abandoning ship, the crew had gun practice. An object, which stuck out of the water like a periscope, was pulled along behind the ship nearest to us. At the order, the gun crew opened up on this and it was clearly evident that all the stories about the marksmanship of the U. S. Navy gunners, were not exaggerated, for the shells were either "sent home," or came so near, that if they did not hit a sub they would force it to retire.

The band did itself proud by providing from its number a jazz band which helped pass the evenings away. The only trouble with this lay in the fact that the music drew men like flies till there was hardly breathing space left in our compartment.

As the end of October came around, the formality of the monthly muster had to be gone through. Because of various additions and losses, it might be interesting to note who were the men present in the company at this time. The following are their names: Captain Smith, First Lts. Atkinson, Lydecker, D. Smith, Harmon; Second Lts. Lawrence, Royer, Watkins, Turner, Gaylord, Packard, Gillmore, Sheldrake; Reg. Sgt. Maj. Cooper; Bn. Sgt. Maj. Reilly; Color Sgts. Woodmansee, Cain; Sup. Sgt. Johnson; Mess Sgt. Taylor;

Sgts. Tatsch, Myers, Parry, Marten; Corporals Holycross, Wandtke, Cline, Andreae, Michael, Webb, Carlson, Van Leer, Prentice, S. Anderson, T. Wright, Ott; Saddler Lundeen; Mechanic J. Davis; Cooks Epton, Downing; Bugler Oglesby; First Cl. Pvts. Fairbanks, Graves, Istok, Knight, Lambert, Orwig, Washburne; Pvts. Ambler, Avery, Bartholome, Bartholomew, Bittner, Blake, Bowen, Boyer, Brady, A. Brown, J. Brown, Cella, Chandler, Collins, Cone, Courchene, Damron, Darius, Davies, DeMarco, Dodge, Eberle, Edwards, Feher, Fitz, Figenbaum, Foutz, Gehlaar, Gilbert, Gilmore, Godfrey, Gronnerud, Hamilton, Hathorne, Hebert, Hoefels, Hoefer, Hoos, Hopkins, Johannesen, McKenzie, Martin, Maxson, Maxwell, Meidinger, Miller, C. Morehouse, J. Morehouse, Miley, Navarro, Nogle, Nusbaum, Osmer, Ostrow, Patrick, Peterson, Rasch, Resnekoff, R. Robinson, Rogers, Rossner, Ryden, Sahagin, Shaffner, Shieble, Seastrand, Shuler, H. Smith, C. Stevens, G. Stevens, Swanson, Tarr, Towsley, Van Cleve, Warner, Winters, Wray, D. Wright, R. Wright, Wyman, Ziegler, Zeman, Mach, Ginter; Band Leader Sylvester; Asst. Band Leader Mangano; Band Sgt. Petrillo; Band Corps. Boone, Strait; 1st Cl. Mus. Forte; 2nd Cl. Mus. Tortoriello; 3rd Cl. Mus. Appelloff, Chelesky, Harms, Holl, Jones, Kirkpatrick, Krusynski, Labraico, Mason, McCormick, Picknell, Provis, A. Rehnquist, E. Rehnquist, Rizzo, Sherwood, Sproute, Tersip, Tesch, Trapp.

Not being satisfied with getting us together for muster-roll, fire-drills, etc., Captain Smith had the habit of calling the company together, at most any time, for talks of more or less length, regarding regulations, conduct and the like. However, credit must be given the captain for enduring our hold even for so short a time after all the comforts of the "upper life."

Difficulties seem bound to occur from time to time and so on one day First Sergeant Don Robinson and the Captain mixed, with the result that the next day found Mickey Reilly, instead of Don Robinson, as First Sergeant.

On our thirteenth day at sea, (October thirty-first), we

awoke to hear the news that land was in sight. Surely enough, by going on deck one could see, in the distance, the shores of France, the country we had come over to help and which, for so many months, was to be our home. It was not long until we picked up a French pilot who showed us the way in. Before long we had passed through the outer isles and had entered the Loire Inferieur, pulling into the harbor of Saint Nazaire. After thirteen days with not a chance to spend a cent for anything to eat, the fellows were wild to buy something which would not taste like army grub. So, when we saw coming towards us rowboats, in which were French people with chocolate and apples, there was a wild scramble to buy. Hats were lowered from every porthole containing everything from dollar bills to identification tags and U. S. Cigar Company coupons and it so happened that often a fellow would get, from an unsuspecting Frenchman, more in return for an identification tag than another would who had lowered a dollar-bill.

CHAPTER VI.

SAINT NAZAIRE—OCTOBER 31, 1917, TO NOVEMBER 17, 1917.

In port there were ships all around us and between them could be seen the city of Saint Nazaire, a typical example of Brittany. It was not long till those who spoke any French at all, even if it were only the word, "Oui," were practicing it on any Frenchman who got within talking distance.

The first night we were allowed no leave but most of the sailors were permitted to go ashore. They went off alright but oh! how they came back. One would have thought they had cornered all of France's strongest liquor and had tried to drink it in the one evening. At any rate, when they

returned, it required a reception committee of considerable strength, to get them up the stairway or haul them up in nets, as the conditions required. Some, after mixups with the Marines, who guarded the honor of Saint Nazaire, could truly write home that they had seen active service.

On the second of November, after three days in port, we pulled up to a dock. It being Sunday, passes were allowed to go to church on shore and it was surprising how religious some of the fellows got when a pass was in sight. At any rate, it was the first chance to set foot on French soil so a lie, even with regard to religion, was pardonable. However, it wasn't long till non-coms were patrolling the city gathering the men together and telling them to go back to the ship to help unload. Our boxes and barrack's bags, loaded into nets in the holds, were pulled out by winches and lowered down to the dock where the nets were emptied. This was the theory but it so turned out, that in attempting to lower the nets to the docks, most everyone hit the water first instead, so that nearly each and every box and bag was informally baptized in the Loire before hitting the dock. It was on this detail that Hard-Luck Godfrey was brushed off the dock by a net full of boxes so that soon a bald head was seen bobbing around in the water near by. Lt. Turner jumped in to the rescue in heroic style bringing out Godfrey who had received quite a gash in the forehead.

On the next day everyone got a chance to feel French soil for a regimental parade was ordered. With the band playing and the colors flying, we stepped through Saint Nazaire, marching out of the town a-ways, only to return in a short time, to the boat.

Finally on November 6th, we were marched off the boat, bag and baggage, headed for Camp No. 1, which lay about three miles out of the town. The rest of our brigade was also put into this camp where we lived in old French barracks, on dirt floors, with no bunks of any sort. Our doughboys who had debarked ahead of us, had gone to other camps.

The only other troops in camp were some Marines and a regiment of engineers. The Marines were the very ones that later gained such a reputation at Belleau Woods, winning themselves the name of "Devil Dogs." At this time, however, we called them by far different names for they were the M. P.'s of the vicinity.

On almost any of the buildings could be found the initials of artillerymen of the 26th Division who had left the camp shortly before we had arrived. This was just the commencement of our connection with the Yankee Division artillery, which connection lasted the whole war.

Fortunately there was a big Y. M. C. A. building at the camp which was such an oasis in the desert that it was exceedingly popular, especially for the detail-dodgers. It was at this time that the men wrote home such glowing accounts of the Y. M. C. A. which was the biggest "ad" it could have asked for.

At this time the weather might be briefly summed up by the words, "fog" and "rain," with the resulting mud, which added no pleasure to our road-hikes. But perhaps the most unpleasant remembrance of the camp is that of the reservoir. One morning a large gang from the company was marched through a long stretch of mud to a large hole in the ground where we were put to work, some moving around wheelbarrows full of France, while others mixed concrete under a hard sergeant. Some of the men worked as never before and will never forget that hole in the ground, which we later learned, was to become a reservoir.

Speaking of the camp's water supply, it was chiefly noticeable because of its absence. A maximum of fifty drops per man was allowed for washing, while the amount allowed for the one cold bath we endured, was not much more. It was always believed that the bath was a physical test, for anyone who could survive it, need have no fear of dying from sickness during the war.

It was clear that the camp made not much of an impression on the fellows so there was no feeling of regret, when

early on the morning of the seventeenth, we pulled out, headed for Camp de Coetquidain. About dusk, after an uneventful day's ride, we pulled into a little town called Guer, where we detrained and put on our packs. Then came the long uphill grind to camp, about four miles away, which we reached after dark, tired and hungry. Along the way we were tipped off that the barracks were good and we were not disappointed, for in the barracks assigned to us, were beds with mattresses, not the civilian kind of beds, by any means, but much appreciated just the same.

CHAPTER VII.

CAMP DE COETQUIDAIN—NOVEMBER 17, 1917, TO FEBRUARY 16, 1918.

Besides our artillery brigade, there was in this camp, the artillery of the 26th Division and the Kansas Ammunition Train, the men of the latter, being the M. P.'s of the camp.

It didn't take the fellows longer than the first night to discover the vendors and cafes at the entrance to the camp and before many nights, the explorations had been extended until Coquinvillle, St. Malo and Beignon were reached by some of the more adventurous of the company. Cider seemed to be the chief beverage of the cafes but probably less of it was bought than anything else, for the mysterious punch of some of the other beverages, with their entertaining results, made them much more in demand. French liquor surely came into its own. After evening mess the barracks were as deserted as the average church on a weekday morning but about 9:00 o'clock the "wandering boys" would drift in, usually in groups of two's or three's (four sometimes being necessary) and then the evenings' performances commenced. Some of the old-timers furnished not as much amuse-

ment as others who put on initial sprees, often with humorous results. No one will forget the "homecoming flights" of "Coot the Eagle" or the nightly excursions of that invincible trio of beer-hounds, "Hoefels, Maxwell and May." The only trouble with these three, lay in the fact that they had to drink so much to get results. In fact, for a while it was thought by them that French liquor was a failure. Finally, when taps blew and lack of lights put an end to the hilarity, everyone hit his wonderful little bunk and things were remarkably quiet. It was then that Davies came into his own, for, without fail, someone would call for a story and then, as if he were reading from the latest edition of some joke-book, old "Incandescent Nose" would let loose with the choicest collection of yarns one could think of. He was surely a specialist in this line.

All of this time we had received no mail, so that, when on our first Sunday in the camp, a large number of letters arrived, the effect was magical, bringing the morale up as near one hundred per cent as it had been for some time. It was then that letters were appreciated as never before and the men began to realize what an important part they would play during the war.

It was not long until the various schools were again organized and the work of Fort Sheridan and Camp Mills continued. The radio and telephone schools were held chiefly indoors while the reconnaissance men learned their bit out of doors. It was here that the real training of the company began on a business-like basis.

The daily grind was just becoming a matter of habit when Thanksgiving Day broke up the work by giving us a day off, pay, mail, and a never-to-be-forgotten feed. The feed came off about 3:30. For over a week Bob Taylor had been doing his best to bleed France of her choice food for the occasion and when the fellows lined up Thanksgiving afternoon for their chow they weren't a bit disappointed. First came turkey, the dear old national bird, followed by gravy, celery, mashed potatoes, cranberry sauce, apple pie and cake.

You can imagine the smiles produced by the mess-kits full of this and after eating and eating, most of the fellows had to lie down awhile, in order to let things get settled. However, the next morning the old routine was again taken up.

One of the big features of the camp was the bath-house which was run under the guidance of Color-Sergeant Woodmansee, he being finally put to work. Here, on any evening, one could get a perfectly good bucket bath for no other cost than that of freezing to death while drying. One bucket of hot water was the ration but by a little "politics" or good talking, one could usually get two.

Perhaps the most impressive occasion of the regimental history occurred when the body of Stevens of E Battery, who had died of pneumonia, was taken to its final resting place not far from camp. The whole regiment, lined up in a column of squads, slowly followed a caisson which bore the body, keeping in step with the funeral march. The slow marching through the quiet woods, in which the column finally halted, was more than impressive. Reaching the place where the burial was to take place, the whole regiment gathered around to hear Chaplain McCullum's words and to watch the firing squad while the body was being lowered into the grave. When the services were over and the regiment marched back to camp, a feeling of solemnness was observed amongst the men because of the strange impressiveness of what had just occurred.

About this time, an A Battery man was found with spinal meningitis, whereupon the whole regiment was promptly quarantined. The theory of the quarantine was to bring about a confinement of everyone to the limits of the camp but the practice was far from such. Of course, everyone in Headquarters Company stayed within the rules but, strange to say, there were seen men in the barracks each night, who had evidently been drinking stuff that wasn't on tap within the limits of camp. Enough said for this.

All of this time, day after day, we got more and more acquainted with the charms of Brittany weather, until dis-

gusted we would write home, "Rain and more rain, mud and more mud." No better description could be written. The old familiar, "Boots and Saddles," never gained as much notoriety as, "Boots and Slickers." On hearing first call in the morning the fellows would yell, "What is it, boots or no boots?" for on the bulletin-board Mickey Reilly had a sign informing us as to whether or not boots would be the footwear of the day. There was usually no doubt, for the weather made boots quite the custom.

On December 20th some good lieutenants were lost, some permanently, and others only temporarily, when Lieutenants Atkinson, Parkinson, Harman, Beekly, Anderson and Gould were sent to Valdahan for instruction.

As Christmas began to appear on the horizon, the mail started to act as Santa Claus for us, bringing packages from the loved ones across the waters. Oh! how they were appreciated! When a fellow would get a big box he'd instantly have a group of friends that would have made Roosevelt's popularity look small. Knitted goods or handkerchiefs pulled out didn't bring forth more than a comment or two but when candy, especially chocolates, were exposed, it surely made a hit. Then came the hunt, by some of the fellows, for a Xmas tree for the barracks, as well as for holly so that when Xmas day came around there was as much of a holiday spirit as could be had under the circumstances. Of all who remember the tree, perhaps none has a greater recollection of it than Milton Bowen whose bunk was so moved the night before, that he woke up on Xmas morning under the spreading boughs of the company tree. Thanks to Bob Taylor and his kitchen crew, we enjoyed another wonderful feed on this day—a repetition of the Thanksgiving Day one.

About this time there was in camp a French Red Cross bazaar at the big Y. M. C. A. hall. Souvenirs of all sorts could be bought as well as things to eat and with his usual freeness, the American left quite a little money at the place.

General Summerall's leaving is also a notable event of about this time. We had been fortunate up to this time in

having such a good brigadier-general, that it was with great regret that the brigade assembled one evening, along the road, to give him a good send-off. Our only consolation lay in the fact that his leaving meant for him a promotion.

New Year's Day marked another day off and another day of big eats, for Bob Taylor and his kitchen crew were again good to us. We were beginning to realize, that good as these holidays were, they were the greatest revivers of homesickness imaginable, for to be so many miles away on days of family reunions was none too pleasant.

Things must have been considered as going along too well, for in the early part of January, when the mud and water of the camp was in its prime, our horses arrived. Then the daily grooming, watering, feeding and hikiing commenced. To water the horses twice a day was alone a day's work, for it was about a half a mile to the water trough and to get to it, it was necessary to wade through a sea of mud, all the way from a few inches, to two feet deep. It got to be a common sight to see fellows get stuck in the mud and jerked right out of their boots by the thirsty brutes as they rushed for the trough. Bobby Balke put on flying toe dance under these conditions one day. As with most new horses, there were several of the kicking variety and it didn't take long to find out the ones of this class. Anyone desiring information on this is referred to Swanson and Hopkins.

With the horses, came Lieutenant Le Prohon's chance for an equitation class for the officers. The afternoon was the usual time for these affairs which at first often proved more or less mob scenes. However, the wicked tongue-lashings of Lieutenant Herman gradually got results until the looies trotted around like old-timers.

While Lieutenant Le Prohon worked with the officers, Lieutenant Atkinson conducted an equitation class for the enlisted men. The parts of the horse were explained as well as the aids in riding. On one occasion, Tommy was nicely seated on a horse explaining some aids when the horse

stepped backwards into a hole, depositing him on the ground. Of course, there was nothing funny about this.

With horses available, trips to the range for firing problems were soon started. The regiment would go out early in the morning to the range a few miles from camp. There the guns were put in position, telephone wires strung and radio and visual communication established. When all was ready, firing was carried on, directed from the P. C.'s. This was our first touch of what was to come, although it was one-sided fighting. The telephone men learned what it was to work before the rest arrived, stringing wires, as well as taking them up after the others had left. The radio men learned to set up stations and get communication as it would be done at the front. The reconnaissance details, which, laden on horseback with instruments, projectors and flags, would pull into the range, learned how to put all this equipment to use. It was on these occasions that little MacKenzie proved an amusing spectacle. With a big tripod, flag-kit and field glasses over his shoulders and a projector at his side, mounted on his horse it was almost impossible to tell whether it was a reconnaissance man ready for action or merely a means of transporting the company's belongings. At these range trips, Jackie Loeb came into prominence as a horseholder. Jackie would have got along alright if the horses had been the feed-out-of-the-hand variety, but the horses seemed to get tangled up, so that if, at the end of the day, he had two left out of six, he congratulated himself. One evening the column was altogether, waiting on the road headed towards camp. Everyone was wondering why we didn't move out, when, coming towards us down the road, hat off and arms going like a pair of scissors, came Jake who had been playing cowboy in a final effort to round up all his horses. The look on his face told he was in favor of motorized artillery.

However, of all those that remember the horses, perhaps the bandmen remember them the most. Their experience with the horses was short but exceedingly snappy. Unknown to the band, the choicest hoof-shakers were given them for

grooming. On their first day it seemed that the order to "commence grooming," had no sooner been given, than a series of musicians of all classes, came flying out against their wishes. The casualties were plenty, but the band was kept at grooming for a short while longer. It then became apparent that it was a question of preserving the band or giving it up entirely so the grooming was called off as far as the band was concerned. Thus, the endeavor to make the band soldier was a decided failure.

As horseshoers for the nags, we had a crew of German prisoners who were kept busy under Lieutenant Le Prohon. There was usually so much to be done that the shack sounded like the Anvil Chorus in ragtime.

Along with all this work on the horses, trips to the range and other work, came a little brightness in the form of passes to Rennes. Only a few were given each week-end but before we left camp most everyone had a chance to go. The trip wasn't far but the French railways consumed most of the time. There was one hill, especially, on the trip up, which the engine would chug-chug until finally, just before reaching the top, it would stop exhausted and it was a case of "cannoneer's to the wheels," to put it over the top. It was at Rennes that we got the first touch of real French city life.

On February 6th there was attached to the company, Lieutenants Quarles, Skinner, Parker, Diemer, Huske and Wagner, while on February 15th there was added to the company, Lieutenants Barton, Kapschull, Cowan and Manson.

During the first week in February, the artillery of the 26th Division, which had been in camp since our arrival, pulled out, bound for the front. Several practice starts had been made but this proved to be the real one. Little did we think at this time that these men were to start out on such splendid work—men with whom we were to be associated, off and on, during all of the fighting.

It soon became evident that our hour of departure was arriving. Our barracks bags were sent off (the bags we never saw again) and several practice starts were made. Finally

on the afternoon of February 16th we pulled out, headed towards Guer, a few miles away. Arriving there, we soon loaded and were ready to go. However, all night we stayed there in our Hommes 40, Chevaux 8, pulling out early in the morning.

CHAPTER VIII.

TRIP FROM GUER TO LUNEVILLE—FEBRUARY 16, 1918-FEBRUARY 19, 1918.

The trip, as we pulled out of the station of Guer, marked our initial experience in French box cars which were to be our homes for the next three days. It did not take us long to learn that they started with a jerk, bumped all the time as if the wheels and tracks weren't mates and that, although we were squeezed in as tightly as possible at night, we were nevertheless cold.

At this time, American soldiers were more or less of a novelty and something as yet not tried out, so that while we received some greetings and smiles, most of the people merely looked and hoped as we went by. So it was that the long, cold journey, which took us through Chartres, Versailles and Troyes, passed rather uneventfully. During the evening of the 18th we pulled into Neufchateau, but after stopping for a few minutes, were on our way again. It was at this time that we knew we were getting well along towards the front. Sometime in the night we passed through Nancy so that about daybreak on the morning of the 19th, we found ourselves outside of a city, which on inquiring from some Frenchmen, we found out was Luneville. What a cold, snappy morning it was! Before long we pulled into the city, stopping at some loading platforms. At this time, above, in the semi-darkness, could be seen bursting shells of fire, which,

it took most of us a time to realize, were anti-aircraft bursts, the first we had seen. Then upon looking more closely, surely enough, the planes, seen only as specks because of their height, could be seen darting about amongst the bursts. We couldn't watch this long for there was the unloading to do. Equipment, fourgons, reel-carts and horses had to be unloaded and the cars cleaned, before we could leave. All this finished, the mounted men, headed by Lieutenant Lydecker, trotted through the city, to the barracks at the southern edge of town, the dismounted men coming later.

CHAPTER IX.

LUNEVILLE SECTOR—FEBRUARY 19, 1918-MARCH 22, 1918.

Our Luneville experience thus began—our experience of our first front. We were soon located in four-story barracks which had been used as barracks during peace times as well. There were even trenches in the yard as well as targets for pistol practice. The rooms were quite large, each holding about forty chicken-wire bunks. Across the street we discovered an aviation field and soon some of the men were over to see the sights. Others of different "tastes" soon discovered the cafe in the yard. That night, after dark, there flared up in the distance a weird series of flashes, at first few in number and afterwards, almost a continuous flare, followed by a queer rumbling, which we soon realized was the result of the guns along the front. This kept up for some time making us realize, more and more, that we were really getting where we would get in contact with the Huns. Surely enough, in the morning we read that the French had made a successful raid of quite a little importance.

While in these quarters, several men were assigned to the company from the batteries as specialists in various work. Among them were: Eddie Browder, Charlie Sargeant, Blacky Fifield and Red Smith, the last two being a pair of wonderfully consistent goldbricks.

Just as we were beginning to wonder what would happen next, the company began to be split up and parts of it sent to places nearer the front to take part, for the first time, in the real game of war. On February 21st the first battalion, consisting of the following men, left at 12:45 p. m. for the front: Lieutenants Heath, Kapschull, Packard and Manson, Corporals Robinson, Miller, Sackstedter, Maxwell and Ott, Bugler Oglesby and Privates Tarr, Eberle, Ginter, Zeigler, Cotton, Tower, Winters, Osmer, Rogers, Cagney, Graves, Gavitt, Greising, Symonds, Patrick, Swanson, C. Stevens, Washburne, Courchene, Loeb, Fifield, J. Gross, Jensen, Adams, Rizzo, Holmes, Thorsen, Sheahan and Sahagin.

Then on Friday, the 23rd, the second battalion was called so that at 3:00 p. m. it was on its way. The men of this battalion were: Lieutenant Turner, Corporals King, Martin and Edwards, Cook Epton, Privates Tower, Voss, Seeley, Tevis, Rasch, Nusbaum, Kennedy, Johnnensesen, Wyman, Shouse, Smith, Kelly, Resnekoff, Ashcraft, Yardley and Wheeler.

Next to move was the regimental detail which hit the trail one sunny afternoon for Benamenil about eight kilos away. This little band, laden with saddle-bags and packs pulled into Benamenil a tired lot.

It wasn't long until telephonic communication was established between the several batteries, the two battalions and regimental headquarters. For the first time the telephone men learned what was ahead of them.

The first battalion drew for its headquarters, a village with just about enough left in it to enable it to retain its name—Domjevin. In the first floor of an old building the telephone central was set up, with Zeigler, Cagney, Kling and Winters as operators and linesmen under the wing of Lieutenant Heath. Buttresses of stone and dirt around the place afforded

protection against splinters and fragments. As the batteries of this battalion were in old positions well known to the Germans they caught their share of shelling so that lines "out" were frequent. Winters was stationed at Infantry headquarters at Blemery to take care of trouble from that end. The French 47th F. A. in the same town proved good teachers and under their leadership the men soon "learned the ropes" of the game.

In the same wrecked village was the 1st Bn. O. and L. detail. The men of this outfit lived with the radio and telephone men in the few buildings which remained intact. During the twenty-eight days of occupancy of the buildings, eight pieces of shell broke through the tile roof, on one occasion causing Sahagin to wish the war would adjourn. Semaphoring proved an open invitation to any balloon observers to do a little shrapnel sniping at the signallers. At night the same men with their "gallant" projector blinking also did their best to draw fire on the quaint and uncomely village.

In the same burg the radio men dashed and dotted, getting their first bit of practical work.

On five different occasions during the stay at Domjevin, shells dropped into the village, generally with deadly effect on the large number of French infantry quartered there.

"A" and "C" batteries caught their share of Hun hatred and on one occasion, when first aid was badly needed at "C" battery, some of the optical men (Oglesby, Sahagin, J. Gross, Tatseh and Loeb) rushed to their aid, getting a regimental citation for their valiant endeavors.

The second battalion, some ways to the north of the first, had plenty of work, although perhaps not the thrillers of the first battalion in this sector. The telephone men built up their system plodding through mud ankle-deep most everywhere. There was frequent shelling in their area and wires were broken with sufficient frequency to teach them that a telephone man's sleep was to be anything but regular. All of the linesmen got under fire at some time. Rasch had a shell light very close to him while at work. Toward the

end of the stay there the Germans sent over a good deal of gas with the result that the country was soaked with it, causing the final putting up of the wires to be done with masks on. Although the work was difficult, all of the lines but one were taken up. This was picked up the next day by Martin Wyman and Rasch, all of whom were slightly affected by gas while performing this task. One of the pleasant memories of this place was Shrapnel Inn, the conventional name for the mess hall. The 2nd Bn. O. and L. had two optical stations about two kilometers apart, one near an old French fort, from which messages could be received from the First Battalion and relayed to the other station, which in turn relayed the messages by phone to the Second Battalion P. C. At this time, the personnel of this detail was: Sergeant Anderson, Corporal Hathorne, Corporal Webb, Privates J. Morehouse, Boyer, Warden, Stanton, Collins and MacKenzie. Stanton will never forget this place for one day his pup-tent was riddled with shrapnel and he himself was wounded by a piece which hit him in the leg, near the ankle.

Life in Benamenil passed with dull monotony for the regimental detail, which didn't even get an enemy thrill for its efforts, except on a few occasions when some shells came near the village. Although many of the buildings had been knocked down by shells there were more standing than in nearby Domjevin and in one of these Colonel Reilly made his headquarters. Quite a friendship grew up between the soldiers at this place so that before long each fellow had his French camarades with whom to swap yarns and beer.

In a building near the church, the telephone detail set up its place of business. Hebert drew the job of "lingo agent," taking charge of all calls between the French and our men. This proved to be a twenty-four-hour-a-day job, with snatches of sleep between calls. Faust, with his electrical ingenuity, rigged up a first-class switchboard, making it worth double its former value. The lieutenants in charge here were Royer and Parker, while the enlisted men were: Sergeant Warner, chief of station, Corporal Shibley, in charge

of the linesmen, linesmen: Bloomfield, Chandler, Kekich, Tevis and Anderson, with Foutz, Darius and Hebert as operators.

The radio detail also had its station in one of the buildings, with its aerial in the backyard. Its chief use at this place was to get the Sondage reports.

At first the regimental O. and L. detail was looked upon as useless, at this place, but it wasn't long until they got work and plenty of it, for Colonel "Hank," expecting German callers, decided that a comfortable abri would make a good reception hall. Every day, with picks and shovels, the gang labored, at first in shifts and later straight through, only to have a large hole in the ground as a result. About the only amusement on this task was to see an occasional air battle or to draw on a nearby case of beer. Towards the end of the stay in this sector, however, the O. and L. detail got some real practice when an optical station was set up just outside of town, whence it could reach the First and Second Battalions, both by flags and projectors. Here Meyers, Browder, Blake, Sargeant and Gilmore worked shifts.

At the colonel's place, the engineering force bent their backs over drafting boards and typewriters. The translators being no longer needed, were sent back to their batteries, Shaffner to D Battery, Fitz to A and Van Cleave to E, while Dodge was sent to Second Battalion Headquarters to work under Major Redden.

Don't think that Benamenil was without its amusements, for this bustling village boasted of a cinema to which nightly thronged French and American soldiers. Also, there was the Foyer du Soldat which afforded a place to write "that letter home" and to get an occasional something to eat.

The kitchen crew plied its trade in the center of the village and besides feeding the regimental headquarters men, filled the stomach of many a 166th Infantry man. Comfortably away from the front, but with plenty of work, were the horseline men at Luneville. The men there lived in barracks near the stables.

After three months in the wilds of Brittany, "town life" was greatly appreciated and the men, between working periods, managed to enjoy themselves as best the town permitted. What a small amount of goods our money could buy soon became evident and even some of the best crapshooters felt a pinching of the pocketbook. Three long weeks the men waited until Uncle Sam "came across" and when he did, on March 21st, it was just at the time that moving orders came and the horseline pulled out for parts unknown.

At Luneville the men learned to know their superiors: Lieutenant Le Prohon and his capable assistants Chester J. Cain and George Holycross. The rest of the company envied the echelon-men with this worthy circle of commandants.

It was also in the city of Luneville that the band was thoroughly schooled in the art of French marches learned during its stay at Camp de Coetquidain and aided by the Drum and Bugle Corps, played concerts for the natives in a beautiful park, as well as at the Y. M. C. A. and at Division Headquarters for General Menoher.

Cooties first gained themselves prominence in this sector, so that shirt-reading became quite the fashion, especially amongst those of the two battalion details.

Lieutenant Jordan's death, on March 6th, caused by a German shell, brought about an impressive ceremony in Benamenil, where the lieutenant was laid away in the village cemetery alongside many French soldier-dead.

Christmas packages still arrived at this place, many of them about two months late.

On March 21st came the order to "Hoist Anchor" and the various parts of the company collected its luggage together and pulled out for "God knows where."

CHAPTER X.

EN ROUTE FROM LUNEVILLE SECTOR TO
BACCARAT SECTOR—

MARCH 22, 1918-MARCH 31, 1918.

After about a month of the Luneville front we were glad to move. The little monotonous places in which we had been living became boresome. With such a feeling, we hit the trail on March 22nd away from the Luneville Sector, not knowing where we were going, the first battalion assembled just outside of Benamenil in the afternoon, just getting out of Domjevin in time for we could look back and see it under shell-fire. Now and then we could see a cloud of red after a shell had burst, which we knew meant another building had been hit, for they all had red tile roofs.

With full packs on, the dismounted men followed their respective carriages as the column set out in a westerly direction. Such a day it was for the dismounted men! Not having hiked for a month and now doing it with a full pack on a hot day was almost unbearable and to make matters worse, on every hill, large or small, the horses would give up so it was a case of, "dismounted men forward double-time," to push them up the hills. So it was that when we hit Vathemenil that evening, there was a tired lot of men. Lodging was found in some French barracks.

In the morning we pulled out, after some difficulty with the carriages and hiked till along in the late afternoon, when we stopped at Rozelieures. Here we stayed for a week, being billeted around in the town. During that time there was a regular drill schedule, including: horse-exercise, foot-drill and gas-mask drill, as well as inspections, which made the time pass quickly. There was not much to the town but all of its resources were drawn upon in the way of food, especially eggs.

The second battalion had not pulled out of the sector with the rest of the company, having stayed with the batteries of its battalion. They were located in a village not far away.

Ben Navarro had an exciting experience one night at Rozelieures when he went through the floor of the hay-loft where he was billeted and landed amongst a bunch of sheep on the floor below. Ben surely damned the "muttons," as he called them, that night.

Finally on March 30th, we pulled out. The dismounted had been wondering if full-packs would be toted again, so were much relieved when Pappy said they could be thrown in the fourgons. Passing through a few hours of rain, we hit Fontenoy-la-Joute, soaked through. Accommodations were poor here, there being a scramble for floor-space in some dirty hay-lofts. The next day was Easter but the only sign of it was that some of the fellows managed to buy some eggs from the natives and get them cooked.

We pulled out of Fontenoy during the day, hiking up beyond Azerailles, where we entered the Baccarat Sector which was to be our home for the next three months. Not knowing exactly where we were, we knew that we were not far distant from the Luneville Sector, so expected nothing very exciting.

CHAPTER XI.

BACCARAT SECTOR—MARCH 30, 1918, TO JUNE 21, 1918—THREE MONTHS MORE OF QUIET SECTOR LIFE.

The band remaining at Azerailles, the rest of the units of the company moved up to their proper places at the front, in order to co-operate with our doughboys, who were already

in the trenches. The first battalion settled at Ferme du Pont, a former French farm, about a mile from Merviller, while the second battalion took its stand at Reherrey, about three kilometers distant. Colonel Reilly with his office and regimental detail, established himself at Merviller, with the horseline not over a mile away at Ferme de Gramont.

The telephone men were on the jump for several days getting the numerous wires strung, so that before long an excellent system was built up.

Life for the first battalion was not what could be called exciting. Sgt. Tatsch with his optical detail, consisting of Corporals Carl Stevens, Frenchy Courechene and Privates Don Robinson, Fred Washburne and Joe Gross, found themselves obliged to get busy with their signal work. Some variation occurred when the detail left the Ferme to take part in two coup-de-mains, one at their former home at Domjevin and the other involving the destruction of a strong point in the Bois de Chien near the hamlet of Ainereville. Signaling was indulged in daily, there being communication with the second battalion, regimental and some observation stations up ahead.

In the same place, the 1st Battalion telephone men busied themselves in completing an ideal permanent telephone system, which was possible because of the few movements of the batteries and the fact that most of the observation posts remained in the same places. The batteries, however, being subject to intermittent concentrated fire, line-repairing was no easy task. On two occasions, those of the coup-de-mains, some excitement and much work was encountered.

Radio work was also carried on, the men working in regular shifts at the station.

At Reherrey the second battalion, with the doughboys there, made up most of the town, as civilians were few.

From the optical detail, Sgt. Anderson was sent to the infantry at Migneville for observation work. An observation post was established as well as a pill-box on a road just outside of Migneville. At these places Jim Morehouse, Ted

Parry and Art Royer lived a life of ease with a standing order of a dozen eggs, four litres of milk and some champagne.

Quartered in a building, in Reherrey, were the radio men, who had a chance on various occasions to use their skill to practical advantage, by co-operating with our planes in directing shell-fire on certain enemy positions.

The second battalion telephone detail encountered a great deal of labor on moving into this sector inasmuch as it involved several days of work in a drizzling rain. After nicely establishing the central in a dugout near Montigny, orders were given to move to Reherrey, where a more elaborate system was installed. The spirit of the detail became manifest by the manner in which the men went at their work and the system which they installed was a fitting example of their spirit. During the coup-de-mains, which was carried on near by, a temporary central was established in a large dugout, which was operated by Corporal King and Privates Wyman, Kennedy and Johannesen. Only a few days before the attack, the detail ran a line into Ancerviller, which was on the front line. While there a "fake" gas alarm was sounded which made the men wonder for a while. The line which ran to the old gun position where B and E Batteries were located, was shot up quite frequently causing the linesmen many worries.

Towards Baccarat and in a more or less central portion between the first and second battalions, the regimental details located at Merviller. This village, though within seven kilometers from the front, was never shelled and consequently was inhabited partially by civilians.

The regimental telephone central was established in the second story of one of the "Main Street" buildings in a room spacious enough to bunk all of the men. As with the second battalions, the system created here was the best possible, everything being worked out in detail and elaborated upon so as to give the speediest service possible. The switchboard, called R 3, had twenty-nine lines connected to its terminals and calls at times averaged eighty an hour. It has been said

that at this front all first-class privates and their nearest relatives could have lines into the regimental board. Test cases were made every hour for trouble from both ends of all lines. Some nights the linesmen were disturbed from slumber and forced to "shoot" trouble but even so, they could return to bunks, which were often unheard of at later fronts. The personnel of this station was: Lieut. Heath, Sergeant Warner, Operators Hebert, Kekich, Foutz and Linesmen Chandler, Darius, Voss, Bloomfield and Tevis.

On the first floor of the same building was the colonel's office where the engineers were kept busy from 7:00 a. m. until about midnight. On May 18th Red Olsen joined the crew after a sojourn with Brigade Headquarters. Everyone was glad he came because the work was keeping "G" Gronnerud, Rusty Cone and Shatz busy. As "G" put it, drawings and sketches were made and re-made until when they went to sleep they felt as if they were cheating the government. It was a quiet sector but not for the typewriters (ask Ben Riden) and ruling-pens.

Not far away, on X Street, was the radio detail under Sergeant Zeman, located on the second floor of a "residence." This detail consisting of August Gross, Porter Babcock, Miley and Art Brown, worked four-hour shifts, the duties of which, among other things, was the taking of the Sondage.

The choicest location of the village was enjoyed by the regimental optical detail and Top-Kick Reilly's office. Billeted just above a cafe abounding with food, liquor and maidens, the war might be called at this time, "not so bad." An observation-tower consisting of camouflaged lattice-work, forty-five feet in height, was constructed in the woods about one-half a kilometer from the village. From this tower a splendid view of the entire front could be had, including all of our battery positions. All German activities were recorded on a chart, as well as communicated to Colonel Reilly, by means of a telephone. Many a night the colonel was aroused from his slumbers to be notified of hostile fire or enemy planes overhead. This detail under Lieut. Lombardi and

Sergeant Myers, consisted of Eddie Browder, Charlie Sergeant, Schuler, Damron and Gilmore.

In the same building Micky Reilly, Woodmansee, Frank Johnson and Istok found themselves a home and promptly appointed themselves guardians of the law, as far as disorders in the cafe below were concerned.

On the outskirts of town, on the way to Baccarat, Bob Taylor set up his kitchen, with Pete and Hoos as grub dispensers.

Not a mile away, at a former farm, better known as Ferme de Grammont, Pappy Le Prohon established the echelon. The billets there were in a deplorable condition and in spite of efforts to clean them up, cooties were abundant. The living quarters and a short space around them were dry, the surrounding territory, a sea of mud. For eight long weeks the men wallowed in mud up to their knees and it was not until about time to leave that the place began to get dry. However, life there was not without its joys. Hearts were gladdened by the news that Lt. Le Prohon was made acting-major, Sgt. Cain lieutenant-in-charge and Sgt. Holycross, ably assisted by Sgt. Carlson, acting message carrier between the echelon and Capt. Smith. Private Cella was made a cook (a hosiery salesman in civilian life) and the boys had real chow. He spent whole days in Baccarat hunting dainty morsels for the fellows. Could he make flap-jacks, puddings, steak and onions? Ask anyone who ate there. The eats served were the "best ever." You ask, "When did Cella learn to cook?" Well, it must have been while reading menus in New York cabarets.

The men at the echelon could never dope it out why certain others had horses unless it was to make them uncomfortable on the hikes and to make professional groomers out of the echelon men.

No one will ever forget the famous race between the noble mounts Dandelion and Firefly. It was fifty-fifty and they still have one heat to run.

One night one of the bunch imbibed a little too freely of the luscious grape. As he neared the farm at a late hour he noticed a heavy fog in the peaceful valley. Naturally he thought of cloud gas and quickly putting on his mask, he ran to arouse his comrades. Bursting into the room, he cried "Gas, cloud gas, put on your masks, boys!" Chaffee Morehouse in his excitement could not find his mask. He grabbed aimlessly and finally thought he had located it. He tried to put it on and then cried "Who put the razor in my mask?" By that time every one discovered the only gas around was what the hero had found in his champagne and that Chaffee had attempted to put on someone's rubber toilet-kit for a mask.

Who will forget the time Pappie's cognac disappeared? This mystery remains unsolved to this day. Anyone who can get away with something like that on the old man should be appointed chief liquor detective of Chicago.

How often the fellows followed that crooked path through the woods on their way home from Baccarat after an exciting evening there.

To liven things up once in a while there was staged a boxing match or a ball game. The bout between Cain and Trager was especially good. Unfortunately, Cain developed a chronic illness and the final round has never been staged.

What else can be said as a matter of echelon history? History was never made grooming horses and wading through mud daily. Nor was the fact that certain men were sent to do the same things as punishment, very conducive to history making.

But why say more? Those who were there can never forget it and those who were more fortunate, do not care to know of the monotony of the life at the echelon.

All this while the band was stationed at Azerailles, some distance away. Their life, none too eventful, consisted of daily practicing until, together with the drum and bugle corps, they reached a point which neared perfection. Occasional trips were made, as to Gelecourt and to Merviller.

While at this sector, Micky Reilly tried to drink up the village, we all received our first service chevrons, Mother's Day came and passed into memory, the news of the sinking of the President Lincoln reached us but nothing much of further interest took place.

On May 21st, the first and second battalions changed positions.

June brought good weather and the Lorraine country took on a pleasant appearance with its coat of green vegetation. The details lived like little families together and were getting thoroughly used to the routine of a quiet sector. However, the craving for excitement was gradually gripping everyone. Some tried to get transferred to the Tank Corps. Others tried to get into the aviation service and all were restless to do something different or go to new fields. So, when on June 20th the order came to move, most of us were glad to "hit the trail" for "somewhere else in France."

CHAPTER XII.

EN ROUTE FROM BACCARAT SECTOR TO L'ESPERANCE SECTOR—JUNE 21-JULY 5.

After about three months of quiet sector life, which although strenuous at times was not very nerve-racking, it was a pretty "soft" bunch of men that moved out of Baccarat sector on the evening of June 20th. Although everyone had become satisfied with the sector and was having a fairly good, though monotonous life, the men felt that they deserved something better than a quiet sector and longed to get into some real action. So it was, that although many were leaving good friends and associates behind, the company as a whole was glad to get into motion again, headed towards a place of more excitement.

About dusk all of the regimental details had assembled in Merviller in marching order, the required horses having been brought up from the horseline. At about seven o'clock the order came to move out and those that had friends said some hasty goodbyes. For those who had been billeted above the Helle cafe, there was a parting of real sadness, for the men had received good treatment from their French friends of that cafe.

Baccarat was soon reached. While passing through this city some doughboys of the Seventy-Seventh Division went by the company, bound for the front to relieve our doughboys. They drew quite a laugh from us, for, although fifteen kilometers from the front, they had their gas masks in the alert position. No wonder a battalion of this gang later got lost.

That night's hike proved to be one of the worst in the company's experience. About ten or eleven o'clock a steady, chilly rain began to fall and slickers were ordered put on. Before an hour or so everyone was soaked through and cold. At a little village on the way the second battalion details joined us and together we proceeded on. At one time in a woods we halted and the drivers were ordered to dismount and feed grain. This meant standing in line with nosebags till we got grain for our horses. Hardly had the bags been put on, when the order came to go forward, which was quite a spirit-dampener for the horses as well as for the men. Later on, at another halt, there was passed along the word that sandwiches would be given out at the kitchen. The halt was so short that some reached the kitchen in time to get them while others, just about to reach it were greeted by the order of "Forward March" and had to run back to start off. All of this was pleasant and thoroughly in accord with Sherman's way of thinking.

At each halt when the drivers dismounted, the saddles got so saturated that when the men mounted again, it was like sitting in a swamp. About 2:00 o'clock, just as the head of the column was in a village, the order came to pull along-

side the road so that the ammunition train could pass. It was then that we "reviewed" more autos than we thought had ever existed so that it was over thirty minutes before we got started again. The rain lasted till about morning so that it was a tired, soaked lot that pulled into Damas aux Bois, our destination, about daybreak, some of the men asleep in the saddle. A picket-line stretched and the horses fed, watered and groomed, we got to turn in for the morning on the wooden floor of a building.

The first battalion pulled in about 10:00 o'clock so the whole company was together once more for the first time in about three months. When Mickey Reilly got in, is unknown to most of the company, but when he did arrive it was not to resume his duties as first sergeant for Color Sergeant Cain was given that job.

In the afternoon we had a chance to get dried out and see what kind of a village we were in.

Fred Johanessen toured the main street in a wheelbarrow kindly pushed by one of his friends. Not much could be found in the way of food, but there was plenty to drink. The next day, the twenty-second, was also spent in this town, there being no work except the caring for the horses. Early in the morning of the twenty-third we were ordered to get ready to leave and did it in such a short time that we were kept waiting about an hour until our scheduled time for leaving arrived. At 8:00 o'clock we set out, bound for Charmes. Nothing of interest happened, the column reaching Charmes about 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon. The loading platform was good and the trains ready, so the work of loading took less than an hour. By 4:00 o'clock we were on our way bound for "somewhere else in France." After an all night ride we hit Chalons early in the morning. Unloading over, we were soon marching through the city of Chalons, which proved to be quite a place. Leaving the city in a southeasterly direction, we hiked along a good road ending up at Moncetz, which was to be our home for four days.

A telephone central and radio station were set up and a regular drill schedule established. Horses were groomed and re-groomed until one would wonder how the brutes themselves could stand it. On one of the mornings, due to either the fault of the guard or the first sergeant, the company was about fifteen minutes late for reveille. Thinking the company as a whole needed punishing, Captain Smith started us out on a gruelling hike of several miles at a very fast gait. Without a bit of breakfast, this was out of order and the looks on the men's faces told what they thought about it. After this degree, the company fell out to take up the usual morning schedule including horse exercise, grooming, etc., so that it wasn't till noon that anyone had a bite to eat. The slaughter of the innocents took a back seat after this incident.

On the night of the 24th moving orders arrived and we set out for an all-night hike which took us to Camp Carriere near Dampierre. Here there were wooden barracks and a shower-bath house. Everyone was glad to lie around in this place. A telephone central and radio station were set up as usual. Near us was a large aviation field where, at that time, the second best escadrille in France was located. Each day we were treated to some of the best flying the world produces when these men took to the air. Bobby Blake and Ted Parry, who went to Chalons on pass, got in a mixup with the M. P.'s and spent a night behind bars. Chalons also caused Pete some trouble, for after an exciting A. W. O. L., he was given a little extra work to settle him down.

The Fourth came along and with it a ball game and a speech by Colonel Reilly in which he told us that what we had done was just a starter for the worst was yet to come, urging a steady attention to duty by all. That night we pulled out and were soon along a road where star-shells seemed to pop up everywhere making one feel very conspicuous. Planes buzzed above, often so low that their occupants could be seen. We began to wonder what would happen next. Towards the end of the hike we learned that Don Figenbaum

had, in passing the column, collided with Captain Johnson's motorcycle and had been killed almost instantly, making the first death of the company. After a slow, jerky, chilly hike, we pulled into the Bois d'Echelons, six kilometers from Suippes, and the men got a chance at a few hours sleep. As everyone was tired out, this wasn't hard to take.

In these shot-up woods there were a large number of French chasseurs in wooden shacks. Where we were located, the old shack was full of rats, all past the voting age and full of life. Some of the men amused themselves by flashing lights in dark corners so others could see them and shower them with rocks. It was thought that regimental was too far up so in the evening it was moved back to Camp Riberpray where the men found barracks; in the meanwhile the horseline had been established not far from Camp Riberpray at Bois Longs. Not knowing what was due next, the company thus found itself located near Suippes in the L'Esperance sector of the Champagne front.

CHAPTER XIII.

L'ESPERANCE SECTOR—JULY 5, 1918.

JULY 14, 1918.

The country encountered here was a typical chalk-country, barren, desolate and nothing more or less than an expanse of chalky plains, studded with row after row of barbed-wire and burrowed with trenches and dugouts. Several kilometers away, looking into what we knew was German territory, chalky hills could be seen and stretching far away to the northwest, rose the heights of Reims. Hot weather set in, which, combined with the monotony of the scenery, gave us an altogether desolate feeling.

Colonel Reilly and the regimental detail found themselves a home in a wonderful underground abri, consisting of three "stories" beneath the surface, the hallways of which were lined with bunks and off of which were occasional rooms of various dimensions.

The engineers, known as the "Office of Operations," were situated in the Bois de Echelons, with a room "two-by-four" to work in. Red Olsen described it well, when he said that working there was like trying to play pool in a clothes closet.

An order from G. H. Q. prohibiting musicians from being used as litter-bearers, caused a change in plans for the band so that our worthy music-vendors were sent to help the Supply Company and to be used as litter-bearers only in extreme cases.

The first battalion details drew positions near Suippes and to the right of Sommes-Suippes. Optical communication was established with the regimental headquarters and the first battalion observation-post, as well as with the batteries. A rocket guard was also maintained at night. At this time the personnel of the first battalion optical detail was as follows: Lt. Packard, Sgt. Tatsch, Stevens, Courchene, Hathorne, Washburne, J. Gross, Robinson and Fifield.

Because of its past experience, the telephone detail had little trouble in setting up a good system, the worst feature being the fact that the terrain offered little cover. Real trouble, however, was to come chiefly with the long lines which went well towards the front.

The radio detail found itself an excuse for a station in a shallow trench near the other details.

Not over two kilometers from either the first battalion or regimental headquarters, the second battalion chose for its stand an abri near the Ferme de Jonchery. The radio and telephone details located themselves in the abri itself, while the optical detail pitched pup-tents in shrubbery nearby and kept watch and visual communication from a station close at hand. Batteries D, E and F were in positions not over two hundred yards ahead, all guns located in a trench.

The telephone detail was kept the busiest, endeavoring to get all of its lines either dug in or laid in a trench in anticipation of considerable artillery fire.

We soon were acquainted with the news that an attack of large proportions was to be attempted soon by the Germans and all efforts put forth were in anticipation of this attack. However, as the days rolled by, only interrupted by occasional artillery fire, we began to call the sector a joke and were far more careless about our activities than we would have been had we really known what was in store for us. Observation posts reported considerable activity on the roads beyond the German lines but the place being devoid of other excitement, no feeling of alarm was experienced. So things rolled along until the night of July 14th. The 14th started out hot and ended up still hotter. In the evening a trench raid was pulled off resulting in the capture of a few Germans, who, after much questioning, revealed the fact that the German attack was to commence about midnight. With this information everything was put in readiness so that we could beat the Germans at their own game.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHAMPAGNE-MARNE DEFENSIVE—JULY 15, 1918, TO JULY 18, 1918.

Promptly at ten minutes after 12, on the night of the 14th, we opened up our artillery fire, getting the jump on the Germans. However, as they were all in readiness, they soon retaliated and hardware rained all over the sector. It was at this time that the regiment experienced its first baptism of real fire. Most of the regiment was about seven or eight kilometers from the front but the numerous large shells

whizzing over our heads and landing several kilometers beyond us, gave us more of a front-line sensation than a third-line one.

Every conceivable point of advantage—every woods, abri or cross-road, had been picked out by the Huns for a good shelling and none of the places were slighted. An engineering unit at the Ferme de Jonchery, close at hand, received such a hearty shelling that they were forced to take shelter in the second battalion abri, their horses left to run in all directions. Many messengers along the roads never reached their destinations, in fact, it took three 166th Infantry men to deliver a certain message. One shell wrought a pleasing spectacle by alighting in a rocket dump, exploding a great number of rockets and star-shells.

Both battalions and regimental were ordered to pack so as to be able to move at an instant's notice. Packs were rolled and wagons packed for "March Order." The guns of our batteries were so located that they could not shoot much beyond our first-line trenches, so as long as they remained silent, we knew that the German attack was unsuccessful. The heaviest sort of firing continued throughout the entire night and continued after daybreak. Just about dawn our batteries opened up for the first time and a queer feeling came over us as we then knew that the enemy had taken our front line. The light revealed at least fifty observation balloons, as well as many planes. However, our planes proved a match for their's and not much trouble was encountered from the air. One of our own planes came to a sad ending near our second battalion, when it got into the path of one of our own shells.

Our guns, located in a trench, their firing caused a hollow noise like when one hits on a pipe. How those guns did fire!

We soon learned that during the night Lt. Cowen had been killed, while Ambler had been wounded. We were congratulating ourselves, however, on the fact that the Germans had not located our gun positions, when a shell hit near a D Battery gun killing Lt. DuBois who was in charge.

Of course, the telephone men were kept busy and got their first real test of nerve and powers of endurance. All previous precautions as to the laying of the wire could not prevent its being shot up in such a downpour of shells as fell that night. These men were under the heaviest kind of fire for about fourteen hours with little food and no rest.

The radio men for the first time did some good work by keeping in constant touch with the "keys" up ahead, turning out first-hand news of the encounter.

All day long the firing continued and one would think the gunners on both sides would soon drop exhausted. Just at dusk our battery caissons, drawn by trotting horses, came into view across the expanse of waste and soon drew up alongside the guns. Regardless of shell-fire, the men sat quietly on their horses until the last shell was unloaded and then went away on a trot. It was one of the most impressive scenes a war could furnish and those who saw it will never let time erase it from their memories.

The news reached us that the Germans had taken our first line and in some places our second line but could not budge our boys after that. However, the laugh was on the Germans, for by a pre-arranged scheme, the first line was purposely abandoned, left full of gases and well-covered by all machine-guns and artillery so that when the line was taken it resulted in a wholesale slaughter as far as the "conquerors" were concerned.

Along in the evening the glad news came that our boys had become restless and had recaptured the parts of the second line that had been lost, the Alabama boys taking their's by means of trench-knives only.

The long hours of trouble-shooting continued for the telephone men, until they were well-nigh exhausted. At regimental, Sabo, Machel, Darius, Bloomfield and Tevis did their bit in this line. At the first battalion, Barbour, Ambler, Cagney, Floyd, Tarr, Kling, Winters and Towers proved their worth on the lines, while Rogers and Ziegler handled the switchboard. The second battalion had King, Shouse, Stack,

Seeley, Rasch, Miller, Voss, Bowen, Davis on the job as line-men. Lieutenant Kapschull in charge of this detail was ordered to run a line to a French central nearby, with orders to keep it open at all costs. About an hour after the bombardment had opened this line was broken and Shouse and Miller were sent to repair it. These men worked on this line repairing many breaks and had a warm session until they returned.

This line was hardly repaired until it was "out" again and the whole detail was kept busy, keeping it in repair. So gallant was the work of King, Shouse and Bowen, that recommendations for citations were sent in to headquarters.

Gradually the firing grew less and less, until on the 17th the broad, chalky sector resembled a baseball park about one-half hour after a big game. It surely seemed a relief not to hear the deafening roar of the guns and to know that the Huns were not to take Chalons. Full credit, as regards importance, has never been given to this defensive, for if the Germans had not been held back and had captured Chalons, it would have meant a connection with Chateau-Thierry and a broad front from which a drive to Paris would have been easy.

Of this defense we were justly proud and when, on the 18th we received orders to move on the next day, we felt that we could hold our heads a bit higher and truthfully say: "Something accomplished, something done."

CHAPTER XV.

FROM CHAMPAGNE TO CHATEAU-THIERRY— JULY 19, 1918-JULY 25, 1918.

The Huns fully convinced that they could not get through and the L'Esperance Sector once more a quiet one, our division was removed from the lines. During the afternoon of

July 19th, Headquarters Company pulled out of the lines and drifted in by battalions at the horseline at Bois Longs. German planes kept Lt. LeProhon busy with his "under cover" policy. However, there were no casualties.

It was at this place that we saw the graves of Lt. Cowan and Lt. DuBois marked by neatly-lettered wooden crosses.

About dusk we started, pulling out across a broad prairie, reaching Dampierre, a village on the Marne, some time in the early morning. Barracks with clean ticks greeted us and it wasn't long till the Champagne battle was forgotten.

The 20th proved to be a beautiful day and after caring for the horses, the fellows went down to the river near our picket-line to enjoy washing and bathing. Near our barracks were some large railway-guns capable of shooting over eighteen kilometers. These guns were fresh from use in the big battle, one of the cars being perforated by shell fragments. As this was our first close-up view of these kind of guns, it was quite a treat.

In the evening, marching was in order, the company pulling out about 9:00 o'clock.

Then followed a horrible night, one of just such a type as the one when we pulled out of the Baccarat Sector. A chilly rain set in before we were long on the way, which lasted almost till daybreak. A little after daylight some beautiful country was reached, everything looking green and fresh after the all-night rain.

The order came about this time permitting smoking and it wasn't long before everyone was rolling his own and trying to get as much comfort as possible from his pill. Before long a canal was crossed and then the Marne, which, although not a large river, looked beautiful in the early morning. Passing through a small village, we soon pulled into Vitry-la-Ville. By this time it was raining again so that when we pulled into an open field and learned that pup-tents would be pitched, there wasn't much hilarity. A few hours rest was snatched after the horses were cared for. On being aroused for dinner, the order was issued that no one could eat unless

his feet had been washed. Capt. Smith appointed himself the board of examiners and as a man stepped up for his mess, he was questioned as to whether or not his pedal extremities had been bathed. Of course, everyone said, "Yes," for no doubt everyone had bathed them at some time or other during his life. All seemed to take it good-naturedly except Slim Gaylord, who got peeved when the captain refused him nourishment because his feet had not been washed. What Slim said can't be printed but it was short and snappy.

In the middle of the afternoon we entrained at a loading platform in the town and were soon on our way a la box car. All sorts of rumors went around about our being taken to parade in Paris. However, like most army rumors, this proved false. After an all-night's ride, however, we found ourselves nearing Paris and it wasn't long till the Eifel Tower could be spotted in the distance. After all the news about gay Paree, there was quite a little excitement as we pulled into the edge of the city. Fortune, however, dealt us a bad hand, for we were switched around the edge of the city and started out of the city in a northwest direction which we knew would cause us to hit the Chateau-Thierry region. It began to look as if we were going to hit something big once more. From Paris to LaFertes-ous-Jouarre, which proved to be our destination, we saw some very pretty scenery. Near Meaux, at a large salvage center, the men spotted a large pile of German gasmasks in a yard and were soon buying them from the Frenchmen who worked there. A few days later, however, they would have kicked themselves for so doing, for German gasmasks got to be as common as our own. Along towards evening, we hit LaFerte just as about a hundred Allied planes were sailing over the city. Having been bombed considerably just a few days before, the city had all the appearances of war. There we met some 26th Division men and saw many wounded being brought in from the front.

Unloading completed and the column in marching order, we pulled out of the city along a good wide road, headed for

the front. Auto after auto passed us with wounded, all freshly bandaged, and ammunition trucks, filled with shells, buzzed by us bound for the front. All along the road were ammunition dumps where trucks were being filled to bring up food for the guns. Our day's journey ended at a woods near Chambardy where we stayed for two days (till the 25th). Nothing much was done here excepting the usual routine work, consisting chiefly of the care of the horses. It was here that Lundeen got his foot crushed, causing him to be sent to the hospital. Half-anxious and half-expectant, we waited here for orders which would send us into action on the most widely-known front of the day.

CHAPTER XVI.

AISNE-MARNE OFFENSIVE—JULY 27, 1918, TO AUGUST 6, 1918.

After two days near Chambardy we found ourselves on the road once more.

The way along which we passed was still reeking with the terrible losses encountered in the capture of the ground. Passing alongside Belleau Woods, made so famous by the Second Division's counter-attack, dead bodies became a common sight—now a doughboy, then a German and sometimes a bayonet stuck in the ground alongside a mound indicating a grave. The ground was so pitted with shell holes that hardly a three-foot square could be found that had not been the recipient of a shell. German planes hovered over us occasionally and worried the observation balloonists not a little.

About dusk we pulled into a woods, the Bois de Breteil, near the village of Verdilly not over two or three kilometers from Chateau-Thierry. After chow was ready and we stood around, the ground being too wet to sit on, a battalion of

26th Division Infantry filed by. They had just been relieved and were seeking a much-needed rest. This woods proved to be one mass of filth such as only a battlefield could produce. The stench and mud were almost unbearable. For four days we made our home in this place, living in pup-tents. On one night we got all packed up to start for the front but orders were countermanded and we went back to the pup-tents again.

Towards dusk on July 29th we set out towards the front and experienced a hard night of hiking which took us to a farm near the village of Beauvardelle. Headquarters were established in an old farmhouse and the men pitched pup-tents under some trees nearby. Only occasional shelling and the fire of our own long-rifles marked this spot. News came that our infantry was battling back and forth for the possession of Seringes and Epieds and finally came the good news that the Onrecq had been successfully passed. Also, we learned that Boyer had been hit by an aeroplane bomb and was seriously wounded.

Colonel Reilly moved his headquarters up near our batteries in a woods close to Villemoyenne. The telephone men were kept busy with their wires and the mounted messengers had their share of traveling. Sgt. Tatsch and his detail, which had an optical station near Fere-en-Tardenois, were shelled and gassed out of a woods near the colonel and forced to take a position a little to the rear. Micky Reilly and Kirkpatrick received a terrible upset by a shell which landed not over two feet above their heads, the shock affecting Kirkpatrick to such an extent that his nerves were never the same after that.

The second battalion telephone detail at this place ran lines to the batteries and one line to infantry headquarters in a woods ahead. Many were wounded in this woods and Gaddis, driving a team, was hit in the hand by a fragment of an air bomb.

On the night of August 2nd the entire company moved forward to the woods near Villemoyenne, where Colonel Reilly had been staying. Nearby some 39th Infantry men

had received a vigorous shelling forcing them to leave several dead behind and C Battery's horseline received a good shelling also, killing several horses. In the evening we moved forward, passing alongside of Fere-en-Tardenois, which had been the scene of such bloody fighting but three days before.

The Ourcq was waded through, that famous "river" being only about a foot deep, and we passed through Seringes (which we later learned was the final resting place of about five thousand men from our division) and Epieds, Sergy, Nesles and Bois de Dole, near Dole, which was to be our home for a week.

The humming of shells over our heads was common that night, that is, those of the enemy.

On the following day we received our first replacements, the men coming from the Depot Division of the First Army Corps. Our company received the following men: Austin, Beer, Bachman, Lewis, Haney, Doheny, Cagan, Cummings, Clemts, Block, Lipps, Bradshaw, Fabre, W. S. Davis, J. L. Brown, A. Estridge, J. Estridge, Pearson, Risener, O. D. Davis, Burnett, E. Murray, Doscher, Reaney, Clew, Evans, Rodriguez, Daigle, Boudreaux, Beckman and Lee. Because of the many men which were forced to go to the hospital because of wounds and sickness, these men fitted in nicely.

Shelling and bombs hampered the work of the telephone men but, on the whole, good service was maintained. On August 2nd Darius received a bad wound from an air bomb and a line maintained by Lt. Heath, Chandler and Maxson was cut by shell fire nine times in ten hours.

The regimental telephone central was established at Ferme de Tuillerie, about a kilometer distant. It rained and rained some more and besides the heavy work, most of the men were weakened by dysentery. Bosche shell fire caused this central to be abandoned and established at the Ferme de Chery Chartreuve, where plenty of gas, mostly mustard gas, was encountered.

Both battalions were located in a woods near Chery Chartreuve, not over a couple of hundred yards from any

of our guns. No optical stations were established at this point but Joe Gross and Hathorne were sent out in front of Chery as a right flank alarm in case of a retreat. Also, another post was furnished, consisting of a rocket guard in the tree-tops of the woods to the left of Chery. During the daytime the horses were cared for and some sleep snatched.

The second battalion telephone detail assisted in keeping the regimental line open to the infantry. It was a long line and well remembered by all. New wire was received which had to be wound by hand. By this time the above-mentioned infantry line was beginning to prove its value.

At this time the O. and L. men were used for the first time as liaison men. Boyer had been wounded near the Chateau Foret while on his way to the infantry with Sgt. Webb. Jim Morehouse and Sid Warden tried to take the German front line when they got on the wrong road on the way to the infantry but were forced back by German machine-gun fire. Jim Morehouse in charge of a detail was sent to the front line, which at this time was on the Vesle with headquarters at St. Thibaut. Great service was rendered to the infantry by locating places which required "touching up" by our artillery fire. On one day, for example, an infantry machine-gun officer of the 39th Infantry, who had charge of some machine-gunners, could get no results by firing on a quarry in which some troublesome machine-guns were known to be located. After observing the place and figuring the co-ordinates, they were telephoned to Lt. Lombardi who called for fire on the place. Our guns having no effect, 155's were used with the result that the Germans who survived were glad to scurry elsewhere.

Thus, while our doughboys were going through the worst kind of hell, we were plugging away at our various lines of work until August 11th, when orders came to move. In the evening as preparations for leaving were being made, Harwood, one of our drivers, was killed by a shell, making our parting a sad one.

CHAPTER XVII.

BETWEEN CHATEAU-THIERRY AND ST. MIHIEL—
AUGUST 11, 1918-SEPTEMBER 8, 1918.

After the battles of Champagne and Chateau-Thierry we were a tired lot that pulled out of the Fismes Sector on August 11th. The details assembled at various places on the road until the whole company was once more on the hike. Passing back through Seringes and Fere-en-Tardenois, we stopped in the Bois de Chatelet, near Briey, for two days. In this woods the whole regiment was assembled, the band giving us a concert. Near us was a large German gun-emplacement, the gun of which had been used for firing on Meaux, thirty-five kilometers away. One could see that it had taken weeks of labor to construct this. There was also much discarded German ammunition in the woods. About a kilometer from where we were stationed was a river where the horses had to be taken to water. In this river many of the fellows took a much-needed bath.

On the 14th we set out, marching through Chateau-Thierry, which we then saw for the first time. The city is best described by the words, "a heap of ruins," for what were once beautiful buildings were now nothing but heaps of brick and stone. However, some buildings were still standing and German prisoners, scattered about the town, were being used to help clean up the place. The Germans in their work of wanton destruction, had even torn bed-sheets and other linen into strips, which could be seen lying around. It was not a pleasant spectacle. Passing southwest out of the city, we saw a large bridge over the Marne, half of which had been blown up. It made one heartsick to think of seeing the result of months of labor thus shattered. Winding around all day through some beautiful country, we gradually passed out of the battle-scarred Chateau-Thierry region and hit the village of Courcelles-les-Jardinets, where we set up camp on a hill-side overlooking the Marne. Here we stayed for three days.

During our stay, ten per cent of the men were given thirty-six hour passes to Paris. The lucky ones, who were the first of the company to see the gay city, set out dolled up the best they could. It was surely a treat for them after what they had gone through but they all declared the passes were not long enough. The rest of the company did the regular work and got in some swimming and bathing in the Marne. Some, also, journeyed into LaFerte, about seven kilometers away, to get something in the way of food and drink. Even at a place like this no lights could be used at night because of enemy planes.

On the 17th we left our hillside camp near Courcelles. Passing through LaFerte, we continued through some pretty country. At noon the column stopped along a road near the Marne long enough to feed and water the horses and get some nourishment ourselves. Towards evening, our destination, a woods near Trilport, was reached. Here we went to sleep only to be awakened to entrain, at about 2:00 o'clock in the morning. Not knowing where we were bound, we rode all day and the next night, getting off at Damblain, a village about midway between Clefmont and Lamarche. Setting out promptly we hiked until Romain-sur-Meuse was reached. Here we settled, learning that a rest of about two weeks was in store for us. Though nothing to brag about, the village was not shell-torn and had a few cafes and a couple of stores, which was better than we had been accustomed to for some time. Our home consisted of several wooden barracks in which were wooden bunks.

Thus began the "Battle of Romain," which wasn't half bad. Most of the fellows were soon getting some good out of the cafes and many found homes with the French people of the town getting feeds in the evening. A radio station and telephone central were set up and a bath-house got into working order. The men were examined for scabies and a bunch shipped to the hospital at Bourmont, where they got their hair clipped and were put through a series of baths. Charlie Sargeant, who got sent there for foot trouble, also got the same treatment.

A regular schedule was adopted, consisting of grooming, drills, schools and inspections, so that the idea of a rest was more or less of a joke. However, the weather was good and with a dry place for sleeping and three meals a day, it wasn't so bad. Some of the men from the various details, were sent to Bourmont, about seven kilometers away, to schools. At Romain, Hebert was made a corporal and chief of the regimental telephone station. Fred King here got his sergeancy and Dip Warner was sent from this place to officers' school. Bobby Blake I guess won't forget his bath near the town when the cow ran away with his perfectly good underwear.

Equipment of all sorts was checked. Telephone wire arrived which had to be reeled on the carts, giving the telephone men another job. Our stay in Romain, however, was cut short by some unexpected orders which sent us out bound for the scrap, which we knew would soon occur in the Toul Sector. The men who were at the schools in Bourmont, were called back and everything was hurriedly got in order for moving on the 29th.

The night of the 29th found us on the road headed for, "God knows where." We marched till about 2:00 in the morning, stopping at St. Ouen-les-Parey. Here we were billeted nowhere, so after taking care of the horses, we drifted about to find places for sleeping. On the evening of the same day, we started out once more. The hike was a long and particularly cold one. Clouds of mist hugged the ground, which, when traversed, seemed to penetrate right through one. This hike took us to Villars. Our stay there was short for the same day we moved to Rebeuville, a short distance away, where we stayed till the fourth of September. With stables for the horses just outside of town and fairly good billets, the place was endurable. The Craig players dropped in one afternoon and gave "Baby Mine," in an orchard just outside of town. Being only a few kilometers from Neufchateau, many got to go to this city even though most of them did it by the A. W. O. L. system. There we really saw what a soft life was going on back of the lines, for in this city

was a big Y. M. C. A., where a good meal could be purchased, a large Red Cross building and many places of interest besides the stores. Even to get to a place like this was like getting a glimpse of heaven.

The evening of the 4th we pulled out, passing through Neufchateau and ending up at St. Elophe, a village high on a hill from which was a wonderful view. St. Elophe was only a stop for the day, for the evening of the 5th, we left for an all-night hike which took us up to Chaudeney, not far from Toul, where we were put up in a large building, which had been formerly used for a mill. The hike had been such a stiff one, that it was with a tired feeling that we started out again the same night. Traversing the city of Toul will be remembered by all who waded through the miniature river which traversed one of the roads. This hike turned out to be a cold, unpleasant grind and we were glad when we hit a woods where we could get some sleep. The woods proved to be the *Foret de la Reine*, near Sanzey. In this woods, which was quite large, there was a pretty lake in which some of the fellows went bathing. After a day or two here, the battalion and regimental details pulled out during the night to get ready to go into position for the coming attack, the horseline remaining in the woods. No one who went up that night with regimental, through the dark woods, will forget how the kitchen and German wagon went into the ditch. The details were at first stationed in Mandres, near which our guns were in position, the men sleeping in old ruined buildings. Just before the attack, however, the battalion details moved up near Seicheprey. In Mandres was a cemetery containing a large number of 26th Division dead. The only spot of joy around this battle-scarred region was a Salvation Army place where pancakes were made all day long for all those who chose to stand in line to get them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TOUL SECTOR—SEPTEMBER 8, 1918, TO
SEPTEMBER 11, 1918.

The three days previous to the renowned St. Mihiel attack were rainy and uneventful. All regimental details were stationed in and around Mandres. Also, the first battalion O. and L. detail remained in this village until the night before the attack.

The regimental telephone detail strung lines out of Mandres through the mud and rain and finally Hebert, Bloomfield, Maxson, Gray and Kekich were moved to Colonel Reilly's observation post, where they stayed until the attack. The other telephone details also worked a-plenty so that an elaborate phone system was lined up by the 12th.

Corporal Webb, in charge of an observation post, was to watch F Battery go over the top on the 12th and to keep the rest of the outfits in touch with it. Jim Morehouse was separated from Webb's detail to go over the top with Lt. Lombardi's detail consisting of Blake, Joe Gross, Washburne, Damron and Gilmore. This detail, winding in and out with the doughboys of our division, went into Seicheprey on the night of the 11th, just before the attack.

What had been a quiet, rainy, three-day sojourn, merged into a blaze of fireworks in the early hours of September the 12th, as the first purely American offensive began.

CHAPTER XIX.ST. MIHIEL OFFENSIVE—SEPTEMBER 12, 1918,
TO SEPTEMBER 16, 1918.

The wiping out of the St. Mihiel salient opened up with a bang, most of the fire being concentrated on Mont Sec, which had hitherto been unpenetrated by the Allies. It soon was a

series of puffs as the shells exploded every few yards apart on its conical-shaped surface. The doughboys advanced without a halt and our units followed at a proper distance. Chandler, taking a line over with the infantry, was soon left behind by Lt. Lombardi's detail. He couldn't have been expected to have kept up with that advance. The battle was a beautiful spectacle, except, of course, for its horrible features. One of Lt. Lombardi's detail, trailing along with the 166th Infantry, describes the attack as follows: "Ahead were the columns of infantry, slowly but surely, headed towards the German trenches and here and there were the tanks, crawling like huge monsters across No Man's Land, over trenches and through barbed wire—stopping for nothing. Overhead our planes buzzed around like bees and behind our balloons were up in "flocks." The Huns were shooting over not a few 77's and 150's, wounding some of our men, who were carried past us to the rear by stretcher-bearers. Once in particular, I noticed a shell land in a column leaving a gap where six or seven men had been. However, the lines kept going. We knew there must be some resistance ahead and surely enough, we soon ran into some men with prisoners. The poor Huns looked like they wondered what was coming next and on sighting the bunch of us threw up their hands and I heard one say, "Kamerad." We had soon passed the various lines of German trenches and were in the shell-ruined town of St. Beaussement. There our detail paused to enter some of the places abandoned by the Germans and being the first ones there, found many things of interest. The Germans had left so hurriedly that they took but little with them. We found many belts with "Gott Mit Uns" buckles, daggers, pistols, full packs and food. After collecting the food we took inventory and found we had jam, honey, sausage, sugar and bread—all in the midst of a battle. Right then and there we had breakfast. Machine-gun bullets still were whizzing about but we worried little. Using a pail of water, we washed up, changed our soaking-wet socks for dry German ones and after a short time set out refreshed. On reaching the outside

of the ruined village, Sergeant Damron asked for two men to volunteer to go ahead to locate the third battalion of the 166th Infantry. Sid Warden and myself set out on the task and walked and walked trying to catch up with them. How those doughboys could travel! Out a ways we saw a German lying on the ground and knowing some water would be appreciated, approached him. With a pitiful glance, which showed he was suffering considerably, he said, "Kamerad," and pointed to my canteen. I put the canteen to his lips and he hastily swallowed until I took it away. Going a little further we saw more prisoners sitting in a ditch with a dead German near by. Prisoners were so plentiful by now that they were just being "shoved" to the rear, no one having the time to bother with them. We kept walking and inquiring and after a few hours caught up with the third battalion, which having reached its objective, had stopped, awaiting further orders. Near them were about twelve 150-mm. guns left by the Krauts. Being tired, we sat down for a rest. A short time later we saw French civilians coming down the road. Later we found out that they had been kept in a nearby town by the Germans since the German occupation about four years previous and now that they were once more free were hastening to a place of safety behind the lines. Imagine how happy they were after four years of living with the Huns, and no contact with their own people! It surely made one feel proud that he was part of the army which could liberate these people. With nothing to eat and sitting around in the rain, I began to realize more and more what the infantry goes through."

Most of the outfits rested a while that night and then resumed their advance, all reaching their objectives by the following afternoon, proving to the world that the Americans could handle themselves in a big attack.

For the main part of the company, the advance was a series of waitings along the road. The shell-torn and muddy roads jammed up traffic so that for hours the movements along the roads could be measured by feet rather than miles. Gradually, however, all details worked up to their proper

places and with the halting of the infantry, stood their ground.

The V-shaped gap so long held by the Germans was now a straight line and with no more orders to advance, all became quiet and what was a violent battle-front, became a quiet sector once more.

CHAPTER XX.

ESSEY-PANNES SECTOR—SEPTEMBER 17, 1918, TO SEPTEMBER 30, 1918.

A fairly uneventful thirteen days of living in the Essey-Pannes sector, followed. The regimental sections were quartered in the Bois de Nonsard, with the first battalion details at the Bois de Vigneulles and the second battalion outfits in a woods not far distant.

The Bois de Nonsard had been fitted up as a permanent headquarters by the Germans during their long stay. Cozy wooden shacks, boarded walks and fences were abundant and furnished not-to-be-scoffed-at abodes for us. The telephone men promptly set up a central with relay lines using pole leads. Maxson was made a corporal of the regimental linesmen at this place.

In the Bois de Vigneulles, the first battalion had some excitement one evening. Three horses of the O. and L. detail were killed outright and five others wounded, while the men hovering close at hand, escaped untouched. Major Hammond gave orders to run for the dugout when the shelling started and Courchene had a piece of high-explosive go through the building and lodge in his blankets just after he left the building with the others. Courchene, Hathorne, Risener, Davis, Washburne and Marten were sent to the O. P. located at about 300 yards north of St. Benoite. From there intelligence reports of enemy fire, movements, aerial activity, balloons and rocket signals were phoned to the rear.

Just getting accustomed to this muddy, wooded country, we were ordered to "gang up" once more and the Essey-Pannes sector was bid adieu.

CHAPTER XXI.

BETWEEN ESSEY-PANNES SECTOR AND MEUSE— ARGONNE OFFENSIVE—SEPTEMBER 30, 1918-OCTOBER 7, 1918.

The various elements of the company pulled out of their positions, either on the night of September 30th or on the morning of October 1st, so that on the latter day, the whole company was assembled at the horselines in the Bois de Gargantua, ready to move. Not delaying a day, the company moved out, making the famous hike of over thirty kilometers without a stop. It was a terrible grind while it lasted, especially for the dismounted men, so that it was a footsore, weary crowd that hit Ambly at the end of the hike. It seems hardly possible that the dismounted men could hike like they did and for the mounted men it was also quite a strain, though not so tiring. Sitting on a horse for mile after mile on a cold night is no snap and some of the drivers got so they would beg the men walking to trade with them for a while so they could get off and get warm. In Ambly were some of our old friends of the 26th Division.

Leaving Ambly the same night, we spent another cold, dreary night on the road. There were several stops which made things all the worse, but we finally pulled into Bois de Comte, near Benoit vauz Coven, early in the morning. Typical French wooden barracks afforded us shelter and stables were close at hand. The day of October 3rd was spent at this place, the only event of importance that day being Rusty Cone's departure for officers' school.

The next morning we were up and at 'em early and on the road. This hike took us to the Bois de Brocourt, near the village of Brocourt, the most desolate, shell-torn place we had ever seen, with the exception, perhaps, of the region around Snippes. What was once a woods was just a collection of shell-torn trunks, all that remained of the former trees and the hard ground was so potted by shell holes that it was almost impossible to walk without stepping into one. Water was very scarce, there being only one watering place for the horses within several kilometers, which meant a large jam at that place and a long wait in line. The country had evidently been under shell-fire during the whole war till it appeared as if good for nothing else. Knowing it would be just a matter of a few hours until we would be sent into action, as much rest as possible was snatched. This moving from one sector to another, which was becoming a matter of habit, had taught the men to get sleep whenever they could, for there was no telling when time for more would arrive.

CHAPTER XXII.

MEUSE-ARGONNE OFFENSIVE—OCTOBER 7, 1918, TO NOVEMBER 9, 1918.

A. MONTFAUCON—OCTOBER 7, 1918, TO OCTOBER 11, 1918.

Our first experience in what proved to be the last drive of the World's War, found us near the shell-torn village of Montfaucon not many kilometers distant from the immortal city of Verdun. The doughboys of our division did not go into action at this time and we were sent in to support the infantry of the 32nd Division, with whom we advanced during an attack for several kilometers. The country here encountered was a shell-torn one which had for over four years been

the scene of constant resistance and shell-fire, desolate, bleak and with little water but plenty of rain.

Regimental headquarters were established in the Bois de Montfaucon, near Avacourt, but was two days later changed to a wood between Cheppy and Montfaucon, just a kilometer or two distant. The telephone men strung lines at the first location and later while moving to the woods at the left of Montfaucon. During the short stay, plenty of work and much trouble was experienced.

The O. and L. detail got another touch of infantry life when it went "over" with the 126th Infantry during an attack of several kilometers. Lt. Lombardi led the men (Kearney, Shuler and Gilmore) through all sorts of shell-fire and gas. Fortunately all escaped untouched.

Moving forward and to the right of Montfaucon, the first battalion details drew into position. From the O. and L. detail, Hathorne was sent as a courier to regimental headquarters. Soon a short move was made which changed this battalion to the left of Montfaucon, about two kilometers to the rear of Cierges. Here an O. P. was established on a hill about a kilometer in front of Cierges. Carl Stevens and Marten were forced to return to the horselines because of illness, leaving Risener, Don Robinson and Courchene at the O. P. The O. P. was within reach of German machine-gun fire and artillery fire drifted over intermittently.

This sector proved an exciting one for the first battalion telephone detail. With a central dug in a hillside and the batteries just ahead, a hard task was encountered in the stringing of lines because of the maze of other wires. The worst lines were those to the rear, which were mostly broken by the traffic. After a short stay, the detail moved forward. An enemy plane was chased just as the detail started. Going over a hill where many horses had been killed and an altogether desolate and horrible spot, the sight seen was never forgotten. Proceeding through the town of Nantillois, which was being shelled at the time and was full of gas, the carriages went along at a trot. Outside of the town the road led up

a small hill where the detail stopped to catch its breath, later continuing to where the batteries were in position. A central was located in the woods on a hill and all was quiet when suddenly the shells began to fall through the valley and up the hillside striking all around the men. Fortunately, not a man or animal was hit. Many lines were again strung and the great amount of work was now telling on everyone.

Of the 2nd battalion O. and L. detail, Webb and Lewis had a forward O. P. station with some of the 32nd Division infantry, while Jim Morehouse was at the 2nd battalion P. C. with Warden and Haney, which was in communication with Webb's O. P.

Located in a dugout, which was formerly a German dressing-station, the 2nd battalion telephone detail found it could work in peace, after a fashion, although the surrounding area was subject to almost constant shell-fire. This frequent shelling caused many a worry to the ration-cart man who had no dugout shelter. The battery positions being changed after a few days, an auxiliary central was necessary as well as the adding to the length of all lines. This kept the linesmen busy every hour of the day and night and the work began to tell on their physique. With no real rest for the men for weeks and the horses growing weaker each day, from constant work and short feed, the spirit of the men was very low.

With the short advance of the 32nd Division completed and our doughboys in the line to our left, we received the word to move and hit towards Apremont in the Argonne region, from which we were to start on the final big drive. The eve of October 10th found the entire company assembled in a woods which soon became famous as the scene of "The Battle of Hungry Horse." It was at this spot that one of the horses scouting around for food took out its starving revenge on the company guidons, both the silk and cotton ones, so that when Gilmore returned to get them, he found what looked like a remnant sale, with nothing much left but the guidon pole.

The company moved forward that evening. Along the road it passed several shell-wrecked villages, drawing up near Apremont where a horseline and regimental headquarters was established.

B. APREMONT—ARMISTICE—OCTOBER 12, 1918,
TO NOVEMBER 11, 1918.

With almost an eight months' continuous drag of hiking, working and fighting and no let-up in sight, we went doggedly into our last sector, thinking the war would never end. New divisions were always being encountered, fresh from their trips across and taken up with the excitement of their first front, while we plodded on—only volunteers. It was no wonder that we were getting tired and somewhat discouraged and that we resolved that the next war would find our names in the list of number-drawing "honor" men.

The First Division had just wound up a series of brilliant attacks and counter-attacks in this sector, resulting in the capture of several prominent hills, when we stepped in to relieve them.

Our first day in this sector was marked by a short advance by our infantry, which was stopped just beyond Summerance by a withering machine-gun fire. The front line having evened up with the lines on either side, it remained fast.

Indications soon showed that a new offensive was being planned.

On October 12th Doescher, Bashman and Bosquet were gassed and on October 24th Kling was wounded, losing the sight of one eye.

Captain Smith soon moved, with the regimental telephone and radio details, to a high hill not over four kilometers from our front line. This hill, also the infantry headquarters of some of the Ohio battalions, was subject to much shell-fire. At this time our batteries were about three-fourths of a kilometer to the rear of this hill.

The first battalion O. and L. detail settled on Hill 288, about five hundred meters in front of Exermont, the detail at this time consisting of Courchene, Don Robinson, Joe Gross and Risener. After about three days the O. P. was changed and established on Cote de Châtillon, Hill 212.

Courchene and Risener returned to the horselines because of illness and Washburne and W. T. Davis were sent to Robinson and Gross at the O. P. Meanwhile Hathorne was ordered to the message center.

Before many days the battalion moved quietly forward, taking up positions to the rear of Summerance where they dug in under camouflaged screens. All sorts of artillery was being crowded up, and overruling all precedents, the Americans jammed even six-inch rifles up to within a kilometer of the front. The gun positions here were perilous but surprisingly few casualties resulted, either because of good camouflage or because the Germans were not alert enough or too busy at other things.

Details of both battalions moved up with the batteries and telephone centrals, radio stations and O. P.'s were established. The first battalion telephone detail men dug foxholes near the guns. At this place Fred Voss was wounded, later dying of influenza at a hospital. Foutz and Bittner had a close call when a 77 ripped up a tree within a few feet of where they were sleeping. Seeley and Patrick were both slightly gassed at this place.

Lt. Lombardi, who had gone with the infantry in its first attack had rested with his detail in the much-shelled and altogether unsafe village of Summerance. Here it was that Shuler was wounded on October 27th.

On October 18th a big air fight was witnessed. The Germans had become altogether too active for our comfort and our aviators were chiefly conspicuous by their absence. This was noticed by Colonel Reilly one day in particular, while on a visit to an Ohio battalion headquarters. After a short and snappy call for aviators, the sky was soon alive with them and the Germans were sent scampering in all directions with

a result that at least three of them were brought down in flames. One German pulled the unexpected by jumping out of his flaming plane in a parachute, saving his life but landing behind our lines.

Conditions were becoming worse and worse. Cooties were more than plentiful, baths an unheard-of thing and many were weakened by dysentery. Cella alone fooled the bath shortage by taking a bucket-bath in one of the fourgons. Maybe he needed it more than the rest of us.

All the while, this section was covered by much artillery fire and one night MacKenzie was killed while sleeping between two C Battery guns.

Everything was gradually put into readiness for the big attack which was to cause the Huns to flee through France and Belgium and beg for an armistice.

On November 1st the artillery opened up in the early morning and by daybreak the doughboys were well on their way. At the last minute before the attack, our infantry was relieved by the Fifth and Sixth Marines, who had gained such a name at Chateau-Thierry. Considerable resistance was met, especially in the way of machine-gun fire, but our lines went forward and never stopped, though at times they faltered. The largest barrage-chart of the war had been drawn up, our engineers covering a depth of seven kilometers and calling for three different "firings" of about two hours each, with five-minute intervals.

Lt. Lombardi and his detail went "over" with the marines and passed through the worst of this attack without a scratch.

The first battalion O. and L. which had been established in the saddle of two hills, forming the Cote de Maldah, had perhaps the best view of the entire attack. What had been a very dangerous position became a ringside seat for the big show. A definite mission for this battalion detail called for communication with Hill 253, which was in German territory before the attack, in case the telephone system gave out. By 10:00 o'clock no hostile fire could be discerned nearer than

Landres-St. George and prisoners could be seen coming in groups as far as Hill 253. The second battalion O. and L. detail worked in connection with the first. With Hathorne left at the original O. P., Jim Morehouse, Haney, Lewis and Warden went to Hill 253 between St. George and Landres-St. George from which communication could be had with Hathorne. Here Warden was left in charge, Morehouse going ahead with Haney and two telephone men to a point about a kilometer forward from which connection could be had by telephone to the line Maxson was stringing with the marines. All of these stations were broken up the next day when the regiment's duty with the marines was ended.

A new stunt was carried out in this drive by Corporal Maxson which marked a new epoch in telephone communication during an attack. Corporal Maxson's detail consisting of Corp. Stevens with his three drivers, Robinson, Navarro, Clemts, and four linesmen, Taylor, Hoever, Chapman and Fields, left Sommerance, shortly after the marines, following the Sommerance-Landres-St. George road. Maxson, traveling ahead of the reel-cart, signaled Corp. Stevens by arm signals. Leaving the road a detour was made and the horses trotted to the crest of the hill which had just been the German front line. A short halt was made in a small cut on the road where the men and horses could rest with the protection of the sides of the cuts. Picking out a place where a trench had been almost filled because of shell-fire, Maxson signaled for the reel-cart to follow and the horses trotted over with it. Over the hills and through lanes, in barbed-wire, the reel-cart and linesmen journeyed, keeping always within two or three hundred yards of the first line of Marines. Some thought they were crazy but they kept on and after passing through a small barrage of shell-fire at a certain ford, caught up with Sargeant, who had been sent back by Lt. Lombardi with the message that the infantry were advancing according to schedule. Using the lowest ground possible, the cart advanced towards Bayonville. A marine officer here informed Maxson that he was within two hundred meters of the Bosches so that

the cart was run into the cover of a cut in a road. At this point Gilmore came up with a message from Lt. Lombardi which was phoned back to Colonel Redden. The cart was then sent to the rear and Maxson strung the wire by hand into Bayonville, just as the Marines finished rounding up the prisoners from the houses. A station was set up in a basement and from there the marine signal-sergeant ran his line forward so they could send messages without the use of runners, which had always been the custom. This line was soon used by our liaison officers and the marines and it was over this line that the message was forwarded which stopped the short fire of two heavy pieces that were the cause of the stopping of the third battalion of the Sixth Marines in their advance. This mission, carried out after careful planning and by steady nerves and unfaltering men, was merely one of the acts of real gameness shown by our men during the war.

Of course, the other telephone men did their bit this day and deserve much credit for their prompt and courageous work.

At the end of the day, the first line having reached its objective, halted and our work with the marines was over.

Preparations were soon made for an advance and the final chase of the Huns began—and it was some chase.

From then on it was just a question of hike and hike, with a little rest in between; for how those Germans could travel!

On November 3rd the entire regiment was on its way forward. November 4th found our company assembled in Verpel. Here the company split up, the first battalion going into position about 300 meters from Autruche, the men eating with C Battery.

Our doughboys were again in the lines and we followed with more confidence.

On November 5th regimental headquarters was established at Malmaison Fme, near Harricourt, but most of the men of the company were far ahead, aiding in the chase.

Village after village was traversed, Buzancy, Bar, Le-

Chesne, Tannay, Chemery and others, until on November 8th most of the company was in or around Chehery. Just ahead of this town considerable resistance was being met and artillery fire was encountered. It was at this place that Lt. Manson, while in charge of his telephone detail, was hit by a fragment of high-explosive which went clear through his helmet.

We rested that night near Chehery and on the day following pulled into Bulson. The battalion details had various stations in the town and regimental was established in a building in the central part of the village.

No resistance apparently was being encountered and we thought a night's sleep was in store for us. However, just after dark the Germans opened up on the town and it became a place most dangerous and what proved to be a tragic one. Shells struck at various places throughout the village and landed so close that Colonel Redden ordered all those at the regimental station down into the cement basement. Then followed a night of horror and excitement. Our second battalion P. C., located in a small building near the outskirts of town, was hit by a 77 shell with the result that Hicks, Panzeca, Murray and Doheny were killed, while others, including Dodge, Reaney and King, were wounded. In another part of town a battery caisson was hit, killing a driver and causing the horses to run away and dash into a brick building. Many others were killed in various parts of the village that night and our telephone men out on the lines went through the worst of excitement. It was correctly called by one of the men, "Bulson's Hell."

The following daybreak found the town all peaceful and quiet, so the dead were moved from their wrecked death-place and laid to rest in the village cemetery close by. None will forget that night at Bulson.

The next day we moved out of Bulson towards the rear. Stopping for the night at an old farm-yard we set out on a hike which led through a cold night. The horses were "on their last legs" and two fell from exhaustion, had to be shot and

replaced by others. The men were in a like condition and so when we finally pulled into the Malmaison Fme we were a wornout group—hungry for sleep and tired of hiking.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HARRICOURT—NOVEMBER 9, 1918—NOVEMBER
14, 1918.

It was a tired, weary bunch that found itself assembled at Malmaison Fme., near Harricourt, on the ninth of November, most of the company not yet over the horrors of the night before at Bulson. The big idea seemed to be to get some sleep.

The so-called "Fme." consisted of what was once the abode of a wealthy landowner, having a square of buildings with a courtyard in the center. It had no doubt once been a beautiful place but the war had ruined it. The Red Cross flag of the Germans was still floating over one of the buildings for it had been used as a hospital for prisoners. Everything was dirty, especially the courtyard, which consisted chiefly of rubbish and manure piles, while the old bunks had most everything imaginable in the way of pests, including Cooties, bed-bugs and fleas. The bed-bugs were of the husky variety and the fleas were of a thoroughly industrious kind.

As the gang had not been together for some time, there was the usual exchanging of experiences, both happy and sad and the usual kidding, back and forth, amongst the various details and the fellows who were at the horse-line.

Rumors began to drift in on the tenth that the fighting would soon cease but so much of that stuff had been heard for so long that it didn't make much of a hit, although a few seemed to have faith in it.

On the eleventh, the day which will always have a big place in the world's history, things were going along as usual with the company, there being the ordinary detail work

and nothing else, when in came the news that an armistice was signed and that all firing would cease at 11:00 o'clock. The rumors as regards this had become so strong that although many laughed at the idea, there were quite a few who were beginning to believe it. There had not been much gun fire for a couple of days and from where the company was located it could only be heard indistinctly so we could not judge much by the firing. However, the reports came from such good sources that we were finally forced to believe the news was true. There was no hip-hip-hurrahing or celebrations, everyone taking it in the indifferent manner which the soldier life brings about. In fact, it was more as if, after carrying a heavy load for some time, the load had been finally put down, the person who had carried it being too exhausted to be thrilled about it. Along in the evening came the first evidences of celebration for almost anywhere one looked in the distance, he could see all sorts of signal rockets and star shells being sent up. The whole thing was gradually soaking in, though it was hard to believe.

Up till the fourteenth was spent at Harriecourt. During this time there was considerable work done in cleaning up the courtyard so that it was quite presentable when we finished. On November 13th Washburne left for the hospital, Camp also leaving about the same time, neither of them ever rejoining us.

Everyone began to wonder what was coming next. The usual good rumors drifted in so that visions of home by Christmas or New Year's were entertained but all this received a fatal blow when the news came that an army of occupation was being formed to move into Germany and that we were to be part of said army. After hearing this, our morale surely dropped, for the visions of a long hike, followed by a stay in Germany, were none too pleasant.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MARCH INTO GERMANY—NOVEMBER 14, 1918,
TO DECEMBER 15, 1918.

On the morning of November 14th, the whole company moved out of Fme. Malmaison together, passing through Harricourt and Buzancy and stopping at Imecourt, which was nothing more than a mess of ruins. Here the men were billeted around in what was left of the buildings. On the morning of the 15th we had an inspection which lasted too long, considering the cold weather. It was on the way to this, that Wade Hathorne started to play cowboy by shooting off one of those "unloaded" guns. In the afternoon a detail was sent for horses to fill up so we could start out on the hike. What we got in the way of horse-flesh was nothing to brag about, although they answered the purpose. It was at this place that the first news really leaked out about the extent of the hike we were to make.

So it was that on November 16th, with some new horses and some slightly rested men, we started out on the hike which was to take us almost up to the Rhine, a hike on two meals a day, the first at daybreak and the other often after dark. The day's hike was not long in mileage but, due to road traffic, took us all day and almost all evening to get to our destination, a field, just outside of Doulecon. It was so cold on the hike, which was made worse by the standing about and moving by short jerks, that everyone was glad to hit a place of rest even though pup-tents were in order. Horses had to be watered at quite a distance and groomed in the dark. Talk about cold!—well, that's what describes the night of the 16th.

In the morning it was "up and at 'em" early and on the road. We soon passed through Dun-sur-Meuse, a town which had been of considerable importance during the fighting. All the while now we were traveling along land that had been fought over but a few days before and as a consequence was

all shot up and strewn with the usual amount of discarded and captured equipment. The sight of this was becoming an awful bore to us and we longed to see a place where the engines of war had not been at work. It was just after dark that the company pulled into Breheville where the rest of the company had already arrived. Fortunately, the town was little shot up so that fairly good sleeping places were found. Here it was that Little Arthur Boyer came back to the company after his long absence resulting from his wound received at Chateau-Thierry. It was almost like a dead man coming back to life. Here we received some replacements, men who had been with the Eightieth Division. These men were: Bedley, Calderrara, Cammarata, Corsaro, Eskew, Fisher, Giovannini, Lutter, Lynn, McGrath, Malcomb, Marano, Margerum, Migellego, Musgnug, Reidenbangh, Romas, Sedler, Shanks, Sierawski, Snyder, Stein, Tusynski, Whiteman, Bergeron and Ellis.

We laid over at Breheville a couple of days moving out on the morning of the 20th. The hike this day was a long one, taking all the day and ending us up at Thonne-les-Pres, a village just outside of Montmedy, through which we passed en route. A short ways out of Montmedy we could look up and see the fortress of Montmedy which stood out against the evening sky. About the scene, the sunset played such a varied form of colors, that to one who saw the sight, it will be a lasting remembrance. Just as we were pulling into our village, we saw Lt. Bill Manson watching for us at a cross-roads, recovered from his wound received at Chemery and ready to join us again.

Passing through the village we pulled into the grounds of a chateau, stretching the picket-line across a pretty green lawn. The officers took the chateau, of course, leaving us a smaller building which had been used by the Germans as an aeroplane repair-shop. In it were all sorts of parts of planes including some propellers. Also, in some of the rooms, were painted iron crosses on which were the names of various German aviators.

In the morning we were due to move out again so were up "bright and early." Just about time to leave, some of the fellows got playing with some rockets, tossing one into a bonfire which exploded, injuring Tony Zeman and Haney so that they had to be sent to the hospital. We passed back through Montmedy, which, although not a pretty looking city, was bedecked with flags in celebration of the armistice and among them Old Glory occupied a prominent place. Once out of the place a ways, we began to get away from the devastated regions, although the places still showed signs of their previous occupation by troops. Along later in the morning we passed out of France and into Belgium, the little country to which the war had been so cruel and which we had heard so much about. Fortunately, the part through which we passed, had not been shelled, so that, for the first time in months, we were getting away from shell-torn, barbed-wire fields and entering into a "civilian" country. It was surely a refreshing feeling! All along the roads the Belgians greeted us with smiles and pleasant salutations, often waving Belgian and American flags which the poor people had no doubt kept in hiding the whole war. About the middle of the afternoon we passed through Virton, where there were a few Germans left behind in a hospital. This was quite a city, considering what we had been used to and decorated up with Belgian, French, English and American flags, was a pleasing sight. Passing on we reached St. Leger, a fair-sized village, and after the usual stretching of picket lines, watering, feeding and grooming of the horses, we were billeted in the Belgian homes. This was surely a treat, even though we had no beds, for the people were very kind and in most places willing to cook up food for the fellows. On talking with the Belgians, who all spoke French, we learned how badly the Germans had treated them and consequently how glad they were that we had come. On this day the order came through that caused the promotion of Lieutenants Kapschull, Manson and Gould from second to first lieutenants.

The next day we hit the trail again, seeing some more of Belgium. As the country was so beautiful and such a treat

after what we had seen for so long, there was quite a bit in our favor. One of the worst features of this hiking, we came to realize, was the fact that we were making it on two meals a day, one early in the morning and the other usually after dark when we were often so tired that we didn't care whether we ate or not. We pulled into Arlon, which proved to be a fair-sized city, in the afternoon, stretching our picket-line, on a large field near the batteries, for the whole regiment was assembled at this place. This gave us a couple of hours in the evening to "bum around" and see the city. That night the people put on a big parade in celebration of the victory, which was quite a sight for us.

As usual the fellows adapted themselves to the place, many obtaining good feeds in private homes that night. It was pitiful to hear of some of the things the Germans had done. For instance, in a small town near Arlon, through which we had passed during the day, over a hundred persons had been lined up and shot down, in cold blood. Also, the Germans had taken all of the brass they could steal, including lamps, door-knobs and window-frames.

The city being too good a place for soldiers to stay in more than one night, we pulled out the next morning headed for Luxemburg. Lt. Sundstrom, who had just been assigned to the company, started out with us. It was on this morning that Captain Smith put into effect that damnable order requiring the men, during the ten-minute halts each hour, to groom the horses and clean the carriages. As a result, the only part of the day which used to be for a rest, turned out to be a period of work, which, on two meals a day, wasn't encouraging.

It must have been about 10:00 o'clock in the morning of the twenty-third that we passed out of Belgium into Luxemburg. The scenery continued to be beautiful and the weather fair. A change could be noticed in the people that we passed, for, instead of treating us as the Belgians had, they treated us with indifference. After considerable winding about, we pulled into a small village called Buschdorf where the picket-line was stretched, just outside of town, alongside a stream.

Considering the time of the year, the billets in this town were very bad. Most everyone was in a hayloft or barn-like place, which, since the weather was fairly cold, was altogether uncomfortable. Stoves, except those in the kitchens of the homes, seemed to be non-existent and as a result it was a cold reception the boys got in Buschdorf. However, with their usual adaptability, they made friends with the householders and most of them got to warm themselves along with the families by the kitchen stoves. Food was scarce with the people and frightfully high, so there was not much buying of meals.

We were destined to stay a week in this little place. During that time there was the usual taking care of the horses, cleaning of the carriages and harness, besides inspections. After a couple of days, about ten per cent of the men were allowed to go to the city of Luxemburg each day, the passes being good for one day only. This continued for about three days. Those who went, pronounced it a beautiful city but a place of beautiful prices as well.

While at Buschdorf the censorship was lifted as regards telling our location so we could at last head our letters with the name of a town instead of "Somewhere in France."

On Thanksgiving Day, thanks to Russ Cella and his kitchen force, we had a wonderful meal. Russ had spent several days borrowing and bartering with the natives so we could have a real feed and as a result, when we lined up, we got the following: roast young pig, Brussels Sprouts, mashed potatoes, creamed gravy, salad, apple-pie, jam, cookies, apples and coffee, which didn't go badly at all. However, as the saying goes, it takes a little rain with the sunshine. So it was that that night Eddie Browder took sick and had to be taken away in the ambulance. It is true that he came back to the company later, for a few days, but this was the beginning of the sickness that resulted in his death.

Although the average fellow is against moving, except towards home, it was with a feeling of relief to most everyone, that we pulled out of Buschdorf on December 1st. The dope

was that we would march for about ten days straight. That night we stopped at Burglinster, still in Luxemburg, only to start out early the next morning, that of December 2nd. The day's hike took us to Osweiler, also in Luxemburg.

The morning of December 3rd proved an eventful one, for, after leaving Osweiler a short while, we crossed the German border, stopping for the night at the village of Alsdorf. Traveling along that day we saw many former German soldiers, some just getting home. The people, although somewhat curious to see us, treated us with an air of indifference as if not knowing just what to expect. As usual, the fellows scouted around, in the evening, trying to get feeds, although most of them hit for a beer shop which they soon discovered. Bob Kearney, however, who had taken an accidental cold plunge, clothes and all, in a nearby stream, was asleep in a bed while his clothes were drying.

On the fourth there was just a short hike of about four or five miles to Dockendorf, where we stayed for the night. By this time Lt. Cavitt had become well known as Wild Bill and his Dashing Rear Battalion which he endeavored to general, had gained quite a reputation.

The night of December 5th found us in the village of Malbergweich, another typical little German village. Lissingen proved to be our destination on the night of the sixth, the same uneventful hiking of the previous day's taking place. On the night of the seventh we stopped at Pelm, which we hit just on the trail of the Second Division artillery which also claimed the town. Since the Rainbow Division won the argument, we got the town for the night, sleeping in the loft of one of the courtyard buildings of a large chateau. The next day, the 8th, we moved just a short distance to the town of Nohn.

The ninth found us on a long hike which ended us up at Wimbach, a short distance from the city of Adenau, through which we passed en route. Although up very high, as those who marched on foot will verify, Wimbach had its share of mud. Here we stayed, with the first battalion, till the 15th.

During that time there was considerable rain. There was the customary cleaning of carriages and harness, inspections, foot-drill and even semaphoring was taken up, as a last resort, to make the men do something.

Passes could be had to Adenau but there was not much there except a Y. M. C. A. and some candy shops so most of the fellows contented themselves in their humble billets. Quite a little mail arrived here and in this bunch of letters were received the first letters telling about the celebration of the false alarm of November 7th in the States. One night, having run short of hay for the horses, the Germans were called on to donate and although with the usual custom, each German referred us to his neighbor, who had "viele" in his loft, we managed to discover considerable. This the Germans "kindly" brought down to our picket-lines for us.

Realizing the end of the hike was near, we started out from Wimbach on the fifteenth. Following what was at first a creek alongside the road, we hiked all day. About noon we began to strike the most beautiful country imaginable, the Ahr Valley. As the first hills came into view ahead of us, we were struck with the mosaic-like patches on them. These patches proved to be the divisions of vineyards which were built in tiers of stone up the hillsides, often reaching almost to their tops. Only the parts of the hills where the sun would strike, were planted. Traveling thus all afternoon, along the creek which developed to be the Ahr River, along a beautiful winding road, spanned by several large viaducts, we ended up at night in the village of Dernau, which was to be our journey's end. The horses taken care of and the carriages cleaned, the company was billeted in a large room of the Winzerverein (community wine-press) of the village. The reader can easily imagine the result of billeting a bunch of thirsty soldiers in a wide-open Winzerverein. Anyway, the inevitable happened, striking the kitchen crew especially, so that volunteers had to be called for to serve the mess. Although a fair-sized village, it was found that billeting the

whole regiment there was too much, so on the 19th our company hit the trail back to the village of Rech, just about two miles away, also on the Ahr.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION—DECEMBER 15, 1918—APRIL 6, 1919.

The village of Rech, which was to be our home till March 2nd, was a typical little German village of sixty-nine houses. Nestled down amongst the Eifel Mountains, with vineyards up the hillsides in every direction, traversed by the winding Ahr, it was truly a pretty place.

Realizing we would probably stay for some time, we settled down to a quiet life in the Kraut homes. There were from one to five men put in every house, depending upon the room available. It was soon found, that besides the officers getting beds, the sergeants could be accommodated as well; so, the lucky three-stripers were able to hit the feathers nightly instead of the hard floors. It was then, for the first time, that the men really got to use what German they knew and although fraternizing with the Germans was prohibited, it was not out of order to talk with the people with whom you were billeted, especially where the "frauleins" were "schone." Many forgot themselves and would endeavor to make sentences out of a combination French, English and German, with humorous results, as: "Oui, I verstehe viele." As usual, however, the fellows got along well and in most cases got comfortably situated. If a fellow was with a good family, he was sure to get his washing done if soap were furnished by him, and with practically no exceptions, fuel was provided without any trouble, in most places the Germans taking care of the fires. Regarding the matter of soap, it seems that because of such a shortage of this article, the price

of it was extremely high; so that by presenting a bar of soap to a German, a fellow could get most anything from a wife to some "schnapps." This, in turn, leads us to the schnapps question, which proved to be a strong one. Experiences had been had with all sorts of liquor, first American, and later French, but of all the condensed stimulators, none proved as effective as "schnapps." As a result, the famous red and white wines, made from the grapes grown on the nearby hill-sides, became the more common drink.

On December 23rd Pete Bloom and Dip Warner, newly-made third lieutenants, drifted back from the school at Samur. It seemed like old times to have them back again. It has always been thought that their keen noses smelled our Christmas dinner two days ahead of time, causing them to come back.

Xmas rolled around. Up to that time there had been no snow, but when we awoke on that morning, we were greeted by a snow-white carpet which had been formed during the early morning hours. Most of the men ate Xmas dinner with the Germans. However, at 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon, we lined up at the company kitchen to receive a regular feast, which Russ Cella and his kitchen mechanics had so nobly prepared. You can judge whether or not we liked it when you learn that we had pig, Brussels sprouts, mashed potatoes, apple-pie, doughnuts, chocolate-cake and coffee. As there was no work on that day but taking care of the horses, most of the time was spent in the houses where there was an endeavor to feel as homelike as possible by watching the Germans or taking part in such celebrations as they had. Yes, there were Xmas trees in all the homes, and decorated too, although usually with only cookies made into all shapes, representing animals and the like. Of course, this made everyone homesick and many letters were written home that day.

Our work of cleaning harness and the carriages over, a regular schedule was commenced, which, with plenty of guard-work, kept everyone out of mischief during the day, although, with the exception of guard-work, we had the evenings to ourselves. It was surely a great feeling, after so many days of

roughing it, to know that one was to have a dry place in which to sleep, would be sure of three meals a day and could have time to read and write. The schedule of work consisted chiefly of calisthenics, foot-drill, horse-exercise and schools, with Friday afternoon devoted to the cleaning of harness, carriages and equipment for the Saturday morning inspection. On Sunday, unless one struck guard, there was nothing but the caring for the horses.

New Year's came and with it another big feed, thanks again to Cella and his men. By this time we had experienced several days of cold weather and were only too glad that the winter was being spent in a German village instead of at the front.

Whether or not the village was as unhealthy as some people thought, we were hit by the flu, so that, for a while, two or three fellows were taken away each day to the hospital. It began to look very serious but later it got so that some were returning all of the time, so that even if others went, the numbers in the hospitals did not increase. Although most of the men eventually got back, there were some who didn't and so it was that we were shocked by the news of the deaths of Lt. Col. Redden and Capt. Waters, both of them as good men as a person could want to meet. After a few weeks, the flu seemed to be broken and our health got back to normal again.

Passes were issued on Saturday afternoons and Sundays to Ahrweiler, Neunahr and even to Remagen. These towns, though of no great interest, had places where the men could buy souvenirs, as well as little necessities, like stationery. Neunahr, a pretty little city, had, in peace times, been quite a resort center, having mineral baths and a large sanitarium. Both the English and French had been great patrons of this place. As a result of the tourists' visits, all sorts of souvenirs were sold, including the famous iron crosses. Outside of this, there were no passes, except for occasional ones to Coblenz and on one day, passes to Bonn to see a baseball game.

One day a week was devoted to baths, part of the company going in the morning and the rest in the afternoon, to

Marienthal, about three miles away, where there were some showers put up in the basement of a chateau. It was then that the decline of the cooties began and the faithful old crawlers, that had stuck to us through thick and thin, were witnessing their Waterloo.

It would not do to pass on without mentioning the incident of "The Unclean." Contrary to the order that all messkits be washed, immediately after each meal, there was found by the captain, in Corporal Buckley's billet one morning, several unwashed ones. This led to an arrest of the machine-gun crew, gaining for them the name of "The Unclean."

Neither would it be fair to leave the story of the "Eye Trouble Kids" unmentioned. One morning there was posted on the bulletin-board, a notice requesting those that had eye trouble to sign their names. It seems that there had been no eye trouble to speak of up to that time but some of the fellows got a hunch that to go away for treatment would mean a little vacation so, as a result, the following names were signed: Damron, King, Lambert, Hathorne, J. Estridge, Eskew, Leprieur, Newman and Avery. Damron's eyesight previously had been perfect, at least as far as seeing his way out of a detail was concerned, and Fred King's only trouble lay in the fact that he couldn't see Danville soon enough while Lambert had complained on several occasions of not seeing enough wine. Anyway, this band went off to Coblenz, where they enjoyed a week's vacation far away from grooming-kits and calisthenics.

Schools came into prominence. A night school was started with Sid Warden as professor-in-chief, assisted by Allen Davis, at which those thought not proficient enough in reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic were forced to attend each night. The membership numbered about twenty, the members being divided into three classes, according to their ability. Besides this, there were the liaison schools at Coblenz, to which certain men were sent from time to time, to learn more about the gentle art of signaling. This proved

quite a vacation for those who went. Also there was a cooking school at Coblenz, to which Doescher was sent.

All the while there had been in our quiet village one who had been gaining quite a name through his nightly flittings about with his flashlight. This was "Flashlight Chester," our top-sergeant. Whether he was looking for an idea, or a way out of work, up to this date has not been discovered.

After the cooties had been fairly well dispensed with, there were some who still had the old hunting blood in them. One of these was Johnny Istok. One night especially, he was known to have gone out in the hills to hunt squirrels, not returning till 4:00 a. m., and then with no game, though he accidentally came near killing his first German.

On January 5th Rusty Cone came back from the school at Samur. It seemed good to have the old boy back again even if he did desert us soon afterwards for the Winzerverein.

January 23rd brought sad news, for with it came the news of the death of Wagoner Harry Lowe. Harry, who had visited the company just a short time before, had returned to the hospital where he died of pneumonia.

Lt. Thomas, otherwise known as Tommy, came to the company on January 24th and soon got acquainted with the "spirits" of the company when Jay Brown, returning from one of his parties, escorted him to his billet.

Manoeuvres were finally resorted to, to keep the fellows from forgetting the war game. One of the most important was pulled off at Mayen, part of the company going there by auto trucks, returning the next night. Others were carried on nearer Reeh, some with and some without guns.

On January 30th came the news that leaves were to be granted and there was much rejoicing and excitement although most were skeptical about it. It hardly seemed possible, that, after fifteen months of nothing larger than small villages and often fields, woods, dugouts and trenches, we would be able to get to where one could really call it civilization. The news turned out to be true so that on February

7th, Bittner and Machel, the first ones to get leaves, started off for France and a good time.

The usual quiet life of the village was interrupted one night by the calling out of the guard to fish someone out of the Ahr. It seems that Johnny Hoefels, in a vain endeavor to absorb the Winzerverein, had started home across the bridge but had branched off to take a short cut over the bridge and through the river. It was a miracle how he lived after the fall but he's still among those present and still able to drink his modest bit.

There is still another story about another John, who also fell into the Ahr. This is the story of Father John. Ever since we had come to Rech, the statue of a certain saint, which stood in the middle of one of the sides of the bridge, had been the plaything of nightly parties. One night, about the middle of February, the party happened to be an exceedingly rough one, with the result that the saint, commonly known as Father John, received a baptism similar to that of Hoefel's, except, that when the guard fished out Father John, he came up in two pieces. However, the head put on again and the face painted up, he was replaced with due ceremony and still stands, as far as we know, on watch today at the quiet village.

On February 2nd everyone was shaken by the sad news of Eddie Browder's death. He had been such a jolly friend of all, that it seemed a shame he should be taken from us. Many could hardly believe it was true, as he had been with us such a short time before, but true it was, though hard to take.

Perhaps the most humorous incident of all, was furnished by Buckley when he was corporal of the guard one day. There was a special order for all guards to allow not more than five Germans to assemble at one place. Seeing six of them together one day, the guard called for the corporal of the guard. When Pick came out he was told what was up and as a good corporal of the guard, he went over to break up the gathering. Going up to the Germans he said in perfectly good German, "Sechs Mann zu viele," meaning "six men too many." However, his vocabulary then suddenly failed him

for when he went to tell them that one would have to go, he said, "Ein Mann—Beat it!" Of course, the Krauts didn't *verstehe* at all and when they came forward to get the drift, Buckley evidently thinking himself attacked, whipped out his gun, bringing them to attention and later breaking them up with the motions of the gun rather than his German vocabulary.

On February 10th the company received from "A" Battery by assignment, Snody, A. Davis, Carlton, Byers and F. Davis, thereby adding two more, to our already, large, Davis list.

Throughout the rest of the month of February men went on leaves, others returning, all with wonderful stories of the good times they had had,—each with a good word for the French girls and a choice collection of profanity for the M. P's., military trains and the "check in, check out" system.

A movement had been made to get the regiment more consolidated, for, because, of different movements of the batteries we were strung about the map considerably. So it was that on March 2nd, Headquarters Company pulled out of Rech, much to the sorrow of some and the delight of others, to the village of Bolingen about five miles away. As the carriages could not make the steep up-grade of the more direct road, the column had to go a round-about way, passing through Ahrweiler, in order to reach Bolingen, making it about a ten or twelve mile hike.

Life at Bolingen was somewhat a repetition of the life at Rech, although there were only sixty-two houses there instead of ninety-nine, as we had at Rech. At Bolingen, however, we were on top of the mountains instead of in the valley getting more sunlight as well as stiff breezes. Here the people were farmers instead of vineyard workers, raising chiefly vegetables and grain. As at Rech, the men soon got acquainted in the homes.

There were two cafe's in town, one of which the sergeants used for a mess-hall, chiefly to keep as near the beer as pos-

sible, while the other was used as a place for writing letters. "Mac," our K. of C. man, did a lot of good work by supplying us with stationery, gum and candy, while Chick Ure with his canteen usually had quite an assortment of goodies.

On March 13th we got the glad news that soon we would turn in equipment. The dreams, of the days of no more grooming and carriage-cleaning, were about to be realized.

March 7th was celebrated by a big divisional review at Remagen. The men, all spick and span, were taken to Remagen by auto trucks, where, after standing for over five hours in one spot, with a chilly breeze blowing all of the time, they were reviewed by General Jack to see whether or not they were fit to go home. Then, just about three days later, came a review of the carriages along the road between Neuenahr and Remagen where the carriages, all newly-painted and shiny, were given the once-over.

On top of this, came a day or so later, another review and inspection, this one by Major Flagler; so inspections were the chief occupation.

The good old lippo-vaccine inoculations must here be mentioned, as they occurred about this time. As many as could go were "shot" on different days. It was great sport to watch the others the morning after but it was rough on one's self when he got it. The sensation of the needle, with its three-in-one shot, was not as bad as the after effects. It usually produced fever the same night, followed by a sore stomach the next morning, so that fellows, all doubled up going down the street, got to be a common sight.

Many of the fellows, who had made acquaintances of one sort or another at Rech, often journeyed back there evenings or on Sundays. Some were after "feeds" but most were after the good old Ahr wine, which, in Bolingen, was scarce.

Reviews and inspections over, a ribbon ceremony had to come along. At this ceremony, when the regiment assembled near Gelsdorf, ribbons with the names of the major engagements in which the regiment took part, were pinned on the regimental colors.

Nightly parties were frequent. On one of these, Mac (sometimes known as Scoot), after giving a splendid speech to the two Y. M. C. A. women at the "dance-hall" on the subject of "Democracy," claimed he had a rabbit about three feet high all skinned and ready to eat. Some of the fellows, interested in such a thing, followed him as he went to get it, but as it was only the creation of an over-wined mind, it couldn't be found.

March 23rd brought the dope that we would leave for Brest about the middle of April. Things were really beginning to look as if we were at last going back to the good old U. S. A.

Then came the turning in of equipment which took about three days. First the reel-carts went, then the fourgons, then the horses and finally the harness and other horse equipment. Everything had to be well-cleaned and in tip-top condition before it was turned in, which meant considerable work. The turning in of the horses was the greatest thing of all, for the mangy brutes were always like millstones around our necks, always hungry and thirsty and always dirty enough to be groomed. The only one, perhaps, who grieved over their losses was Bob Wright. Bobby Blake drew a cartoon of him crying over their loss, after having been so many years in their company.

At a previous meeting of the commanders of the regiments of the division, a society to keep together the men of the Rainbow Division was formed. On March 28th, a convention, at which delegates from all of the regiments were present, met in the Y. M. C. A. hall at Neuenahr to adopt a constitution, elect officers, decide on the time and place for the next convention and to get the organization in working order. It was decided that the name of the organization should be: "Rainbow Division Veterans." Representing the company at this convention were: L. F. Brown, Picknell, Kearney and Gilmore. After this convention, it became necessary to organize an Illinois Chapter and representing the

company in this work were: Lt. Manson, Warner, Morehouse, L. F. Brown and Gilmore.

The time for leaving gradually drew nearer and the fellows, tired of the monotonous life we were leading, were all set for the word which would set us on our way home. Finally the word came.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOMEWARD BOUND—APRIL 6, 1919-MAY 10, 1919.

On the morning of April 6th we assembled at Bolingen to start out on our homeward bound carnival. The kitchen and baggage whizzed by us on trucks, making us wish our packs were on them as well. At 8:20 we started out, saying good-bye to our Kraut friends as we went by. One could not help but feel, no matter what the hatred for the Germans, a more or less sad feeling, a feeling of something left behind, as he left the little village. The general feeling amongst the fellows was much the same as at the time of the armistice, an absence of hilarity being noticeable, for even though we were homeward bound, how could one be inclined to shout and dance around when he knew he had a twenty-kilometer hike ahead of him? We passed through Ringen, where E and F Batteries were hanging around the street awaiting to leave. In a short while, Overiech was reached. Here we "fell out" in an orchard alongside a road. After the whole regiment assembled, we started out, Headquarters Company acting as a caboose to the column.

The scenery and weather were beautiful but the dust and packs were quite to the contrary so that when, about 12:45, we pulled into Remagen, with the band playing and the colors flying, we were a footsore, weary crowd. The billeting did not take long, as we were herded into large hotel rooms. Then came dinner. During the afternoon, most of the time was devoted to sampling Rhine beverages in the various cafes. Being rather tired, most of the fellows turned in at about 8

o'clock. The crisp morning of the 7th found us dressing to the tune of the band which ended up with "Homeward Bound." After breakfast we made up some life-sized packs and policed up our billets. The morning we had to ourselves to explore Remagen. At 12:10 we assembled to start out for Oberwinter where we were to entrain. The way to this town was along the Rhine. Being a bright sunshiny day the scenery was beautiful, but owing to the heavy packs fellows weren't in much of a mood to appreciate it. It wasn't long till we swung around the curve and found ourselves at the station where we were to entrain. However, as usual, we had to wait, so dropping alongside the road, we threw off our packs while the band made things worse by playing some foreign marches, accompanied by their bugles with the trick fannions. At 3:00 p. m. we piled onto the trains, forty-seven to a car. To say we were crowded, would be putting it mildly and a square inch would have brought a price of about one hundred marks. The rumor went around that doughnuts had been brought up by the K. of C. man. Great excitement followed with a request that Sgt. Vaughan, who was in charge of the car, should get some for us. About dusk we pulled through Coblenz. An hour or so later the train stopped and we took a chance on our first mess. Experience showed us there was hardly enough room to move one's jaws in chewing the food, so it was decided to have our next meal outside of the train. About 8 o'clock the fellows started to go to sleep and right then and there the fun commenced. A cubist-designer couldn't have drawn a more confused mosaic of humanity than that which finally arranged itself on the floor of the car. It kept one busy pushing others feet out of his mouth, in fact the taste of shoe leather got to be the natural thing and if anyone wanted to turn over he had to give the signal so that all could turn over at once. In the morning, those of the mass wriggled out, shook themselves, grabbed their mess-kits and got off to eat. Mush, doughnuts, coffee and cigarettes were on the menu. After breakfast, those of a singing mood, gathered around the door where some of the once-popu-

lar selections were rendered. Others busied themselves with card-playing or news paper reading. At 9 o'clock we pulled into Conflans where we hung over about thirty minutes, giving us time to get off and shake ourselves and play a little indoor baseball. After dragging slowly for a few hours we stopped for dinner, stopping alongside some trenches. All afternoon we passed through old battle-scared territory which was quite a treat to some of the new men and a source of remembrance for the older ones. The country was full of chalky trenches and dugouts with, most everything ever used in the art of war, scattered around. Cemeteries were quite plentiful. At about 2:15 someone said, "There's Verdun" and we all took a look at the city, the mention of whose name, like magic, commands the respect of all. Any buildings that were left, were roofless and a pane of glass could nowhere be seen. At the edge of town was a very large cemetery in which must have been buried thousands of bodies. About this time Kekich and Kearney decided to make hammock bunks out of their bed ticks. Having completed them they were duly tested by a series of rough-housing and were pronounced safe.

Passing along the old front, we hit St. Mihiel about 4 o'clock. Stopping there a short while, a few of the fellows managed to get some hot chocolate and cookies from the Y. M. C. A. About 5:30 we stopped for mess alongside a creek where some of the more energetic of the crowd washed off the days accumulation of dirt. After supper, came a reproduction of the night before, when the gang wriggled into position, to catch some sleep. During the night, the weather turned colder so that when, in the morning we got up for mess, we saw a frost-covered ground. All morning we passed through wonderful country, chiefly farm land. Everything was a fresh green as if in decoration for our passing by. The fellows in the car either ganged around the door, to see the scenery, played cards, read magazines or engaged in such rough and tumble affairs, as the room would permit. At noon we stopped along a fair-sized river and someone said, "There's Paris over there." Surely enough, about six miles

away lay the gay city, Eifel tower and all, but that's as near as we got to the place for after eating we headed away from it. All afternoon we traveled in a hesitation fashion, stopping about every kilometer or so until, at about 5 o'clock we pulled into a fairly large station. Imagine our surprise and disgust when we found out we were at Versailles. Right there the morale of the fellows went down to about 50% for it meant that we had traveled only about eleven kilometers all afternoon. Having been issued some cigarettes, the fellows started replying to the requests of the Frenchmen along the way by throwing them out of the car doors. Of course, the mademoiselles drew the most and at Versailles, Gilmore got acquainted with one of the flowers of France, got a picture and a promise of marriage, all for a package of Nebos. The evening dragged on so long, without our being fed, that we thought the cooks had fallen off the train. Finally, however, about dark we got our much-longed-for repast. After eating, came the usual nightly scramble for floor space with the customary sardine-like result. However, everyone being about used to the method, got a good night's sleep. In the morning, the tenth, we hopped out for breakfast in the rain. Yes, by now, we were in Brittany. There were the low hedges dividing the land up into small sections, the low trees, ancient buildings and the true Brittany rain. About 10 o'clock we pulled into the old familiar Rennes. This caused all the old-timers to run to the doors to see the place, to which, about seventeen months before, while in training at Camp de Coetquidain, we received occasional passes. Old experiences, while on pass there, were gone over by the Coetquidain veterans. At this time one of the American railway-men, who had just visited a commissary, came along with some cracker jack. It was just like seeing an old friend. Finally, King, pulled out enough money to buy a package and we all sampled it to see if it tasted like the old, "The More You Eat, The More You Want," stuff we ate about eighteen months before in the land of liberty. Here we learned that we still had about three hundred kilometers to go. We stopped for

dinner at a fair-sized town and ate it unsuspecting that it would be our last meal for quite a few hours. About 2 o'clock the train stopped on a bridge about 200 ft. high from which one could look down and see a pretty town, which we learned was Morlaux. Some of the fellows amused themselves by throwing out pieces of paper to see how far they would float. Evidences of prior actions of the same sort could be seen by looking at some of the trees of the town in which so much paper had dropped that they looked like decorated Christmas trees. The result of the afternoon and evening was just a case of more Brittany—more of the looking at the “antiques”—for that is the impression one gets of everything in Brittany. When the hour of seven had passed and we still had not stopped for supper, it dawned upon us that we had already eaten our last meal on the train. We drifted along at a moderate gait until finally someone cried, “There’s the ocean and a bunch of ships, the things that are going to take us home.” Yes, there they were, a pretty sight to see, some of the boats all lit up and one flashing a projector message. In a short time we pulled into Brest, (about 8 o'clock), and it was not long until we had detrained, got our mess kits out and were on our way to eat at a place near by. On returning from mess, we shouldered our packs and hit up a long steady hill for the camp, which we later learned was Camp Pontanezen, the camp of the duckboards, mud and engineering details. It was quite a drag, the only pleasant feature being the ragging of the M. P.’s along the way and by the time we got there no one refused to go to sleep in the tents assigned to us.

The morning of the eleventh found most everyone sleeping late, as, strange to relate, no reveille was blown. Some got up for breakfast but the majority sacrificed it for the sake of some sleep. It rained all the day, making the already muddy ground, more or less of a swamp, much like the old ground at Coetquidain. At 2:45 in the afternoon, we fell in to be marched over for a medical examination and a bath. On being marched into the dressing room we were told to strip and strip in a hurry and not to say a word while we were

doing it. Some of the fellows forgetting themselves, commenced talking and joking, only to be called to order by the "hard" S. O. S. aisle-strutter who insisted on showing his authority. The stripping process completed, we tossed away our underwear and socks over a counter as we went into the shower-room. There we lined up under the showers, being previously told we should not say a word and should not touch the soap until given the order to do so. Thinking it might not really be a joke, the fellows obeyed.

Then came the cold shower and the order to use the soap. The big idea of the fellows seemed to be to make as big a fuss as possible and still keep from getting wet. It seemed like the water was hardly turned on, till it was turned off and we were given towels for drying. After the drying we were whisked into a room where we got clean underwear and socks only to find ourselves back soon afterward in the dressing-room, where we were informed by the able speaker there, that we had only a minute and a half in which to dress. Once outside the place, in the required time, the fellows looked at each other for a while as if uncertain whether or not we were allowed to talk. The suspense was broken by someone's saying, "Well, the government just made a supreme farewell effort to have us buried in France." This finished the day's "doings" and we went to bed early, glad to get a good night's rest. On the morning of the twelfth we were aroused by first call about six o'clock. It was raining but we treated that as a matter of course, being typical Brittany weather. About 7:30 the company fell in and were unsuspectingly marched a kilometer or so over duckboards and thru the mud to an open place where there were a series of holes, some just started and others quite deep. We were each presented, without ceremony, with a pick or shovel and set to work making large holes out of small ones. The corporals, working along with the privates, caused much kidding from the bucks, but the work they did was not even worth kidding them about. As for the sergeants, well, they acted as stationary engineers only moving about enough to keep warm.

Since there was a total lack of interest in the work among all those present, there wasn't much accomplished and any little thing as a diversion such as stopping to hear the negroes sing, was seized upon with pleasure. P. W.'s were marched by us most of the time, it appearing that their chief work was to be anywhere between two points all of the day. We quit at eleven in the morning only to return at one o'clock to the same work. The work accomplished in the afternoon was nothing startling as the fellows, all filled with thoughts of home, didn't seem to take to the digging at all, so when recall blew at four o'clock, everyone was on his toes ready to turn in the instruments of work and set out for his tent. At supper-time it was announced that at 6:45, all those who so desired, could fall in to go to a Y. M. C. A. vaudeville show. Most of the company turned out, anxious to see if the Y. M. C. A. really did give entertainments, and on arriving at the place, found the rest of the regiment occupying all of the seats. Officers drifted in at any time and were always ushered up to front-row seats but we remained steadfast as the outer circle. The actors and actresses consisted of some soldiers, Y. M. C. A. women and some outside talent. All seemed to take well with the crowd, altho one tall awkward fellow, dressed in a Prince Albert, got such a poor start that a fellow yelled out, "Salvage." It was clear that what the fellows wanted was something snappy so that any songs relating to Paris or any peppy music, drew quite a hand.

Altho the next day was Sunday, (the thirteenth), we got up early, for we had to be at the ordnance building, ready to turn in our extra shoes and to draw clothes, by eight o'clock. All of us filled out slips requesting such clothing as was needed and got them checked by officers as we entered the building. Once inside, the general atmosphere was that of "salvage." A fellow could get another blouse or pair of breeches if he wished to take salvaged ones, in fact, about the only new things one could get were gloves and socks. Some of the fellows glanced about amongst the stuff, half-expecting to recognize some old blouse or pair of breeches they had discarded

at the Champagne front. At any rate, I suppose it went on record and into press that the Rainbow Division was fitted out with entirely new clothing at Camp Pontanezen, Brest. This was all till three o'clock in the afternoon when we marched, with full packs, over to a building in order to get our equipment checked and inspected. Inside the building we formed in two lines facing each other, with just room enough to lay out our equipment. Then came the command to lay out the stuff and to make it snappy. This we did, so that within a few minutes all was inspected and we were hurriedly making up our packs anxious to get out of the building. Outside as we were hurrying towards our tents, someone said, "Well, another step towards home and mother." About supper time, a large detail was picked and after supper still another, the latter consisting chiefly of sergeants and corporals. It turned out that the duty of these "selected" men was to move large quantities of coal from one place to another with the result that they turned in about breakfast time the next morning, a tired lot. However, with no reveille and the whole morning for sleeping, it wasn't so bad after all. Brittany kept up its reputation by furnishing us with the usual downpour, which didn't put us in any exceptional spirit.

Then came the news of another full-pack inspection for one-thirty. This bad news was only counteracted by the rumor that some of our doughboys had put a few rainbow souvenirs under the eyes of some M. P.'s the night before. The above-mentioned inspection, proved to be more or less of a farce as about all we did was to march in and out of a large building while some S. O. S. officer nodded in approval. No one felt slighted, however, because it was not necessary to unroll our packs and we hurried back to our tents anxious to get rid of them. Just as we were settled in our tents, the order came in to pay us and we marched out in double-time to get some real American money.

After supper, the company marched over to a Y. M. C. A. building where it assembled, with the rest of the regiment, for the purpose of organizing the Illinois Chapter of the

Rainbow Veterans. Some stayed for the meeting while others, who craved more excitement, hunted up Y. M. C. A. shows. Then came the good news that we would leave in the morning, which brought up the morale considerably, for Camp Pontanazen wasn't making a hit with the men. Because of a 7:30 departure, reveille was quite early so as to allow time for breakfast, policing and the turning in of extra blankets. Promptly at 7:30 we hiked out of camp going downhill towards Brest. As usual, rain was in vogue and this was no ordinary rain, but one of the "cats and dogs" variety. Finally we hit Brest and had the pleasure of feeling something solid under foot as we tramped along the brick pavement. Arriving at some large sheds on the docks, we were ushered in with the rest of the regiment, unslung our packs and soon were listening to one of the old stock band pieces. The rest of the fifteenth was spent in this shed, the company only going out for mess. Crap games were in order and the newly-received "long green," passed about freely. Also card-sharks were practising their art and although their games caused not as much excitement as the snappier crap-games, they, also, caused considerable circulation of coin. Instead of loading in the evening, as all expected, we pulled out some cots and turned in for the night. The morning of the sixteenth deceived us, for as we marched out to breakfast, it wasn't raining. However, no complaint was registered against the weather-man, who had blundered so badly and we enjoyed a few hours of sunshine.

About eight o'clock we lined up to march on a small boat which was to take us out to the Leviathan, the boat which was to take us home. Although packed like raisins, we existed the short trip to the Leviathan. Pulled up alongside the monster ship, the usual kidding between the jackies and our fellows, began. From the conversation we learned that the Leviathan was to sail in two days and that the voyage would take about a week. Then came the much-looked-ahead-to walk up the gang-plank. For months previous, the men had talked about and longed for the walk up the gang-plank

and now their vision was a reality. However, instead of hilarity and cheering, as one would expect, there was nothing to mark the event except for perhaps a grin, from those who still had it left in them, after the pack-carrying.

Once on the ship, we found that all the stories about her were not exaggerations. In fact, we all wondered how anything so large could float. The company was taken down to "E" deck where it was lucky enough to get good bunks, one row being alongside some port-holes. We were racked in without ceremony and with a sardine-like feeling lay in place to get a little rest. The news was soon flashed around that there were to be only two meals a day, which, of course, met with little approval as most of the men were strong believers of the "three squares" policy. Someone said, "Well, we did it on the hike to Germany and I guess we can do it now." Of course, we could, for there was no alternative. After a while we were allowed to stir around and even to go up on deck, where the fresh-air hounds found relief. As we got together again about mess-time (four o'clock), the fellows brought in reports regarding the mysteries of the ship. From the sum-total to these reports, we learned that on board were: K. of C., Y. M. C. A., Jewish Welfare Board and A. L. A. offices, as well as a jazz-band composed of jackies. Reports on the officers' mess-hall consisted of the words, "elegant," "neat," and "glorious." It was evident that the fellows quickly adjusted themselves to the ship for soon there were card games, music and reading, the reading material being anything from Police Gazettes to New Testaments. Everyone marched out to mess, curious to find out what kind of food would be put up. There was a happy surprise for everyone, for the meal consisted of everything up to apple pie. Morale went up several per cent so, that after supper, the men contented themselves till bedtime. On the morning of the seventeenth we awoke in time to "make" breakfast after which we were allowed on deck long enough to get chased back to our bunks again. The weather being excellent, the harbor looked beautiful with its calm water, ships of all sorts, from battleships to fishing-

smacks, with the shore about a mile away as its background. In the evening Lt. Kapsnull came around with the announcement that five men were wanted for a volunteer coaling detail which was to go on in the morning. The word "volunteer" alone stopped most of the men from expressing their willingness to work but some of the company, who hadn't strained a muscle for so long that work was looked upon as a treat, put in their names. The names of these men who so gallantly "sprang to the call," were: Kearney, Andreae, Gronnerud, Barbour, A. Gross, Maxson and Machel.

As the morning of the eighteenth dawned bright and clear, these heroes jumped into the "royal blues" eager for the combat. (The Navy brought us over and we were to coal ourselves back). The rest of the company turned out some time later in time to eat a breakfast of beans. After the morning repast, most of the fellows drifted up on deck to enjoy the scenery, fresh air and music. In the afternoon the time was passed in various ways till chow time. After this came the big event of some time, for promptly at 5:23, the good ship Leviathan, having been sufficiently coaled, started on the journey which was to take the company back to the good old U. S. There was no excitement, not even the cheering that a pay-day brings forth, for the fellows having gone through so much treated everything as a matter of course. So it was that card games and book-reading continued uninterruptedly, except for, perhaps, some casual glances at the receding shores of France. Passing out of the harbor, it did not take us long to get out on the high seas, for the Leviathan is hardly what could be termed a slow ship. In fact, one glancing over the rail was surprised at the way the water seemed to whizz by.

At 6:30 a number of passes were issued to the initial movie in the mess-hall and the company was well represented. Pathe's Weekly made quite a hit, as well as the long film, "The Revelation," which followed. The latter picture was all right till there appeared in it a scene in which were shown Red Cross nurses going over the top under shell-fire, taking

care of and carrying off, the wounded. This drew the glad hand and the hitherto quiet crowd, became a howling mob. However, we were confronted by the fact that the people in the States, probably some of our own friends, had been pleased by the picture, thinking it was true to life.

The morning of the nineteenth, which marked our eighteen-month anniversary of leaving the States, proved to be a wonderfully beautiful day. However our morning's deck promenades and airings were broken up by a ten o'clock cootie inspection up on deck where the medical department endeavored to find stowaways hidden in the armpits or on the back. On top of this, came the order to draw dennums, which were to be regulation ship uniform.

Not being content to let us alone, an abandon ship drill was held at one-thirty at which, guided by the officers and non-coms, with their pretty "Abandon Ship" badges, we were hustled to our respective places on the decks, only to be hustled off again in a short while. That night the news went around that the next day was Easter and that, besides church services, there would be an extra good feed. Easter morning came around and as a surprise, we had eggs for breakfast along with our oatmeal. Church services were held at different hours so that there was no excuse for not attending at least one service. Finally, late in the afternoon came the much-looked-ahead-to Easter dinner, consisting of: turkey, mashed potatoes, asparagus, apple-pie, fruit-cake and coffee. The general verdict, of course, was "excellent" and belts extended to the limit, the fellows withdrew from the mess-hall. A ship was sighted in the evening but our speed was such that we soon passed it.

A different show was put on in the mess-hall and according to true form Headquarters Company had its share among those present. Charlie Chaplin was the entertainer-in-chief of the evening, living up to his usual reputation.

By the morning of the twenty-first we were nearly half-way across. The weather continuing good, few, if any, were sick and the decks were enjoyed as much as possible. All

afternoon and evening, with the exception of time for fire-drill, boxing matches were in full sway. When things went dull the crowd would throw out a bunch of coins and usually two fellows could be found who would scrap for them. Tiring of soldier-soldier matches the crowd yelled for some sailors, so olive-drab and blue could mix and it wasn't long till there were some fast bouts. Some time during the evening we passed the half-way mark, which called forth more and more the thoughts of home, most of the fellows wondering how they would really act amongst American civilians. It was soon passed around the whole ship that one of the soldiers had heard one of the women passengers remark that she would like to go down to see the cattle eat, meaning the soldiers. This caused considerable excitement but it seems as if no one knew exactly who heard the woman make the remark.

On glancing out of the port-holes, on the morning of the twenty-second, it was plain that we were still skidding along at the usual rate, if not faster. Nothing could be better for the morale, for the company was becoming a gang of homesick men. About the only variation from the other days was the fact that there was no abandon-ship call in the afternoon. During the night the water got a bit boisterous so that some of the fellows, for the first time, began to wonder whether or not they would get seasick. Morning came and it was no rougher, much to the joy of those who had been worrying about seasickness. Eggs and oatmeal, with that delicious bread and butter, which made up the greater part of our meals, formed the morning meal.

After eating there was a big rush for the decks as the bunk compartment was so stuffy and hot. However, there were some of the company who did not go up on deck, for in a gambling raid, the far corner of the compartment was made a prison because of some innocent little crap games which had previously taken place in that section. With pleasant thoughts of the company commander, these selected men of Dice Corner settled down to the playing of such less exciting games as tiddlywinks. At one o'clock there were some snappy bouts

on D deck, in one of which, the good reputation of the company was upheld by Willy Tottoriello, who was matched against a fairly fast sailor. There being no fire-drill, the padded vests saw no service this day.

Along about three o'clock we saw the worst weather of the voyage, which wasn't saying much, for the elements had been good to us. The water was dotted by white caps and here and there could be seen a place where three or four waves would meet forming a mountain of water, which, when it slid away, left such a hole that one felt that the Leviathan could be pushed into it and there would still be room for a few Lake Michigan boats. About supper time the sea calmed down to normal again.

The usual card games continued on the bunks till the lights went out. Then after all had crawled in and things grew quiet, the cattle began to low. Such a barnyard medley could seldom be heard, which, together with the laughter which ensued, made considerable noise. Fortunately, the beasts soon quieted down, until all that could be heard was the gentle chewing of the cud as one by one, they slipped off into Slumberland, if cattle go to such a place.

On the morning of the twenty-fourth we looked out to see the same old ocean passing by us. It couldn't pass too quickly, for each day was getting longer, as visions of seeing the States increased. At about noon the morale went up sky high when it was learned we had only 460 miles to go. Up on D deck the boys were wild as the Navy jazz band let loose with some snappy dance music. Soon there were couples flitting around the deck, noticeable among whom was the eminent Sgt. Anderson of photographic fame, who had for his partner, the coy "Miss" Boyer.

Notwithstanding the good weather and fairly pleasant conditions, the days began to drag, so that, when we turned in at night it was with great joy, realizing that on the next day we could see land.

Cold weather greeted us on the morning of the twenty-fifth so that it was uncomfortable up on deck. Oh! how the

hours of that morning dragged. Fellows would now and then unconsciously glance over the rail as if hoping by some miracle, the shore-line would be in sight. At 1:30 the long-looked-for came, for in the dim distance, land could be discerned. There was a rush for the rails for the first glimpse of the soil we had left behind eighteen months before. It wasn't long till the dull shore could be seen in more definite way and finally buildings and trees could be distinguished—all real American. By now the decks and the port-holes were the coveted places.

It wasn't long till a small boat came out, from which a rowboat was lowered. The latter rowed by two jackies, pulled up alongside and some newspaper men, one with a movie machine, as well as an officer, climbed up a rope ladder, which was lowered down the ship's side. By this time the ship was hardly moving and soon it stopped entirely, much to the disgust of all on board, for the big desire now was to set foot on American soil. It was a matter of waiting for the tide. Four-thirty came around and the Leviathan moved at a fair rate towards shore. At last we were where we could see real buildings and someone even caught sight of an American locomotive puffing along in the distance. Before long we were well in the harbor where there were flotillas of little boats, filled with people, out to meet us. Yes, there was one with a band and big sign on the top deck, "149th F. A." Right there some of the fellows broke into tears. The reason for tears on such an occasion cannot easily be explained but it seems that the men just broke down. There were men and women on board this ship and some were holding signs bearing the names of certain of the fellows in the regiment. They danced about, clapped their hands and cheered us as the band struck up the tune, "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here!" Soon there were other boats playing around close to the ship. One had a "150th F. A." sign and another a "168th Inf." one. Suddenly our progress became slower until we were barely moving. However, we gradually drifted up to the army transport piers, docking at Pier 5.

All were ordered to go to their compartments to wait for the order to march off the ship. A man came into our section passing out telegram forms, which were eagerly seized by most of the fellows and promptly filled out with messages and returned to the man, who was to send them off for us. At about 5:30 the order came to move and believe me we stepped out over the gangplank and on to the dock with a feeling of joy. The company assembled at its guidon, roll was called and we were hustled out on to a ferry. As we passed along, some Salvation Army people gave us pieces of pie, while still others gave us cigarettes and apples until we began to wonder what it all meant. After ferrying across to the Jersey side, we got into some real cars which were waiting for us, none of the "Hommes 40, Chevaux 8" variety, but cars in which one could comfortably sit and ride without being jammed to pieces and at the same time, look out of the windows at real American scenery. We soon pulled out, not stopping till we hit a station near Camp Merritt.

After getting together on the platform, we started out through a little town for the camp. Most of us had been counting on spring weather, if not summer weather, so that when we ran into a regular blizzard, we were much surprised. However, the hiking with packs, kept us warm and it didn't seem long till we hit the camp which we realized was quite a place. It was then that the wild-goose chase began. Up and down streets we were marched. Once we stopped for a while, started off again, and walked for about fifteen minutes, only to pass by the place where we had previously stopped. At last our bunk-house was found and we were told we could go to sleep but could not take off our shoes and puttees. At 1:30 on the morning of the twenty-sixth, we went to sleep. The sleeping did not last long for at four o'clock we were aroused to hear the pleasant order to get dressed and fall in with all our clothing and blankets. Soon we were off, arriving at the delousing place where we undressed and had a warm shower-bath, later receiving our clothes which had gone through the delouser. At the bath-house at Brest, when we

were deloused, there was some soap, such as it was, but the water was too cold. Here there was plenty of warm water but no soap. Anyway, it went on record that we received baths at Camp Merrit.

When the clothes were received, after being deloused, there was surely a bunch of wrinkled O. D. exhibited, for the delouser had done its work with a vengeance, resolved that none should escape its clutches. Pretty overcoats, that had been pressed so carefully for the reviews in Germany, looked like picture puzzles and some of the blouses looked not much better. At any rate we were deloused. The next step was to draw clothes, if any were needed. Then came the fight to get something of the right size. Some succeeded and others failed, but it was at least better than at Brest. After this we drifted back to our barracks soon going to breakfast which was surely at treat. Imagine it—scrambled eggs and oatmeal, with a place to sit down and eat it!—something new but worth trying, at least.

After breakfast rolls were rolled and we moved to some other barracks, marching past most of the stores of the camp. It was then that we received quite a thrill for we passed by a barbershop, poolroom and a movie show, signs of civilization. Our new barracks found, it was a small matter to get settled.

Rumors went around about passes being issued at noon and surely enough when noon arrived, there were passes but only for the band and a few who had relatives in New York. It didn't take the pass-bearers long to clear out of camp headed for the big city.

Soon it was evident that a shoe-store had been discovered for fellows began drifting in with real tan shoes, quite an improvement over the hobnails. It wasn't long till all the resources of the camp were being drawn upon. The place seemed nearer to paradise than anywhere we had been for some time, for in the stores and various places, the people spoke our own language and one could buy almost anything he wanted. It seemed agreeably strange to be able to walk

in and buy ice cream, pie and cake, for men had been known, at the front, to walk for miles to a little village only to stand in line an hour or so, just to get a box of sardines. The camp surely proved to be a wonderful one. It wasn't long till the fellows were cleaned up as they had not been for a long time, dressed up in what new clothes they had drawn and wearing such things as could be bought in camp in the way of good clothing.

At noon, on the twenty-seventh, passes were given to all of the company except such men as were on details and the band, which had received passes the day before. So it was that more rainbows were seen in New York.

On the twenty-eighth there was another change of barracks, this time being to the Camp Grant barracks, where all those going to Camp Grant were assembled. Our casuals, the men who had come to us at Chateau Thierry and Breheville, France were separated from us shortly before this move, going to barracks according to the camps for which they were bound. This was a sad affair, this parting, especially from those who had joined us at Chateau Thierry (men from Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas), typical good hospitable Southerners. There were many of us others who exchanged addresses with them, each making the others promise to visit, if in the other's home town at any time. Although, as I mentioned before, the occasion was more or less of a sad one, there was still, at the last, the good-natured kidding between the Southerners, who were leaving and the Northerners, who were staying. "Well, here's where we get rid of the swamp-hounds" was answered by, "Good-bye you snow-diggers." The men lost from the company on this day were: Lee, Evans, Estridge, W. T. Davis, Clemts, Austin, J. L. Brown, Rodriguez, Murray, Lacascio, Lipps, Boudreaux, Fabre, Doescher, Burnett, Beer, Beckman, Bachman, Clew, Moore, Vaughn, Sizemore, W. E. Allen, Lewis, Bradshaw, Risener, Haney, O. D. Davis, Cummings, Daigle, Bayliss, Eskew, Quigley, Corsaro, Calderara, Edwards, Wisniewski, Lynn, McGrath, Lutter, Giovannini, Bedley and Botto.

Now the big question became, "When do we go from here?" for the experience was none too pleasant—that of being on the way home and still not getting there—so near and yet so far. The unquietude was more or less settled by the unofficial reports that we would leave on the twenty-ninth.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the twenty-ninth the company assembled, joining the rest of the regiment as they all marched over to the K. C. hall. Arriving there, the band struck up some lively tunes showing us they were no cripples at playing jazz music. Soon Col. Reilly came in and the men cheered for several minutes showing that there was no doubt but what they were strong for Colonel "Hank." The colonel called the meeting to order stating that the main idea of the assembly was to discuss some further plans regarding the formation of the Illinois Chapter of the R. D. V. The business, including a treasurer's report, concluded, the batteries and companies filed out, formed in the street and were marched back to their barracks. At noon there was the usual excitement and crowding, by the Broadway hounds, to get passes. Only 20% could go, so the lucky ones hurried off for N. Y., while the disappointed ones went back to the bunks.

The thirtieth proved to be another day of good weather. At nine o'clock the company marched over to K. C. Hall No. 1, where a captain gave us some information regarding War Risk Insurance. After the lecture we adjourned to the Liberty Theater, where another lecture was heard. When noon came we were free and those who got passes hurried out of the camp, while others entertained friends at the Y. W. C. A. Hostess House.

With May 1st came rain, which together with the news that the company would not leave for Chicago until at least May 6th, thoroughly dampened our spirits. With so many thoughts of home, the camp was monotonous to such a degree that if a fellow obtained no pass, his time was spent chiefly by sleeping, not that the camp lacked other things to do, but merely because the men had no ambition for anything else but home. The day proved to be our first day of real rain at

the camp. However, when the rain finally stopped in the evening, the air seemed so much fresher than before, that we were glad it had rained.

May second was marked by the posting of a notice that we would leave for Chicago on May 6th and would arrive there on the morning of the 8th. At last we had received some definite information and, of course, were thankful, even though it meant a few more days in camp.

Saturday, the third, proved to be another good day. In the morning the band left so as to get in a Victory Loan parade which was to take place at one-thirty in the Big City. At noon the usual number of passes were issued.

The good weather continued so that on Sunday those who got passes were lucky. On Monday, the fifth, there was nothing to do but no passes were issued so that a quorum was present when we were paid in the evening. Someone received a telegram with news from Edwards that he had been mustered out. The comment was, "Lucky Devil."

The news spread around that the first train would pull out the next afternoon bound for Chicago, so it really began to look as if the next day would be our last in Camp Merrit. During the morning of the sixth, the main thing done was "watchful waiting" for the order which would set us moving towards Chicago. About two o'clock in the afternoon the order came. Packs were slung as we fell in and soon we were at the trains, which proved to be of the good old tourist variety. At three o'clock we got on. Then followed one of the prettiest rides we had experienced—the ride up the Hudson. Some time early in the morning of the seventh, we passed out of New York and into Canada so that when we looked out on getting up, we saw miles of Canada slipping by. About three in the afternoon, Detroit was reached. The stop there being for about an hour, the fellows had time to fall in line for hot chocolate at the Red Cross Canteen. Some, so impatient to hear their parents' voices, once more, called them up on the telephone. Others of more adventurous spirits,

toured around the city, some getting back in time to catch the train while others were not as fortunate.

It must have been about midnight when we pulled into Indiana where we lay around till about eight o'clock in the morning, when we started on the last lap for dear old Chi. By this time the men were thoroughly impatient. However, it wasn't long till the southern limits of the city were reached and people began to line up along the tracks to cheer and wave at us and the people in the houses, hearing the noise, raised the windows and joined in the greeting. About Seventy-Ninth Street the whistles joined in the noise and what a noise it was! This continued all along the way. Sixty-Third was reached, Fifty-Ninth and so on till finally we pulled in the Illinois Central Station. A few of the parents and friends had managed to get in and what greetings there were! Bob Kearney and his girl put on such a wonderful sketch that they were requested by several newspapermen to hold the pose while they were snapped.

Soon we were off the trains and on our way out through the station to Michigan Boulevard. On stepping out onto the street, we had to fight our way through the crowds and little order was kept in the ranks. We soon got together again, though somewhat dazed by the excitement. As we paused for a few minutes at Twelfth and Michigan, it began to rain. However, it didn't seem to dampen the spirits of either the men or the crowd. By this time many had found "their own," so that when we set out for the Coliseum, the ranks were filled with civilians and one of the fellows was carrying a baby in his arms. In fact, everything military seemed to have received quite a jolt. Around onto Wabash and into the Coliseum we marched. Inside, we could see above us the sections marked off, in which we knew were our parents, relatives, sweethearts and friends. Then came the scenes which will never be forgotten by any who witnessed them, none of the dramatic scenes as are in the movies or on the stage, for such are only attempts to reproduce the real, after a series of rehearsals, but real spontaneous outbursts of

greeting, such as no one can attempt to describe. Most everyone had tears in his eyes and oh! what hugs and kisses! It seemed as if some would dive for several feet through the air, grabbing someone about the neck saying, "Johnnie, Johnnie, I knew you'd come back." It was surely some battle while it lasted but the Fates decreed that the men must leave to parade, so by about eleven-thirty, they were marching down old "Boul Mich" once more, with steel helmets and gas-masks. The crowds, on either side of the streets were large and noisy and as the column passed the various stands, including the reviewing stand, there were given well-practiced cheers. On La Salle Street the paper-throwing from the large buildings started until the air looked as if there was a giant snow storm on. Finally the Congress Hotel was reached and in we filed to the banquet. Needless to say, after the parading, the men found little trouble in consuming what was put before them.

During the banquet entertainers did their best, as well as a couple of bands, to fill the air with music. The banquet was a pronounced success. All gaiety, however, must have its end at some time and so with the banquet. At three-thirty, when it was over, everyone drifted back to the train and at four o'clock we were again traveling, this time for Camp Grant. The train carried a sad, weary crowd that night, for although everything was such a wonderful treat, it was hard to be torn from it all so shortly.

About ten o'clock we pulled into Camp Grant and after a physical examination, turned in at some barracks. This was the end of May 8th—the end of a perfect day. Most all of the ninth was spent in line signing papers and answering various questions, all a part of the mustering-out process. Then came the turning in of all equipment but blankets and mess-kits. It was surely a grand and glorious feeling to toss the old pack-carrier away for then one was sure he'd never have to roll another roll. Realizing that we'd probably be called out early in the morning, everyone turned in early, staying up long enough, however, to sew on the red chevron.

As expected, the gang was turned out early the next morning. After breakfast the order came to get ready to leave and believe me we did. Suitcases and bundles in hand, together with blankets and mess-kits, we started off. At one of the buildings we got rid of the blankets and mess-kits and then the column headed for the discharge building. After some waiting, we filed in and after getting our pay, were handed the paper which was to make us civilians once more. Last of all came the buying of railway tickets. So it was that on the morning of May 10th, 1919, the men of Headquarters Company stepped out of the building, scattering in all directions, looking for anything that had wheels on it, to take them to the railway stations at Rockford. There were hurried good-byes amongst the men, most realizing, that although each was eager as could be to hit the trail for home, that there would soon be a longing in the heart for the good old comrades, comrades such as can be formed in no other branch of life, welded together by over twenty months of living together under all sorts of conditions, a longing to see the "old boys" once more.

Scattered to the winds they were,
Like the planter sows his seed,
It really was a wicked thing,
After all their wondrous deeds.

Crumbled like an idol fallen,
Broke in pieces on the floor,
So our happy crowd had ended,
After all its months of war.

There were not the tears of sorrow,
Each towards home had bent his way,
But the thoughts of each the morrow,
Brought some sadness, I dare say.

Months and months of life together,
 Friendships strong and true do bind,
 Living in all sorts of weather,
 Through the red war's awful grind.

Thus, to see these men so scattered,
 Caused a sick'ning of the heart,
 No more the band should live together,
 Each from the other now must part.

STATION LIST OF HEADQUARTERS COMPANY ONE
 HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINTH FIELD
 ARTILLERY.

Station	Arrived		Left	
St. Nazaire.....	31 Oct.	1917	16 Nov.	1917
Camp de Coetquidain.....	17 Nov.	1917	16 Feb.	1918
Enroute from Guer to				
Luneville.....	16 Feb.	1918	19 Feb.	1918
Luneville.....	19 Feb.	1918	22 Feb.	1918
Benamenil.....	22 Feb.	1918	22 Mar.	1918
Vathemenil.....	22 Mar.	1918	23 Mar.	1918
Rozelieures.....	23 Mar.	1918	30 Mar.	1918
Fontenoy la Joute.....	30 Mar.	1918	31 Mar.	1918
Merviller.....	31 Mar.	1918	20 June	1918
Damas aux Bois.....	21 June	1918	23 June	1918
Enroute from Charmes to				
Chalons-sur-Meuse.....	23 June	1918	24 June	1918
Moncetz.....	24 June	1918	28 June	1918
Camp de Carriere, near				
Dampierre.....	29 June	1918	4 July	1918
Camp Reberpray, near				
Suippes.....	5 July	1918	14 July	1918
Bois Longs, near Suippes....	15 July	1918	19 July	1918
Dampierre, aux Temple....	19 July	1918	20 July	1918
Vitry la Ville.....	21 July	1918	21 July	1918

Station	Arrived			Left	
Enroute from above Sta. to					
La Ferte sous-Jouarre..	21 July	1918		23 July	1918
Chambardy.....	23 July	1918		25 July	1918
Bois de Breteuil, near					
Verdilly.....	25 July	1918		29 July	1918
Beauvardelle Fme., near					
Beauvardelle.....	29 July	1918		2 Aug.	1918
Near Villemoyenne.....	2 Aug.	1918		3 Aug.	1918
Bois de Dole, near Dole....	3 Aug.	1918		11 Aug.	1918
Bois de Chatelet, near Bricy	12 Aug.	1918		14 Aug.	1918
Courcelles les Jardinets....	14 Aug.	1918		17 Aug.	1918
Trilport.....	17 Aug.	1918		18 Aug.	1918
Enroute from Trilport to					
Damblain.....	18 Aug.	1918		19 Aug.	1918
Romaine-sur-Meuse.....	19 Aug.	1918		29 Aug.	1918
St. Ouen-lez-Parey.....	30 Aug.	1918		30 Aug.	1918
Villars.....	31 Aug.	1918		31 Aug.	1918
Rebeuville.....	31 Aug.	1918		4 Sept.	1918
St. Elophe.....	5 Sept.	1918		5 Sept.	1918
Chaudeney.....	6 Sept.	1918		6 Sept.	1918
Tour, near Sanzey.....	7 Sept.	1918		15 Sept.	1918
Pannes.....	15 Sept.	1918		21 Sept.	1918
Bois de Nonsard, near					
Nonsard.....	21 Sept.	1918		28 Sept.	1918
Bois de Gargantua, near					
St. Bausant.....	28 Sept.	1918		1 Oct.	1918
Ambly.....	2 Oct.	1918		2 Oct.	1918
Bois le Comte, near Benoit					
vaux Coven.....	3 Oct.	1918		4 Oct.	1918
Bois de Brocourt, near					
Brocourt.....	4 Oct.	1918		6 Oct.	1918
Bois de Montfaucon, near					
Avocourt.....	6 Oct.	1918		8 Oct.	1918
Wood between Cheppy and					
Montfaucon.....	8 Oct.	1918		11 Oct.	1918
Apremont.....	12 Oct.	1918		3 Nov.	1918

Station	Arrived	Left
Verpel.....	4 Nov. 1918	5 Nov. 1918
Malmaison Fme. near Harricourt.....	5 Nov. 1918	14 Nov. 1918
Imecourt.....	14 Nov. 1918	16 Nov. 1918
Ainereville.....	16 Nov. 1918	17 Nov. 1918
Breheville.....	17 Nov. 1918	20 Nov. 1918
Thonne les Pres.....	20 Nov. 1918	21 Nov. 1918
Saint Leger, Belgium.....	21 Nov. 1918	22 Nov. 1918
Arlon, Belgium.....	22 Nov. 1918	23 Nov. 1918
Buschdorf, Luxemburg....	23 Nov. 1918	1 Dec. 1918
Burglinster, Luxemburg....	1 Dec. 1918	2 Dec. 1918
Osweiler, Luxemburg.....	2 Dec. 1918	3 Dec. 1918
Alsdorf, Germany.....	3 Dec. 1918	4 Dec. 1918
Dockendorf, Germany.....	4 Dec. 1918	5 Dec. 1918
Malbergweich, Germany....	5 Dec. 1918	6 Dec. 1918
Lissingen, Germany.....	6 Dec. 1918	7 Dec. 1918
Peln, Germany.....	7 Dec. 1918	8 Dec. 1918
Nohn, Germany.....	8 Dec. 1918	9 Dec. 1918
Wimbach, Germany.....	9 Dec. 1918	15 Dec. 1918
Dernau, Germany.....	15 Dec. 1918	19 Dec. 1918
Rech, Germany.....	19 Dec. 1918	2 Mar. 1919
Bolingen, Germany.....	2 Mar. 1919	6 April 1919

HONOR ROLL.

July, 5, 1918—Donald L. Figenbaum, Pvt. 1st class, instantly killed in motorcycle accident—L'Esperance Sector.

July 17, 1918—Second Lieutenant John E. Cowan was infantry liaison officer with the 166th Inf. at time of his death. He was travelling from the infantry regimental headquarters to the 1st Bn. P. C. on the afternoon of the 17th of July. An 88 H. E. burst practically at his feet, turning him around and causing him to fall. The officers who were with him at the time, Lt. Mangon, telephone officer of the 166th Inf. and Captain Laurens of the French Army, on duty with the 166th Inf., covered his face with a coat and carried him to the P. C.

about 75 yards distant. He was examined at the P. C. by the doctor who said he had died almost instantly. One fragment had fractured his upper right arm and another penetrated his back above the right kidney.

August 11, 1918—Chester Harwood was harnessing his horses about 50 yards from P. C. 2, which at that time was in front of Chery Chartreuve. An 88 H. E. burst in the trees of the woods about 20 yards in back of him. A fragment struck him in the right groin. He cried, "First Aid. I am hit." Someone bandaged him up with a first-aid packet. They asked him how he felt and he said, "Pretty faint." By this time the doctor had arrived. When the doctor finished bandaging him he felt better. He was carried about 300 meters on an improvised stretcher to the ambulance. The general impression at that time, of the men who saw him, was that the wound would not be fatal and were surprised later to hear of his death.

November 9, 1918—Kent Hicks. Killed when high explosive shell made direct hit on 2nd Bn. P. C. in which he was sleeping, in Bulson.

November 9, 1918—Arthur B. Doheny. Hit by a fragment of shell when a high explosive shell hit the 2nd Bn. P. C. at Bulson on the morning of November 9, 1918. He died about an hour afterwards. A large open wound was made in his back through which the air could be heard rushing as he breathed. Apparently he was not conscious although he fought to get up from the stretcher up to the time of his death. It required two men to hold him down and he fought them constantly. Buried in cemetery at Bulson.

November 9, 1918—Max R. Block. Block was a swing driver on a reel-cart of the 2nd Bn. and when all work was finished in connection with the telephone central, he came to the sleeping quarters of the men on the second floor of a vacant house, which place was picked for the 2nd Bn. Central. The room was very crowded and Block was forced to sleep directly in front of a window where a shell hit about 2:45 a. m. He was killed instantly. A. G. Robinson was present and

gave him immediate attention, all that could be done. In the morning he was buried near town of Bulson.

November 9, 1918—Ignazia Panzeca was a reel-cart driver on 2nd Bn. telephone reel-cart and on the night previous to his death worked until about 2 a. m. After caring for his team, he came into the central, where he and about forty others were crowded, to sleep. About 2:45 a. m. a shell hit within a few feet of him and a small fragment hit him in the back of the head, rendering him unconscious. Immediate attention was given him. He never regained consciousness and died about 4:00 a. m. Buried in cemetery near Bulson.

November 9, 1918—Raymond T. Seward. On night of November 8th the 2nd Bn. moved from its bivouac on the road to Bulson. Owing to condition of the roads, the move lasted till about 2:30 a. m. when the escort wagon, with which Seward marched, arrived. The men were assigned billets in a room next the post of command and went to bed. Just as they were getting settled for the night, a shell hit the building. Seward was killed almost instantly. He was still breathing when lifted out of the ruins, but was not conscious. He died within five minutes and was buried that morning about 10 a. m. in the cemetery at Bulson.

November 9, 1918—Stuart R. Murray. Murray was a driver on one of the reelcarts. Was wounded at Bulson in billet next to post of command. He had been in bed some time as the telephone detail arrived at Bulson early in the evening. He was seriously wounded by the shell explosion, one leg being badly mangled. He retained consciousness all of the time his wounds were being dressed and begged for something to ease his pain. He was still alive and seemed resting easier at the time he left in the ambulance about 5:30 a. m.

January 30, 1919—Edgar E. Browder. The chaplain saw Eddie a few days before he died. Ed. did not have anything particular to say. He was like any other sick man. The nurse was feeding him at the time and told the chaplain he

would either have to pick up in a hurry or he would die. On January 30th he died.

January 23, 1919—Wagoner Harry Lowe. Died in Evacuation Hospital Number 9 of bronchial pneumonia.

(Have no details or date of death of Fred Voss.)

CITED FOR BRAVERY.

Recommended for Distinguished Service Cross—Alvin G. Robinson, Cornelius E. Lombardi, Fred T. King, Daniel J. Shouse.

Recommended for Croix De Guerre—Alvin G. Robinson, Fred T. King, Daniel J. Shouse.

Highly commended by regimental command for gallantry in action—Walter Maxson, George Stephens, Ray Robinson, Benito Navarro, Robert Taylor, William Hoever, Cyrus Field, Thomas Clemts, Paul Chapman, T. Roberts Kearney, George Webb, Harry Bartholomew, Reddick Martin, Russell Cone, Arnold Olsen, George Sahagin, Walter Tatsch, Joseph Cross, Bugler Oglesby.

Men mentioned in regimental order for having habitually distinguished themselves throughout all the actions of the regiment—Fred T. King, Beaucie Hebert, John F. Rogers, Walter T. Maxson, Daniel J. Shouse, George Barbour, Alvin G. Robinson, Ernest Bloomfield, Dresden L. Tevis, Carl L. Kling, Stephen W. Darius, Robert Seeley, Lawrence Cagney, George Sabo.

A WORD OF PRAISE.

OFFICERS.

A good snappy salute to our officers—all real men. Hard-boiled at times, often too much so for our tempers, these men working conscientiously, whipped the company into working order. Good times were not always theirs merely because they had bars on their shoulders. Most of these officers knew just what the men went through, for as a rule, they were right

with the men. Discipline was necessary and although difficult to swallow for the independent-thinking American, it was well-enforced. With the outcome in their hands, the task of enforcing discipline and at the same time retaining the good will of the men, their task was not a small one. A snappy salute to our officers.

TELEPHONE MEN.

Those hard-working plodders—stringers of wire, regardless of weather, shell-fire or hunger, those trouble-chasers—first to work at a new sector and last to leave—those are the men to whom we doff our hats in remembrance of their worthy deeds. Their work proved their mettle and a man who made good at telephone work proved to be a real soldier. A word of praise to the linesmen and operators—to all the telephone men.

O. AND L. DETAIL MEN.

Jack of all trades—signal-men, messengers, scouts, liason-men and guards, these men—now this, now that—sometimes at the regimental headquarters, then with the infantry and over the top—only during the thickest of the fight—we can't praise them too much. Men of patience, daring and of trust.

RADIO MEN.

Men of the aerials and keys—silent workers of four-hour shifts, makers and breakers of station after station—when shells did not do the breaking for them—men who worked with no spectacular action and with little praise for their efforts—these men occupy a strong position in the front line of our company's praises.

DRIVERS.

Leather-pounders, workers of the first degree, haulers, pullers, draggers, users of all means of effort to get their

loads to their proper places—all the while pestered by their horses' antics—groomers, brushers—never hesitating to ride where man and horse could go—a handshake of worthy remembrance to these men.

ENGINEERS.

Silent wielders of the pens and rules—night-workers under officers' careful eye—mappers of barrages, positions and abris—these workers deserve our touch of praise.

COOKS.

Guardians of our appetites—striving ever to satisfy the hungry wants of many men—men previously pampered and many hard to please—scolded for tardiness and their cooking, with few remarks of praise—these makers of the “chow” which kept us on our feet, can justly receive our humble word of thanks.

BAND.

Spirit rousers, pep-producers, foot-hikers, with loads of horns and drums—idols of the public at every place—the bandsmen truly deserve our commendation.

FIRST SERGEANT'S OFFICE.

Clerks of rosters and of payrolls—record-keepers and correspondents—exempt from drills but ready-workers. Praise to these men.

PROFESSOR JONATHAN BALDWIN TURNER AND THE GRANVILLE CONVENTION.

By DEAN M. INMAN, Principal Hopkins Township High
School, Granville, Ill.

It is not generally known that one of the greatest educational movements of the world had its inception in the village of Granville, Putnam County, Illinois, nearly three-quarters of a century ago, but such is the case and official records clearly bear out the truth of the statement. It was in the historic Granville Convention of November 18 and 19, 1851, that a plan for the establishment of higher institutions of learning along industrial and mechanical lines, by grants of lands to the various states by the United States Government, was first proposed.

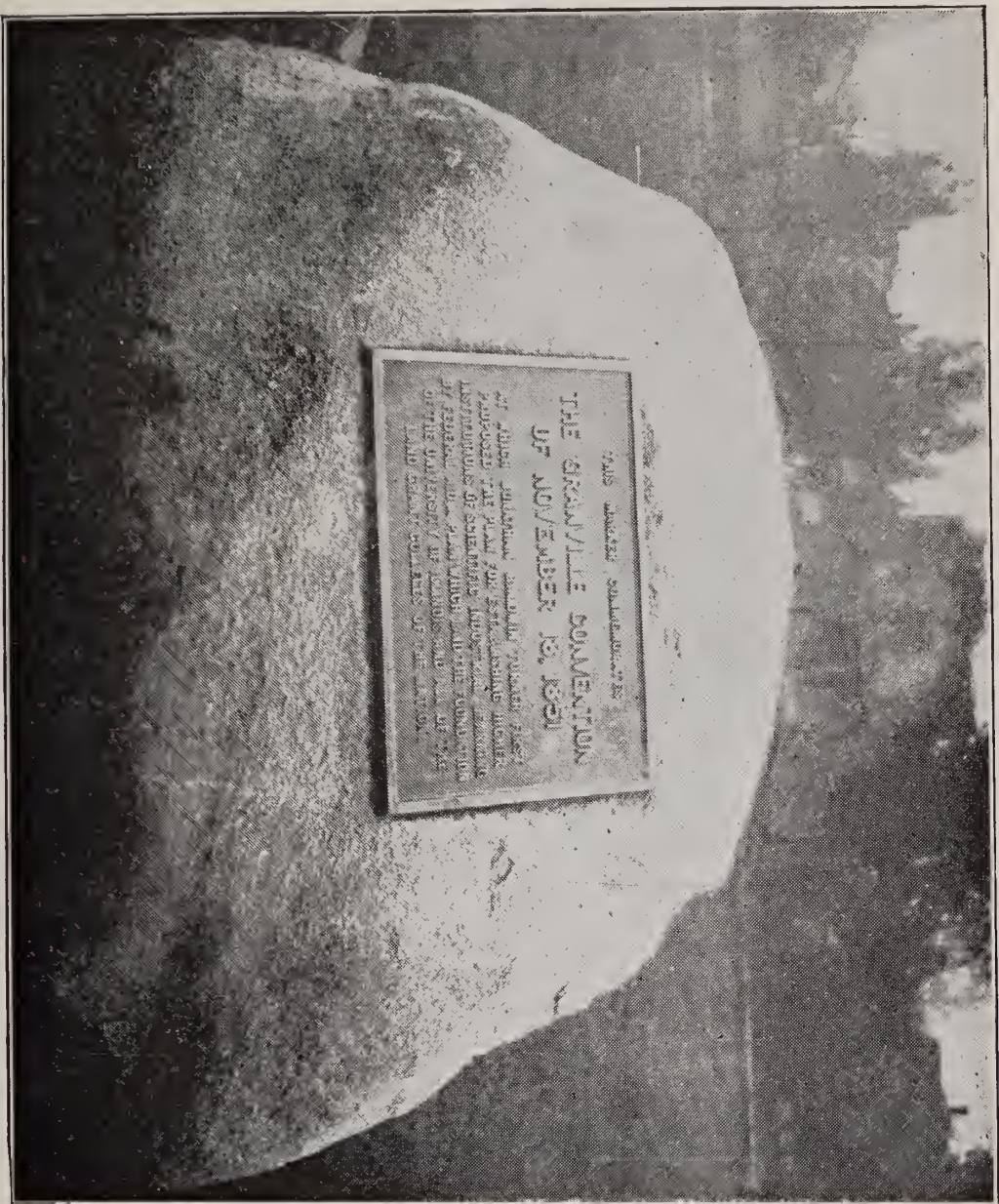
Recently the Granville Community Association placed a marker in remembrance of the memorable event. It is located on the beautiful campus of the Hopkins Township High School which is the center of interest and pride of the community. The monument consists of a great blue-gray granite boulder upon which is a bronze tablet with this inscription:

"This marker commemorates the GRANVILLE CONVENTION OF NOVEMBER 18, 1851, at which Jonathan Baldwin Turner first proposed the plan for establishing higher institutions of scientific industrial learning by federal aid, a plan which laid the foundation of the University of Illinois and all of the land grant colleges of the nation."

The extent to which the plan was adopted in the United States is indicated by the following list of the Land Grant Colleges of the nation which have been established upon the plan promulgated in the Granville Convention.

Alabama Polytechnic Institute.

University of Arizona.



THIS MONUMENT DEDICATED BY
THE GRANVILLE CONVENTION
OF NOVEMBER 19, 1921
AT WHICH JUDICIAL DECISIONS WERE
PASSED ON THE PLACE FOR ESTABLISHING
INSTITUTIONS OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH
AT GRANVILLE AND PLANTATION AND THE CONVENTION
OF THE MANAGER OF THE MONUMENT AND AT THE
AND DEDICATED BY THE MONUMENT

TABLET DEDICATED AT GRANVILLE, ILL.,
SEPTEMBER 3, 1923.

University of Arkansas.
University of California.
Colorado Agricultural College.
Connecticut Agricultural College.
Delaware College.
University of Florida.
University of Georgia.
University of Illinois.
University of Idaho.
Purdue University of Indiana.
Iowa State College of A. & Ag. & Mech.
Kansas State Agricultural College.
University of Kentucky.
Kentucky Normal and Ind. Inst.
Louisiana State Univ. & Ag. & Mech. College.
University of Maine.
Maryland Ag. College.
Massachusetts Inst. of Technology.
Massachusetts Ag. College.
Michigan Agricultural School.
University of Minnesota.
Mississippi Ag. College.
Mississippi Ag. and Mech. College.
Alcorn A. & M. College.
University of Missouri.
Montana State College of A. & M. Arts.
University of Nebraska.
University of Nevada.
New Hampshire College of A. & M. Arts.
Rutgers College, New Jersey.
New Mexico College of A. & M. Arts.
Cornell University, New York.
North Carolina College of A. & M. Arts.
North Dakota Agr. College.
Ohio State University.
Oklahoma Ag. & Mech. College.
Oregon Ag. College.

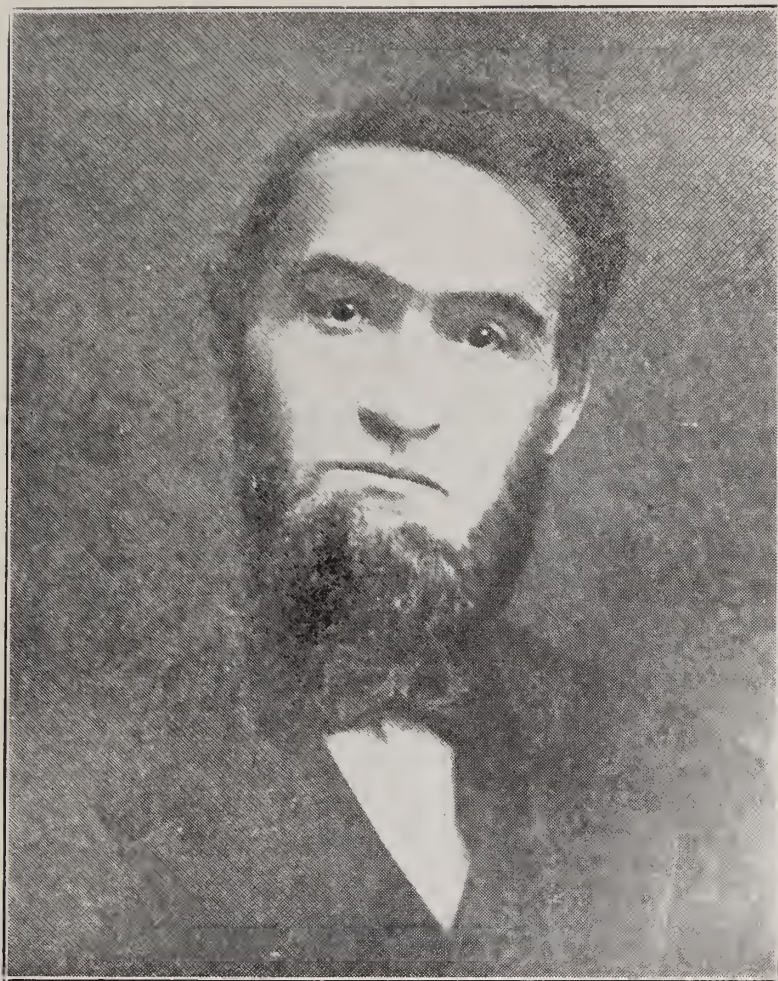
Pennsylvania State College.
Rhode Island State College.
Clemson College, South Carolina.
Colored Nor. Ag. & Ind. College S. C.
South Dakota State College of A. & M. Arts.
University of Tennessee.
Ag. & Mech. College of Texas.
Agricultural College of Utah.
University of Vermont.
Virginia A. & M. College and Polytechnic Institute.
Hampton Normal and Ag. Inst.
Washington State College.
West Virginia University.
University of Wisconsin.
University of Wyoming.

In the College of Agriculture at the University of Illinois there is a bronze tablet upon which appears this inscription:

“This tablet is erected to the memory of Jonathan Baldwin Turner. To his persistent efforts as a courageous advocate of scientific education the nation owes the legislation which laid the foundation of this university and all of our land grant colleges.”

It was not until 1851 that a proposal of education for the industries was made that appealed finally and forcibly to thinking men as entirely practicable. An idea, like a tree, is known by its fruits. This one, then, must have been sound, and amazingly vital, for the system it proposed has developed into the largest group of higher educational institutions of the world, with a common origin. It was proposed by an Illinois man, Jonathan B. Turner; it was advanced, fought for and developed by a faithful group of Illinois men. In 1862, more than a decade after its first proposal, it was made the basis of an act known as the Land Grant Act and signed by an Illinois man in the President's chair, Abraham Lincoln.

This act provided that the Federal Government of the United States should make a grant of public lands to the



JONATHAN BALDWIN TURNER.

various states for the purpose of establishing in each of the states that accepted the proposition, an agricultural and mechanical college. From this has sprung the great system of public institutions, fifty-three in number, for the higher education of the people along agricultural and mechanical lines.

The story of Professor Turner's long and vigorous life has as its nucleus and most interesting feature the advocacy of his new and hitherto untried system of "industrial and mechanical education," the plan being first promulgated in the famous Granville Convention of 1851.

To get the proper historical setting we must go back for more than three-quarters of a century to the establishment in 1846 of the Buel Institute, and agricultural society with members from Putnam, LaSalle and Marshall, Peoria, Bureau and Livingston Counties. This organization was not only the first Agricultural Society in Illinois, but the first one formed in the entire West. The initiatory meeting was held at Lowell, LaSalle County, February 23, 1846, though the farmers of Putnam County had maintained a Farmers Institute two years previous, which was merged into the Buel Institute at the time of its organization, and for many years led the vanguard of agricultural progress in central Illinois. One of the principal functions of this organization was to hold an annual fair, but other activities were also fostered. At its fair in September, 1851, the institute determined to hold a farmers' convention at Granville in November of that year, "to take into consideration such measures as might be deemed expedient to further the interests of the agricultural community and particularly to take steps toward the establishment of an Agricultural University." In accordance with this call sent out for that purpose, the convention met on Tuesday, November 18, 1851, in the Presbyterian Church at Granville. This building, erected in 1845, was also the place of meeting of the second annual fair of the Buel Institute held in 1848, and of many subsequent meetings of that body. Several years ago it was purchased by A. W.

Hopkins, moved to the west side of Granville and donated to the First Congregational Church as a mission. It was razed in 1922 after having been in existence seventy-seven years. The meeting was largely attended, ministers, doctors, lawyers, representatives, senators, as well as farmers and mechanics of almost, if not quite, every religious denomination, composed its membership. Oaks Turner of Hennepin was president of the convention; William Reddick of Ottawa and Prof. J. B. Turner of Jacksonville were vice-presidents; M. Osman of Ottawa, recording secretary, and Ralph Ware of Granville, corresponding secretary.

The Granville Convention has a secure place in the imperishable annals of history. Its thought and deliberation of two days were centered around an address by Prof. Turner whose subject was, "PLAN FOR AN INDUSTRIAL UNIVERSITY FOR THE STATE OF ILLINOIS." This address gave his ideas not only upon the proper industrial education for his state but also advanced a system of national education which included a university for the industrial classes in each of the states of the American union, federal aid to be given in establishing these universities in the form of grants of land. When, later, the plan was incorporated in the law, Illinois received a grant of 480,000 acres of land from the United States Government, the proceeds from the sale of which were used in starting the University of Illinois, or rather the interests from the proceeds; the money from the sale of the lands being kept in perpetuity as an endowment of the University. Other states secured proportionate assistance for their universities.

If one compares Turner's plan first given to the public in the Granville Convention of 1851 with the agricultural colleges of the various states today; it seems almost like a prophecy; it might have served as a basis of organization for many of the colleges, it is so like them in essential parts.

"The convention at Granville, therefore, was highly significant in the history of industrial education," says the Semi-Centennial History of the University of Illinois. "The



MRS. MARY TURNER CARRIEL AND DEAN INMAN
At Boulder marking site of Granville Convention, 1851, Granville,
Putnam Co., Illinois.

plan presented and resolutions passed on that occasion, the fire of enthusiasm and grim endeavor that was kindled, the active campaign then started, were the beginnings, not only of education for the industries of Illinois, but of the establishment of a national system of universities for the industrial classes, at least one university in each of the states."

Immediately following the Granville Convention there was undertaken by a group of Illinois men, a campaign for industrial education that was to extend through many years, the far-reaching consequences of which few could ever imagine. In rapid succession there came within the next fourteen months, a series of three industrial educational conventions; memorials to the legislature and to Congress were written; a thousand pamphlets containing the Granville plan and address to the people were published and circulated throughout the country, to the press, state officials, representatives in Congress, educators and prominent citizens; an industrial league in the state was organized; lectures and addresses were given in various parts of the state; all in the interest of the "Illinois Idea," a system of industrial state universities supported by federal grants—as initiated in Granville Convention.

And now the movement was on foot. The Illinois Congressmen, representatives in the main of an agricultural constituency, saw the tremendous possibilities of such a scheme. Richard Yates, Sr., then in Congress, was at once attracted by a measure of such commanding statesmanship. He presented the Granville Plan to the National Agricultural Convention held at Washington and had it referred to a suitable committee of which Senator Stephen A. Douglas was a member. This was in 1852. During the next few years a number of attempts were made to introduce a bill in Congress embodying the Granville Plan and though these attempts failed with disheartening regularity there was no thought of giving up the fight. Before the campaign of 1860, when Abraham Lincoln was nominated for the presidency, Professor Turner talking with Mr. Lincoln at Decatur, told him he would be nominated

for the presidency at the coming convention and afterwards elected. "If I am," replied Lincoln, "I will sign your bill for State Universities." A little later Senator Douglas met Professor Turner and assured him, "If I am elected I will sign your bill."

Douglas had no occasion to leave the Senate for the White House but in 1861 he wrote Professor Turner for his Granville Plan and for the history of the whole movement declaring it to be "The most democratic scheme of education ever proposed to the mind of man." Professor Turner's letter in answer was elaborately written and sent to be mailed, but the wires were thrilled with the shocking intelligence of the death of the distinguished Senator. In grief and disappointment the letter was thrown into the waste basket. But it is always darkest just before the dawn it is said. At any rate, Senator Morrill of Vermont introduced the bill the next year; it passed Congress, President Lincoln signed it, and now scattered over the nation are noble institutions of learning, great state universities, where hundreds of thousands of young men and women have received valuable training and inspiration, and where millions of others in future years will be the beneficiaries of a great plan for popular education first proposed at Granville.



ALICE HAVEN
(Prize Essay Contest)
Winner, 1923.

***EARLY TRAVEL AND METHODS OF TRANSPORTATION IN ILLINOIS.**

By ALICE HAVEN, Champaign County.

The first white men to enter Illinois were the Jesuit missionaries, who came from France and New France to christianize the Indians. Their holy purpose made the "toil-some way and long league" easier to bear, while they traveled slowly through the country, now by canoe and now on foot. The missionary would hire an Indian guide to escort him from one Indian camp to another. But even with a guide, dangers beset them on every side. It was not an uncommon occurrence to run short of food; often they really suffered before more could be secured. Trials of this kind, the Indian bore better than the white man, who was unaccustomed to frontier hardship. The two would proceed over the waterways as much as possible, but occasionally they would have to walk the distance between two rivers or lakes carrying their supplies and canoe. This test of physical endurance was perhaps the severest trial of all to the Jesuit, used as he was to a life of civilized ease back in France. All this time they had to be constantly on the alert for snakes, wild beasts and hostile Indians, the menace of travelers in those days.¹

Horseback was a popular method of transportation with the pioneers in the early days. Among the earliest was the man who rode into a strange country, and, according to the custom then prevailing, "tomahawked" or blazed the trail on trees to insure the safe passage of the emigrants following him. Horses were used as a means of transportation before schooners became common, and also when there were no wagon roads.

*This essay received the first or State prize in the contest in the schools of Illinois on the topic "Early Travel and Methods of Transportation in Illinois." The contest was under the auspices of the Illinois State Historical Society and the Illinois Society Daughters of the American Revolution. The prize medal was presented to the winner by the State Regent of the D. A. R., Mrs. Charles E. Herrick, at the Illinois Day Meeting of the State Historical Society, December 3, 1923.

¹ "Illinois," by Grace Humphrey.

An illustration of the use of horses for transportation is the story of Mr. Meredith Cooper. In the fall of 1817, Mr. Cooper decided to move his family to a farm in the wilderness of Illinois. He purchased two sturdy horses. On one he placed his wife, one child and a feather bed; on the other he himself rode, carrying the other child and all the farm implements and household goods that could be strapped to his horse. In this manner they emigrated from Tennessee to St. Clair County, Illinois.²

Mr. Washington Crowder had an unusual experience on horseback at the time of "The Sudden Change," December 20, 1836. He had started for Springfield, about eight miles distant, when the change struck him. It had been raining for some time and the ground was a mixture of mud and slush. He was about half way there when he noticed a black cloud approaching rapidly, with a terrific noise and bellowing. Within fifteen minutes after the cold blast reached him, his horse was walking on top of the slush and mud, so suddenly did it freeze. But his experience was not at an end, for on reaching Springfield and attempting to dismount, he discovered he was frozen to his saddle. He had to be carried into the house, saddle and all, and thawed out, after which he completed his business and returned home on foot, as it was too slippery to ride.³

In those days it was quite a common occurrence, especially in the country, to see a man riding horseback with a girl up behind him on a pillion. Young men would take their "best girls" to parties and socials in this manner, while it was the custom for married men to take their wives to church up behind them. They made no attempt at style. A "blinding bridle" and blanket placed on a work animal were sufficient.

Mr. Abraham Francis owned a horse that was especially valuable in those days. He called him Captain. Whenever there was an Indian near, Captain's delicate sense of smell warned him, and immediately he would begin to whinny and

² Information from J. C. Power.

³ Information from H. H. Hesser.

attempt to conceal his rider and himself. One day as Mr. Francis was riding through a forest, he spied what he took to be a blanketed Indian approaching. However, Captain made no sign, but continued to trot down the road. Mr. Francis wondered greatly at the apparent obtuseness of his horse, and decided to conceal himself. As the man came nearer and Captain still gave no sign, Mr. Francis came out of hiding and went on his way. As it turned out, Captain's sense of smell had not betrayed him, for on coming opposite to the "Indian," Mr. Francis saw that he was a white man wrapped in an Indian blanket.⁴

Mr. William Meharry used to herd cattle over many miles of prairie from Rossville to Arcola, Champaign County, Illinois. In those days rattlesnakes were more than common. It was the custom to wear heavy, high leather boots as a protection from the reptiles and to carry a bottle of whiskey as first aid. He would ride along on horseback, snapping off the rattler's heads with his long cattle whip, often killing as many as twenty-five a day. Mr. Meharry's inseparable companion while herding was a brown dog, Old Shep, who would kill almost as many rattlers a day as his master did. The dog seemed to have an instinctive hatred for the reptiles. If he surprised one stretched out in the sun, he would seize it by its neck and shake it to pieces before the snake could defend itself. But if the snake was coiled and ready for battle, Old Shep was more deliberate. He would seemingly forget his prey, in the meantime keeping his sharp eye on it, until the snake would partly uncoil. Then he would have it by the neck and all the fun was over. His instinct seemed to teach him how to handle them.⁵

After about one hundred years of horseback riding, the prairie schooner was introduced. Usually a number of them went together. These were called emigrant trains. They suffered many hardships in the way of poor accommodations, want of provisions and bad roads, especially the last named. The roads were nothing but trails stretching endlessly across

⁴ Information from John E. Francis.

⁵ Information from Mrs. Mae Meharry Haven.

the prairie. Very few streams were bridged; many had to be forded. But the greatest difficulty lay in crossing what were called "slews." These slews abounded in the journey. They were neither brooks nor swamps, but a combination of both, sticky and miry, with water trickling down a narrow ditch in the center. To get across, the schooners had to double and redouble their teams; even then occasionally they became stalled, whereupon they were forced to wait for the next emigrant train to help them out with their additional teams.⁶

A good description of one of these schooners is told in "The Sangamon County History." Mr. William Thayer, with his wife, baby and servant girl started for Illinois in a two-horse wagon. The schooner was fitted up with a stove, beds and other furniture, and had windows cut in the sides. Many times Mr. Thayer was forced to take the wagon to pieces and make a raft of it to float it across deep rivers safely. They were annoyed by the green-headed flies that abounded in the country at that time, often being forced to travel at night because of them. After many hair-breadth escapes from icy roads and high water, they arrived in Springfield, only to stall, hub deep, in the mud in front of the State House.⁷

The question of marking trails was a serious one to the early settlers. After some time it became the practice to mark a line of travel between two places with a furrow. The road between Urbana and Middletown, commonly known now as the State road, was laid out in this manner by Fielding L. Scott. These lines were run without regard for section lines.⁸

Flat-boats, or "arks," were a common means used by emigrants to transport their families to the Wild West. These boats were flat bottomed and boarded over the top, and they looked like floating houses. The inside was lined with planks to prevent the Indians from penetrating through with their bullets, should they attack. Mr. Thomas Meharry used this means of transportation to reach his Western home. Their

⁶ "Illini," by Clark E. Carr.

⁷ The Sangamon County History," J. C. Power, p. 710.

⁸ Information from H. H. Hesser.

route from Manchester, Ohio, was down the Ohio River and up the Wabash. They progressed slowly, as the current was ordinarily only three or four miles an hour. Their boat's advance was delayed by low water and many times it grounded on bars of sand. They would float all day and tie up to a tree at night. They never traveled on Sunday. After weeks of travel, they reached the appointed spot and landed with some difficulty, as there was no dock. Then their journey was continued across the prairie in covered wagons.⁹

When travel became more frequent, the stage coach sprang into existence. It ran on a time schedule and covered the distance between two certain points only. Often the stage coach driver and the inn-keeper, with whom the travelers in the coach stopped for meals, were in "cahoots," as the saying goes. An amusing story was told by Martha Finley of this custom.

After two days travel, during which time the travelers had been deprived of their meals regularly for some reason or other, they became desperate. The party arrived at their destination for the noon meal, and it was not ready, as had been invariably the case so far. Disgustedly they looked at each other. Fifteen minutes, then twenty and twenty-five minutes of their precious hour slipped by, and still no dinner. Then a man suggested a plan for securing their meal. Finally about ten minutes before time for the departure of the stage, dinner was announced. They entered the dining room and leisurely began to partake of the food. When the horn blew announcing the time to leave, each man in the party snatched a part of the dinner from the table and carried it into the stage coach. The travelers finished their meal in peace.¹⁰

The next mode of travel to appear was the railroad. The day the first train made its maiden journey into Springfield, farmers from a radius of twenty miles around assembled in that city to see the event. In the home of Mr. Andrew McCorkle, preparations began before daybreak. Lunches

⁹ Information from Mrs. Mae Meharry Haven.

¹⁰ Information from Martha Finley.

were put up, farm chores done, and finally the whole family was loaded into a wagon and driven to Springfield, where they waited for hours to see the train. When it did come, its noise made Mr. McCorkle rather anxious, for he feared if a railroad ever ran near his farm, the noise would frighten his cows so they wouldn't give milk, and would also lessen the laying of his hens.¹¹

An important method of transportation just before the Civil War was the Underground Railroad. Escaped slaves from the South would be cared for and helped along the road to Canada and freedom. There were regular stations, like any railroad has. The fugitives usually traveled from one station to another at night, as this "was better fitted for deeds of darkness."

One morning a pretty mulatto girl had arrived on one of the night trains. Her pursuers were close behind, so it was decided to risk detection and proceed immediately. Dr. Adams took the lady, closely veiled, into his cutter and drove through town, answering salutations as calmly as though his wife sat beside him. Indeed, that was whom the slave was taken for. Leaving town they sped swiftly over the ground until they met with a mishap. The cutter struck a stump and overturned the couple. To make matters worse this happened near a confirmed negro-hater's house. The two finally were forced to walk the remaining mile through the snow to the next station at Samuel Haven's. The girl escaped her pursuers.¹²

Methods of travel and transportation have developed greatly in the centuries since Columbus discovered America, yet the demand for speed has always been the fundamental basis for these changes. Indeed, Byron seems to have read the character of Man correctly when he says:

"There is nothing gives a man such spirits,
Leavening his blood as cayenne doth curry,
As going at full speed—no matter where its
Direction be, so 'tis in a hurry."

¹¹ Information from Mrs. Margaret McCorkle Meharry.

¹² Information from Fred S. Haven.

SOME VIEWS OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN HELD BY THE LONDON TIMES, 1861 TO 1865

By A. CURTIS WILGUS, University of Wisconsin.

"The great factor in the destruction of slavery was the election of Abraham Lincoln as President in 1860," wrote Mr. Rhodes 57 years after the event.¹ But contemporaries quite often held divergent views, and among these was the *London Times*. This paper, whose editor from 1841 to 1877 was John Thadeus Delane, was believed in most cases to reflect the opinion of the government and governing classes of England, and its views, consequently, carried great weight in many circles both domestic and foreign.² It will, therefore, be interesting to set forth rather briefly its principal editorial views with regard to the American President.

At the beginning of the year 1861 the *Times* found itself at a loss to understand how the election of such a "hard-working simple-minded citizen"³ as Mr. Lincoln could cause so violent an outbreak on the part of the south.⁴ But after the southern states had seceded, and by the date of the inaugural, the *Times* had come to see the situation in its true light, and in commenting upon that address asserted that while the President was "perfectly clear and explicit in defining his course" there appeared no words which were "calculated to reassure anyone or to win any support."⁵ From this time on events moved rapidly and the editorial writers were taxed to keep abreast of the news. When the information of the fall of Fort Sumter arrived the paper remarked: "To the very last President Lincoln has been behind" and "no one credits" him now with "any plan of action."⁶ How-

¹ J. F. Rhodes, *History of the Civil War, 1861-5*, Macmillan Co., N. Y., 1917, p. 1.

² Sir Edward Cook, *Delane of the Times*, Constable and Co., Ltd., London, 1916, p. 298. In 1861 President Lincoln is reported to have said: "The *Times* is one of the greatest papers in the world; in fact, I don't know of anything which has more power, except, perhaps, the *Mississippi*." *Ibid*, p. 94.

³ May 21, 1861.

⁴ Jan. 12, 1861.

⁵ Mar. 1, 1861.

⁶ Apr. 27, 1861.

ever, after the declaration of hostilities on April 15, the *Times* changed its view⁷ and attempted to justify Lincoln's proclamation of war.⁸ Nevertheless the paper continued to criticise the President's policy, calling it "wavering and dilatory."

"It is the President's fate to follow where he might have lead. The people have taken the matter into their own hands, and with or without the President, are determined to repay the south. * * * 9 10

As the days and months passed the *Times* became more and more critical of the President. The American executive had assumed unjust powers in suspending the Habeas Corpus Act.¹⁰ He had turned

"the mess-room of every regiment into a debating society, and its soldiers into miniature constituencies." "Who does not see that these things are an effort on the part of the President to employ the army, as he has employed the Congress, for the purpose of overruling and beating down the free expression of opinion, * * * 11

Moreover the

"vivacious and waggish President and his more sombre and sad belongings, his cabinet, his congress, and his riotous and exuberant press, have passed with clumsy confusion, changing as their leader changed, from attitude to attitude, from grimace to grimace, never being at any moment natural or true, but always being consistent in a certain uniformity of contortion."¹²

"There never was so great a cause in such villainous custody" as when in the hands of this "corrupt mass" of Federal politicians.¹³

When the congressional elections of 1862 approached, the *Times* felt sure that a Democratic victory was in view,¹⁴ for

⁷ Apr. 29, 1861.

⁸ May 30, 1861.

⁹ May 20, 1861.

¹⁰ Nov. 6, 1861, Oct. 2, 1863.

¹¹ Apr. 13, 1863.

¹² Jan. 19, 1863, May 23, 1861.

¹³ Mar. 19, 1863.

¹⁴ Nov. 13, 1862.

the people of the north hated and distrusted the President's policy.¹⁵ But if it so happened that the Republicans should be victorious, the paper believed that Mr. Lincoln would do all manner of evil, perhaps even incite a servile rebellion in the south.¹⁶ The campaign and election of 1864 aroused the *Times* again to active criticism of the American President, who was accused of using for his advantage such practices as "military intimidation, the imposition of test oaths" and "the direct falsification of the [election] returns throughout the entire states."¹⁷ Mr. Lincoln

"is not the man who ought to be trusted with the destiny of the country at such a crisis."¹⁸ "It is difficult to think that the Republican party can be in a satisfactory condition if such a man as Mr. Lincoln is the best representative they can get. * * *"¹⁹

If Mr. Lincoln was re-elected there would undoubtedly follow "national bankruptcy, with prospects of secession from the Union of the great western states."²⁰ Moreover, "the foundation of national despotism" would be laid because the American people, as a result, would abdicate their right of self government. The

"future historian will probably date from the second presidency of Mr. Lincoln the period when the American constitution was thoroughly abrogated, and had entered on that transition stage, so well known to the students of history, through which Republics pass on their downward way from Democracy to tyranny."²¹

But along with this view there ran in the same paper a current of opinion that was less critical and which seemed less expectant of disastrous results if Lincoln should be re-elected. The *Times* asked upon one occasion:

"Why should we feel anxiety as to the success of one party or the other, when either must be equally fatal to the

¹⁵ Nov. 8, 1862.

¹⁶ Nov. 14, 1862.

¹⁷ Nov. 12, 22, 1864.

¹⁸ Sept. 12, 1864.

¹⁹ June 30, 1864.

²⁰ Sept. 3, 1864.

²¹ Nov. 22, 1864.

welfare of the Republic and equally pernicious to the cause of liberty and good government throughout the world?"²²

In all probability the re-election of Lincoln will not affect the relations between the north and England.

"It may probably be that we are safer in the hands of Mr. Lincoln than we should be in those of any one else. As regards foreign states, ourselves in particular, we may as reasonably believe that he has sown his wild oats. He has gone through the course of defying and insulting England, which is the traditional way of obtaining the Irish vote, and we may not unreasonably hope that he is unlikely to repeat this experiment." "We have no great reason to complain of Mr. Lincoln toward England. * * * He has done as regards this country what the necessities of his situation demanded of him, and he has done no more."²³

Throughout the whole war the *Times* appeared to take delight in ridiculing the homely messages, speeches and proclamations of the President.²⁴ Particularly were the Thanksgiving proclamations ridiculed.

"Nothing is more orthodox than such a proceeding, for there never was a sect that did not think the slaughter of its foes a proper occasion of gratitude to the Author of our being,"

but, the paper adds,

"the Americans will get out of their troubles very soon if they pay their earthly debts as promptly as those which they acknowledge to Heaven."²⁵

Again the *Times* remarked of another Thanksgiving proclamation of the President's:

"To thank Providence for the blessings not received is as near an approach to blasphemy as to repine against chastisement duly inherited. Many ways may be found of keeping up the failing spirits of a baffled party, and maintaining a declining reputation in the eyes of foreign nations, but none,

²² Oct. 10, 1864.

²³ Nov. 22, 1864.

²⁴ For an excellent discussion of Mr. Lincoln's policy as shown by his speeches, proclamations, etc., see the *Times* for Sept. 18, 1863.

²⁵ April 25, 1862.

we apprehend, is so objectionable as employing a religious service for the purpose."

How can Mr. Lincoln know six weeks hence

"that his affairs on the 26th of next November will call for Thanksgiving and not humiliation?"²⁶

In commenting upon President Lincoln's second message to Congress, December 1, 1862, the paper asserted that his "simple minded complaint"²⁷ shows that the President has become a Democrat.²⁸ The President's third message to Congress, December 9, 1863, was called "one of the most cold-blooded political documents ever published,"²⁹ while the fourth message in December, 1864, was spoken of as

"the most uncomfortable President's address ever read to the American House of Representatives."³⁰ "For ourselves, we never read a public document less calculated to inspire hope." "Mr. Lincoln, at any rate, deserves the credit that he never seeks to amplify the resources of the North nor to extenuate those of the South."³¹

In commenting on Mr. Lincoln's second inaugural address of 1865 the *Times* remarked that it

"appears to be intended to express the more sanguine expectations of the Northern people and to intimate to them that fresh exertions and sacrifices will be necessary for the attainment of their object * * * Mr. Lincoln, therefore, like a prudent statesman, conceals his own hopes, if he cherishes any, and bids the people, in effect, to make up their minds for another considerable term of fighting."

On the whole

"this short inaugural speech reveals the disposition and the opinions of the Federal Magistrate more completely than many of the verbose compositions which have proceeded from his predecessors."³²

²⁶ Oct. 19, 1863.

²⁷ Dec. 16, 1862.

²⁸ Dec. 17, 1862.

²⁹ Dec. 23, 1863.

³⁰ Dec. 19, 1864.

³¹ Dec. 22, 1864.

³² Mar. 17, 1865.

Throughout the struggle the *Times'* editorial writers judged President Lincoln to a great extent by what he wrote. And, for the most part, this paper had little praise for Lincoln until after his death. At one time it was asserted that his speeches, proclamations and letters would

"rank among the worst political documents of which history has preserved any record."³³

In commenting upon a letter written by the President to the "Unconditional Union men" of Illinois, the *Times* remarked:

"How any man in his sober senses could have sat down to compose such a rhapsody as this, or having composed it, could have read it over with gravity and ordered it to be printed, passes our comprehension."³⁴

The *Times* enjoyed playing on the expression "Honest Abe."

"Honest Abe is honest in the sense of fidelity to his party platform. He is honest to the Republicans but not to the people of the United States. His 'honesty' in this respect is in itself an intolerable evil and a sufficient provocation to secession." "We think we see how insecure must be the lives and liberty of the members of a hostile party when such a party chief as this is in power, and how insupportable must be a despotism in which a man of this calibre is the despot."

Mr. Lincoln's policy will not deprive him of the

"distinctive affix which he will share with many * * * of being Lincoln—'the Last'."³⁵

The typical *Times* attitude toward the President during the war may perhaps be well summed up as follows:

"Among the many marvels and paradoxes of the American Revolution there is none greater than the part played by the President himself. That such a man should have been called upon to guide the destinies of a mighty nation during a grand historical crisis is surely strange enough, but that he should have blundered and vacillated as he has, without for a single moment losing confidence in himself, or altogether

³³ Sept. 13, 1865.

³⁴ Sept. 17, 1865.

³⁵ Oct. 21, 1862.

forfeiting that of his countrymen, is stranger still. His language on the great questions at issue has varied so much at different times as to show that he never can have had anything worthy of being called a policy, unless it can be that which he describes in the wisest of all his homely sayings as a resolution to 'keep pegging away'.³⁶

Yet the *Times* did recognize a definite policy of the President's with regard to the negro. Mr. Lincoln, it asserted, wishes

"to transport the whole race, slave and free, to some territory which no white man desires * * * that he may never more behold a sable face."³⁷

The paper viewed as an important proposition Mr. Lincoln's suggestion of Federal emancipation because it is "the first bid toward putting an end to the war."³⁸ After Mr. Lincoln's preliminary emancipation proclamation in September 1862, the *Times* remarked that the President "has played his last card" but it has not proved to be a "trump" because it can not be put into force throughout the South.³⁹ It might, however, result in negro uprisings in the Southern states culminating in murder and worse, and, if so,

"when blood begins to flow and shrieks come piercing through the darkness, Mr. Lincoln will wait until the rising flames tell that all is consummated, and then he will rub his hands and think that revenge is sweet."⁴⁰

The more the writer meditates upon this hypothetical consequence of emancipation, the more verbose he becomes.

"Here is a would-be conqueror and a would-be extirpator who is not quite safe in his seat of government, who is reduced to such straits that he accepts a defeat as a glorious escape, a capitulation of 8000 men as an unimportant event, a drawn battle as a glorious victory, and a retreat of an invading army which retires laden with plunder and rich in stores as a deliverance. Here is a President who has, just against his will, supplied his antagonist with 120 guns and millions of stores,

³⁶ Sept. 17, 1863.

³⁷ Dec. 19, 1861.

³⁸ Dec. 14, 1861, Mar. 20, 1862.

³⁹ Oct. 6, 1862.

⁴⁰ Oct. 7, 1862.

and who is trembling for the very ground on which he stands. Yet, if we judge only by his pompous proclamations, we should believe that he had a garrison in every city in the South. This is more like a Chinaman beating his two swords together to frighten his enemy than like an earnest man pressing on his cause in steadfastness and truth."⁴¹

Even after the proclamation had gone into effect on January 1, 1863, the *Times* could see no important results from such a policy.⁴²

But the *Times* was not always to be hostile in its views of Mr. Lincoln, and, after his assassination and death the paper expressed genuine sorrow and deep appreciation of the President's work.⁴³

"In all America, there was, perhaps, not one man who less deserved to be the victim of this revolution, than he who has just fallen. He did nothing to aggravate the quarrel; short of conceding the independence demanded by the South, he did everything to prevent or abbreviate it. He recognized it as his own great duty to preserve the Union. His homely kindness of feeling, his plain sense, and his instinctive aversion from violence combined to keep him in a course of clemency and to incline him to conciliate whenever it might be practicable. He was hardly a representative Republican so much as a representative American. He did not express the extreme opinion of his own party. He did worship the Union, but next to that he put peace."⁴⁴ "It would be unjust to acknowledge that Mr. Lincoln was a man who could not under any circumstances have been easily replaced."⁴⁵

And finally the *Times* concluded:

"He was a prominent figure in a great historical picture, and, as far as we can judge, was prepared to play a most noble part. He was animated by the spirit of conciliation, and the last and, perhaps, the happiest day of his life was spent in wishes and plans for healing the wounds of a prolonged and frightful contest."⁴⁶

⁴¹ Ibid.

⁴² Jan. 15, 31, Feb. 16, 1863, Dec. 19, 1864.

⁴³ Apr. 28, 1865.

⁴⁴ Apr. 29, 1865.

⁴⁵ Apr. 27, 1865.

⁴⁶ May 1, 1865.

THE FOUNDERS OF QUINCY, ILLINOIS—JOHN WOOD, WILLARD KEYES, JEREMIAH ROSE

By WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, JR.

Early in the month of February of the year 1820, down in what is now Calhoun (then Madison) County, Illinois, Willard Keyes and John Wood met for the first time as members of a company of men who had come together to explore the "Bounty Lands" in the lower part of the "Military Tract."

Willard Keyes was born in Windham County, Vermont, on the 28th day of October, 1792. He was educated in the schools of his native county. After being graduate from the schools, he taught in them, worked on his father's farm and at his trade of wool-dying. When he was twenty-four years and past "curiosity impelled" him, as he expressed it in his journal, to see something of the western part of his country. So, on the 2nd of June, 1817, he fared forth afoot from his neighboring town of Newfane for Albany and thence for Rome, New York, thence by Wood creek to Oneida lake, and thence by Osage river to Lake Ontario. He crossed the lake to York, Canada, thence up and down rivers and across lakes—Simcoe among the rest—in canoe, to Georgian bay, an arm of Lake Huron. Finding that the ship that they had expected to take had sailed a day or two before they got to Nottowasauge, they procured passage in a row and sail boat to Mackinaw, thence in an Indian trading boat to Green Bay. Thence up the Fox and down the Wisconsin rivers to Prairie du Chien on the Mississippi. Here he assisted, as carpenter and mill-wright, in the erection of a horse-power grist mill and also a water-power mill. He ran one of these mills. He taught school. In January of 1819 he went into the "pineries" and got out some timber and shingles which, in the spring he assembled into a raft and, on the 30th day of April, 1819, he left Prairie du Chien and started off, down the river, for Saint Louis—passing the point where Quincy now stands on the 10th

of May. He stopped where Hannibal is, also at Louisiana and Clarksville, on account of malaria. In the fall and early winter of 1819-1820 he taught school at Salt Prairie in what was then Madison, now Calhoun, County.

John Wood was born at Moravia, Cayuga County, New York, on the 20th of December, 1798. When a little less than twenty years old the wanderlust impelled him, too, to see some other part of his country. So, on the 2nd of November, 1818, he hiked off for Cincinnati, Ohio, with a half-formed intention of going to the Tennessee river valley in Northern Alabama. He spent the winter of 1818-1819 in Cincinnati. The next summer he came down to Shawneetown in this State. The winter of 1819-1820 he spent in what is now Calhoun County.

This acquaintance, thus made, grew into a warm friendship which lasted during their lives. And yet how different they were! Mr. Keyes was quiet and loved his books, while Governor Wood was an outdoor man—noisy and bluff and hale and hearty.

This party, consisting of Captain Nixon, Mr. Dutton, Mr. Keyes and Mr. Wood, started from Mr. Dutton's house—Township 11 South, 2 West—on the 10th of February, 1820, and went over the hills to the Illinois river valley and up this valley as far as the base line (Beardstown) and a little farther, it then turned west. It camped at what is now Camp Point, then known as "The Indian Camping Point," where there was a fine spring of water in a point of timber that came out into the prairie. This party went a little west of Camp Point and then turned south. When government maps told them they were twelve miles east of the point where the bluffs came out to the Mississippi river—the only point on the east side between the mouth of the Illinois river and Fort Edwards, now Warsaw, where the bluffs did come out to the water—Mr. Keyes and Mr. Wood wanted to go out and examine the country there, but before they could persuade the older members to go a threatening storm-cloud appeared in the west and they all galloped off to the neighboring creek timber

where they camped for the night—this was one of the forks of what is now known as Mill creek. In the morning the other three members wanted to resume their journey southward, and so Messrs. Keyes and Wood, being on borrowed horses, reluctantly went along. They went south, exploring as they went, to the place of beginning. Nixon, Dutton and Gates were married men, and they had seen nothing that could induce them to bring their wives and children up into this wild country.

I am going to let Mr. Keyes tell the story for a little while. He says: "Wood and myself, perhaps more sanguine than the older ones, concluded to locate temporarily fifty miles north of civilization on the 16th, or school, section in township 5 south of range 6 west. In May, 1820, we became squatters on a creek, since called Keyes' creek, in Pike County, with two yoke of steers, a cow, a few swine, with the most necessary farming implements, being provided with maps, charts and field notes of the bounty lands, and we soon became farmers and famous land hunters, and holding correspondence with land owners of soldiers' patents in various parts of the country, we had frequent applications to hunt up quarter sections for different owners, at the very moderate price of one dollar per day and find ourselves."

(New Canton, down thirty odd miles in Pike County, is situated on said section 16, and the cabin that Keyes and Wood built was only a little ways down the creek—now called "Kiser creek" on the maps—from this town. The old cabin remained intact for many years. I saw it and was in it when the Louisiana Branch of the C. B. & Q. R. R. was being built in the seventies of the last century.)

Mr. Keyes continues the story: "In 1821, a man by the name of Flynn, living on Wood river, a few miles back of Alton, applied for aid to find his land. Wood started with him and found his land located on the very spot where John Wood's orchard is now growing (1864). Flynn was dissatisfied, his land was too far off from civilization. On the contrary, Wood came home enraptured. As Wood's disease

was contagious I took it, perhaps in a milder form. However, I soon chartered a horse of our nearest neighbor, who had recently moved within six or eight miles of us, and resolved to come and see. I encamped near the foot of Vermont street, and spent some time in tracing lines and exploring the adjoining country. I returned, satisfied with seeing, for the half had not been told me."

Mr. Keyes continues: "Individual pre-emption claims on government land was then unknown. We feared to improve on such land lest we should be driven off by wealthy purchasers. So we resolved to try and buy Flynn's land, and Wood started on foot to see him—120 miles to Alton; but Flynn was absent from home. Wood left word that we would buy his land and returned. Presently Flynn footed it up to sell his land. We were willing to give him his price, but wanted time for the payment. But he said he would only sell for cash, as he wanted to help some relatives to emigrate from Ireland. Cash was always a myth in that part of Illinois in those days, but by great exertions * * * we succeeded in raising sixty dollars, the half of his original price, for which he made us a good deed."

This Peter Flynn deed conveys the S. W. Qr. Sec. 1, Township 2 South, Range 9 West, and is dated November 19, 1822. Its northern corners are in the middle of 12th and 18th streets a little north of Kentucky street, and its southern corners are in said streets a little north of Madison street. The "Historical Building," the second, possibly third, home of Governor John Wood is on this quarter.

"In the fall of 1822, Wood came up and making 'camp' on the banks of the river near the foot of Delaware street, commenced the erection of the first building within the limits of the present city. * * * This log cabin was finished on the 8th day of December, 1822," according to General John Tillson, Governor Wood's son-in-law.

Captain Henry Asbury's History of Quincy says that Jeremiah Rose was born in Stephenson, Rensselaer County, New York, in 1792; that he married Miss Margaret Brown in

1815; that he moved to Illinois in the fall of 1821 and settled at Atlas in Pike County; that in the fall of 1822 he had prepared to build, in partnership with John Wood, a cabin at what is now Quincy; that when the time came for commencing the work, however, Mr. Rose was prostrated by sickness; that he therefore hired a man to fill his place, who, aiding Mr. Wood, put up the cabin; that Mr. Rose moved the following spring with his wife and daughter; that Mrs. Rose was thus the first woman settler of Quincy, and the daughter, now Mrs. George W. Brown, (1882) the first child resident. Captain Asbury goes on to say that Mr. Rose resided in this cabin until 1826, when he sold out to Mr. Wood and bought him a farm just north of Quincy.

Thus you see, while Governor Wood was the only one of the three who came here in 1822, the other two were here in interest—the one detained by sickness and the other looking after the partnership property; trying to sell the cabin and dispose of the cultivated land down on Keyes' creek.

These three men, Governor John Wood, Mr. Willard Keyes and Major Jeremiah Rose, are our pioneer founders; and their names should be linked together in any thought of the centennial of the coming of Governor Wood. And there are two other names that should be linked with these three: Those of Mrs. Margaret Brown Rose and Miss Lucy Rose—for they are our pioneer women.

In 1822, almost all the settlements of Illinois were in the southern part and almost all the settlers had come from slave states—practically all the inhabitants were either Southerners or French. This fact, and the fact that the French owned slaves, induced the pro-slavery element to move for a constitutional convention that would commit the State to slavery. Governor Edward Coles, a Virginian, led the fight against the convention and that won the battle for free soil. But this is another story.

REMINISCENCES OF ROCK CREEK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND COMMUNITY.

By DAVID M. BONE.

Five score years ago, a noble band of Christian pioneers brought into being the Rock Creek Cumberland Presbyterian Church, of Sangamon County, now in Menard County. It is therefore fitting and proper that we review the history of its life and activities from that day, Nov. 22, 1822, to Nov. 22, 1922, from birth to manhood.

In the first place, let it be remembered that this was then a frontier country. The settlements were few and far between, for the settlers, coming mostly from Kentucky and Tennessee—well wooded countries—had located their claims along the edges of the timber which bordered the streams, in order to have stock water, firewood and material for building their homes. These timbered streams were separated from each other by wild prairies from three to ten miles wide which were the last to be settled.

The first houses of the pioneers were built of logs hewn to a smooth surface on parallel sides, notched and fitted together snugly at the corners. The spaces between were chinked with blocks of wood and plastered with clay. The roof was covered with home-made shingles commonly called clapboards. A puncheon floor, a batten door, two small windows and a large fireplace completed the house. As the population increased and saw mills were established, many of these log houses were weather-boarded and plastered and otherwise made modern for that day. I think that Will Houghton was born in one of these modernized houses. When a new family came into the neighborhood, everybody lent a hand in building their house as the feeling of comradeship was strong and kindly for the newcomers. On these occasions, the women of the neighborhood prepared dinner for the men,

consisting of corn pone, roast pig, pumpkin pie and honey—a feast fit for a king.

Many of these early pioneers were religious people, having come under the influence of the revival of 1800 in the Cumberland Country of Kentucky and Tennessee, (when and where the Cumberland Presbyterian Church was born) and when they came to this country, they brought their religion with them. It is not surprising, therefore, that one of their first moves was to provide for religious services. The Rev. John M. Berry, a man of sterling worth and noble Christian character, was the leading spirit in this organization, and associated with him were the following charter members—John, Polly and George Hamilton; James, Joseph and Hannah Young; D. S., Sally and Polly Ann Taylor; John Milo, Margaret and Elizabeth Wood; and Nathan and Margaret Comton. Of these, John Hamilton, James Young and D. S. Taylor were elected Elders—the Rev. Berry acting as moderator and spiritual advisor. So far as we know, there are no descendants of these first members now living in this community.

Religious services were held in the homes of the several members and in the groves in pleasant weather. These services were held at irregular times and only when the Rev. Berry was at home, or when some other circuit rider passing through, would preach for them. Preachers were few in those days and all “rode the circuit” preaching to widely separated communities. The Rev. Berry preached all through the central Illinois country, and, consequently was at home only part of the time, but when here he, no doubt, looked after this church with a fatherly care. Preachers of all denominations “rode the circuit” in those days. Chief among them was Peter Cartwright—the pioneer of Methodism in the West. He was noted not only for his spiritual, but also for his muscular Christianity which he applied when rowdies disturbed his meetings.

The custom of irregular services continued until the year 1842 when the first substantial meeting house was erected on

this hill, some two hundred feet north of this building, standing for fifty years and well remembered by most of you here today. From that time on, preaching was held on certain regular Sundays in each month, and this fact greatly increased the attendance and interest.

This being the first and only Cumberland Presbyterian Church in this section, it naturally drew to its membership, those of that faith who lived at a distance. Among these were the Baker, White, Kinner and Isaac Bell families of Clary's Grove; the Mitchell, Scott and McCoy families from five to ten miles south. The Rev. Berry, Thomas Campbell, Abner Lansden, Daniel Bell, Gilbert Dodds and many others whose names are not recorded, supplied this pulpit during the years from 1842 to 1856.

In addition to church services, an annual camp meeting was established in order to create better and closer relations in the social and religious life of the members, as well as to interest those of the community who were not Christians. A large tabernacle or shed some forty by sixty feet, was erected under which all religious services were held. The campers' tents were all substantial wooden buildings which stood from one camping time to another. These camp meetings were usually held in the late summer when the harvest season was over and the farmer had most leisure. People came from far and near in all sorts of vehicles—some in ox-drawn wagons—and remained on the ground during the meeting. Preachers of all denominations attended these meetings and took part in the services. Among these, were the Rev. J. G. White, James White, Abner Lansden, Gilbert Dodds, H. P. Curry and Rev. Coffee (the last two Baptist), Peter Cartwright (Methodist) and many others.

The date of the *first* camp meeting, is not known. The *last* one was held in 1855. Of this one, I have a distinct recollection. Among those who tented on the grounds, were Rev. James White, Mathias Yoakum's family, Hugh Irwin's family, Isaac Bell, Elihu Bone, Robert Bone, Elihu Scott and David McCoy with their families. It was the custom for the

campers to see that visitors and strangers were cared for—no one went hungry or lacked attention. These meetings continued for ten days or longer, depending on the spiritual interest developed. Many were converted and the church greatly revived. I remember hearing some of the converts shout and praise God for his goodness to them.

In 1856, the Rev. Abner Lansden was commissioned by the Presbytery to reorganize the church as some of the Elders had died and others were in feeble health. A new board consisting of Isaac Bell, Elihu Scott and my father, Robert Bone, was elected and served as long as the members lived. After reorganization, the first minister was employed who lived in the neighborhood and gave all his time to this church—preaching every Sunday. This greatly increased the attendance and interest, especially among those members who lived at a distance. The first resident preacher was the Rev. Robertson from Ohio (salary \$400.00). I remember him for two reasons—he was a short, stocky man with dark hair and a full beard, and he had three pretty daughters. He remained about two years. Then came in succession the Revs. Gilbert Dodds, Thomas Potter, W. C. Bell, Benjamin Watts, Galloway, May, W. Elder, Crawford, Dean, Snider and the Rev. Wilson.

During these years, camp meetings were discontinued and protracted meetings took their place. Usually some minister from another church or a revivalist of especial ability, would be secured to assist and do most of the preaching. At the close of the sermon, an invitation to the unconverted who were interested, to come forward, often resulted in fifteen or twenty doing so. An after service of song and prayer followed and lay members would often be called on to lead in prayer. I remember one in particular—Uncle Billy Hill—who, when he prayed, seemed fairly to reach up to Heaven and take hold of the Throne of God, in his petitions for the conversion of those who were seeking to know the Christ. These meetings resulted in reviving the religious interest among the members and creating a desire among the unconverted to live the better life.

This church has had a steady growth all these years, keeping in the front rank of progress in more ways than one. It promptly agreed to union with the Old School Presbyterian Church thus dropping the word—Cumberland. It erected a new and modern church building, a new parsonage, a sexton's house and otherwise improved the church property. The cemetery has been placed on a permanent financial basis, largely through the efforts of this church, so that the graves of our fathers, shall always grow green. It has also been instrumental in establishing a Community High School, one of the first in this State, known and spoken of far and wide, as the pioneer in providing High School privileges for the rural districts. It has cared, not only for its own interests here at home, but has helped to establish churches at Tallula, Spring Creek, Petersburg and Hickory Grove. To all of these, it has liberally contributed money and members. This kind of work can only come from a community of people who are interested in the common welfare of mankind. So far as I know, there has never been any discord or dissension in this church or community, but all have pulled together for the better and higher things of life. For these reasons you are to be congratulated and encouraged to go forward to greater deeds in the years to come, and prove to the world that the faith of our fathers was justified.

My first recollection of going to meeting, located me in the "Amen Corner" where I was expected to sit still for an hour or more and be able to repeat the text when I got home. The preacher would begin the service by announcing a hymn, reading it first then lining it out, two lines at a time—the congregation singing—then two more lines and so on to the end. The reason for this was the lack of song books. Either William Bone or Campbell Dodds led the singing and later Thomas Bone led as long as he lived here. To "raise the tune," the leader used a tuning fork for as yet the "War Department" had not been organized. Evening services were announced for "early candle lighting" as candles in tin

holders attached to the window casings and two candles on the pulpit, furnished the light.

It was also the custom at that time, not only in this church but in all other churches, for the men to sit on one side of the church and the women on the other. My Uncle William Bone was the first one to change that custom by sitting with his family and helping to care for his little folks. This caused some remarks at first but others soon followed his example. Who the first young man was that had the courage to sit with his girl in church, I am not sure but think it was either Uncle Newt Purvines or Uncle Tom Yoakum. His example encouraged the attendance of the young folks at church.

The personnel of this church and community as I remember it, may be of interest. The Rev. John M. Berry, whose house still stands on the old homesite, was easily the first citizen of this community which he served as long as he lived here. His remains now lie in this church yard. Then follow Calvin Perce, Peter Conover, John Ebersolt, Jacob Swingle, Rev. Gilbert Dodds, George Helstern, John Lang, Campbell Dodds, Tarleton Lloyd—who lived to be a hundred years old—Aaron Houghton, whose son, C. W. Houghton, is now an Elder in this church, Uncle Johnny Small—a fine Bible student—Enos Osborne, represented here today by his youngest daughter, Mrs. A. G. Nance; Abram Golden, Elijah Cogdal, Mathias Yoakum who served as an Elder as long as he lived and whose youngest son, Thomas, is still active in church work; Michael Keltner, Enoch Primm, Jesse Whitlow, Isaac Cogdal whose son Dick is with us today. Then come Hickory Houghton—a man among men—represented by his grandsons, the Hurie boys and their father—John S. Hurie, all working for this church and community; Jonah Combs, Elihu Bone—who united with this church in 1824 and served as an Elder for many years. His youngest son, Eliphalet L. Bone, lived in this community most of his life. His three sons are members of the Presbyterian church; Wm. F. and Thomas P. Bone were active members of this church as long as they lived in

this community. Thomas P. served as Deacon and S. S. Supt. for many years; Jacob Schnapp, the oldest Elder now living, is still in the harness; Hugh Irwin served as an Elder until his death in 1854; Elias Stout's sons and daughters are active members today;; Henry Colby—one of the oldest living members and still interested in church work; his wife—Mary (Bone) Colby—was the devoted friend of the children—all of whom loved “Aunt Mary;” Robert S. Bone was a faithful worker in this church and served as an Elder from 1856 until his death in 1888 when his youngest son, Robert E. was elected and thus continued the active connection of the Bone family with this church for ninety-eight consecutive years.

This community has always been loyal to the flag and has given its sons in its defense. The Honor Roll is a long one and will be found in the church history by Alice Keach Bone, recently published.

The following Civil war veterans are with us today—John Purkapile, John Ebersolt, Monroe Small, Thomas Yoakum and John Cogdal—the first two were severely wounded in the battle of Stone River.

The world has made wonderful progress in all lines of endeavor during the life of this church. From the tallow candle to the electric light—from hand loom to the modern mill with its 10,000 spindles—from the canal boat to the limited express—from the ox wagon to the automobile—from the three masted schooner to the grand Majestic—956 feet long, carrying 5,000 passengers and crossing the Atlantic in five days instead of five weeks or longer. The telegraph, the telephone, wireless telegraphy and photography, the radio (most wonderful of all) the X-ray and marvelous advances in surgery—all these are the offspring of the century just past.

In the religious world, thought has become more liberal; sectarianism and narrow creeds are passing away and all Christians are coming to realize that there is but one Christ.

Sixty-two years ago, March 11th, 1860, Miss Frances Pierce, granddaughter of Rev. John M. Berry, William Baker of Tallula and myself were accepted as members of this

church. Very naturally it has always been home to me and I am glad to be at home this Centennial day to see and know that you still "hold the fort" and propose to follow it out on this line as long as you live.

God grant that the Rock Creek Presbyterian Church shall continue to grow in strength and influence as the years roll on.

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE KANE BAPTIST CHURCH

By ANNA K. WILLIAMS.

The Kane Baptist Church of Kane, Greene County, Ill., celebrated its Centennial Anniversary with a three days program on November 2, 3 and 4, 1923.

The Carrollton Patriot in the account of the anniversary gave the following: "The celebration was one of the biggest things of the year in Greene County and reflected credit upon the village of Kane, the church people, and especially upon those who planned and carried it out."

On Friday evening, November 2nd, an original pageant, "Progress of Religion in America in Early Days," was given.

Fifty persons took part in it. The pageant was in three parts. The first representing Puritan Worship and gave the landing of the Pilgrims, their dealings with the Indians, their home life and worship in the home. The opening tableau was "Liberty," the daring spirit which guided the Pilgrims to their new home, impersonated by Mrs. Mary Pope Greene, a granddaughter of Samuel Pope, one of the first deacons.

In the second part was shown the intolerance which drove Roger Williams, pioneer Baptist, one of the characters, from Massachusetts and to found the colony of Rhode Island where he organized the first Baptist Church in the new world.

The final scene was most interesting because of its local character. It represented an old church scene. On the platform, divided in two sections, were the old benches of a pioneer church. The men sitting on one side, the women on the other, and all dressed in old time costume. Rev. R. T. Gasaway of Carlinville, Ill., a former pastor impersonated Moses Lemen, one of the first preachers in the old church. A regular church meeting was held, every part being taken from the old records which are in the custody of the present clerk. A clerk read the minutes of the 3rd Saturday in Au-

gust, 1831, and the list of subscriptions also the plans and specifications for building the first church which was completed in May, 1838.

One representing a deacon, presented a set of nine queries regarding Christian conduct, dated Feb. 17, 1839. Some of them were: 1. Will the church fellowship such of its members as attend balls, dancing parties, horse racing or card playing? Decided in the negative. 2. In what would the church recommend the observance of the Lord's Day? Ans. The church recommended a strict observance of the day, to keep it holy to God by prayer, reading the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments and attending public worship.

8. What would the church recommend respecting its members making too free use of ardent spirits? Ans. They ought to be dealt with as the case demands.

Several who sat in that representation of the old church business meeting were descendants of the pioneer members, a great granddaughter of Moses Lemen, a grandson and great granddaughter of Jehu Brown at whose home the church was organized. After the pageant Rev. Gasaway gave an address on "Present Day Religion."

A beautiful memorial service "The Temple Gate" was given Saturday night for those who have passed beyond. A soloist sang, "Open the Gates of the Temple" and in the background of the stage a row of girls dressed in white representing the Gates swung open, admitting the reader, who recited the following poem written by Dr. E. W. Fenity a son of Mrs. Helen Fenity who was a member of the church for seventy years.

Out before me steals a vision, that to me brings wondrous
cheer,
For I see together gathered gleanings of an hundred years;
Those who long since departed, those more recently who'd
gone
To a home of life eternal, in God's presence near His throne.

Through the gates of pearly brightness, mid the flowers
eternal glow,
I see gathered friends we've cherished, yes, have loved and
longed for so.
Darling mother, precious picture! See her standing near the
Throne,
Hoping, with a heart of yearning, that her boy will wander
home.

Father, mother, sister, brother, all in God's celestial band,
Waiting, lovingly, to greet us as we cross the Golden Strand;
Just a few more days of living, but a short while here below,
And the touch of death will banish all our troubles, every woe.

Let us then press forward bravely, trusting Christ whate'er
may come,
For our journey's end is nearing, and our race is well nigh
run!
And we soon will reach that Haven, on the bright celestial
shore,
Where, united with our loved ones, all the parting will be o'er.

A duet "In the Garden" was sung and a prayer of consecration was offered by Rev. W. H. Dickman, pastor from 1905 to 1908. A quartet then sang the old hymn "The Home of the Soul." A sermon was given that evening by Rev. D. C. Blunt of Monon, Ind., pastor from 1909 to 1911.

Sunday was the day of the anniversary services. Rev. Dickman of Plano, Ill., gave the morning sermon on the subject "The Foundation of the Church." The roll call followed and at noon lunch was served.

In the afternoon Dr. E. P. Brand of Normal, Ill., historian and secretary Permanent Funds and State Convention Properties, delivered the anniversary address. He spoke of the great work of the Lemen family in the early days of Illinois.

Kane church was organized by Joseph Lemen and Jno. Clark. Moses Lemen preached for the church for several

years. Dr. Brand said, "There are two homes in Illinois that ought to be as sacred to Illinois Baptists as the homes of Bunyan and Carey are to the English Baptists. One is the home of James Lemen Sr. in which was organized the first Baptist church and the first non-Catholic church in Illinois.

James Lemen and his sons were noted in more ways than simply for being Baptist preachers." Dr. Brand made the positive statement "That if James Lemen had never lived or if he had never come to the Northwest Territory, Illinois would have been a slave state and possibly Indiana." A history of the church was read at the afternoon service by the clerk.

Kane Baptist Church, the third oldest church in the Illinois Baptist State Convention was organized on the third day of November, 1823, by Elders John Clark and Joseph Lemen in the home of Judge Jehu Brown in Greene County as the Macoupin Baptist Church of Christ, Friends to Humanity." The constituent members were Joseph White, Enoch Bachus, Wm. Johnson, Lydia Johnson, Major Dodson, Amy Dodson, Penelope Brown. This body the second year after its organization appears in the minutes of the Friends of Humanity with 46 members.

In 1871 the present church building was erected in the new village of Kane, one-half mile from where the first building stood. It has been several times enlarged and repaired. The present membership is 175 and present officers are Rev. R. E. Carney, pastor; Anna K. Williams, clerk. Several visitors attended the celebration, among whom were, Mrs. Dell McClure of Carlinville, Ill., a granddaughter of Moses Lemen. Chas. K. McClure of St. Louis, a great grandson of the famous preacher, Wilkinson Jones of Kane, a great, great grandson who also took part in the pageant.

SOME NOTES ON THE FOUNDERS OF THE PRESBY- TERIAN CHURCH AND THE OTHER PIONEERS OF THORN GROVE*

By EDWARD CALDWELL of New York City.

The story of the pioneer settlement of the West is filled with thrilling romance, and in that great empire we now know as the Mississippi Valley there can be found no more romantic stories than those that cluster about Northern Illinois and the shores of Lake Michigan. Here the early French explorers—Marquette, Joliet, LaSalle, Tonti, and the Jesuit missionaries—on their long journeys between Canada and the Great River, passed back and forth in their frail canoes along the Kankakee, the Desplaines and other neighboring rivers within a few miles of what was afterwards Thorn Grove. The stories of their early travels, of the simple Indian life of the whole region, of the wild game abounding everywhere, of the trails that led across prairie and through forest—deep trodden by both Indian and buffalo, of the fur traders who were the first real white settlers in the country—these are more thrilling by far than the stories of the later and more modern times. But all of these are but the background of the story that interests us today—the settlements of 1830 to 1840 in which our forefathers took part.

It is cause for profound regret that we have so little direct and definite knowledge of the ancestral homes of this group of Scotch-Irish families that formed such an important part of the Thorn Grove colony, or of the reasons that impelled them to leave those homes and come to America. It would be interesting to have some of our grandfathers or grandmothers sit down with us today and tell us of the homes they left in Scotland and Ireland or other parts of Europe nearly a century ago, of the long voyages in sailing

* A Paper read at the celebration of the Eightieth Anniversary of the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago Heights, Ill., December, 1923.
"Thorn Grove" is now Chicago Heights, Cook County, Illinois.

ships to ports in the United States and Canada, of the reasons—religious, political or economic—that forced them to leave their homes across the sea, stopping for a time in Canada or elsewhere in their westward journeys, until they gathered as a colony of farmers about Thorn Grove as a centre. But we shall have to content ourselves with such fragments of the almost forgotten story as we can gather from many scattered sources.

As you already know our forefathers whom we honor today came into this western country from Canada and elsewhere in the decade from 1830 to 1840. There then seems to have been a cessation of new settlers, probably owing to the "hard times" of the later thirties, until a new influx from various directions began about 1844 and lasted for about five or more years. This brought the Caskey, Fleming, Pickens, Holbrook, Little, Orr and Morris families. Originally and until 1850 Bloom was a part of the Thornton Precinct, which included the townships of Thornton, Bloom and Rich. The first election in Bloom Township was held on April 2, 1850, at the Samuel Sloan schoolhouse. The name of the village had previously been changed in 1849 from Thorn Grove to Bloom. In 1829 and 1830 Chicago was first surveyed and plotted into village lots and on March 4, 1837, it was incorporated as a city. Its population was then about 4,000, and that of Cook County in 1840 was only about 10,000. The first post office was established in Chicago in 1831 when the mail was received once in two weeks from Niles, Mich.

In 1824 Gurdon S. Hubbard, an early fur trader of this region, extended his path or track over which his ponies carried their packs of furs and other goods, from Danville to Chicago. This was long known as "Hubbard's Trail" and was later followed by the State Commissioners as the route for the state highway, from Vincennes to Chicago, passing through the present towns of Hoopeston, Momence, Crete, Chicago Heights, Homewood, and Blue Island. Through Chicago Heights this is now Chicago Road. It was over this primitive trail that Hubbard made his thrilling ride in 1828—

a veritable ride of Paul Revere of the Prairies—from Chicago to Danville to summon help to protect the settlers in Chicago from the threatening attacks of the Winnebago Indians. Leaving Chicago at five in the afternoon he rode through driving rain, reaching Danville at noon the next day, gave the alarm, called for volunteers, and in a few days was back at Fort Dearborn with a guard of 100 men. On this famous trail was located the log house in which this church was organized, and a few years later the first church building was built by the side of the same road on land donated by John McEldowney.

The historical sketch of the church published twenty years ago on the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of its organization gives a brief list of the charter members and a reference to the log house in which the church was organized. Of the 25 who joined at the first meeting, 22 belonged to four related pioneer families—Wallace, McEldowney, Caldwell and Hood. Seven of the 22 belonged to the elder generation and 15 were their children. These four families and their descendants and relatives by marriage made up a large part of the membership for 50 years and the names are still familiar ones in the church and town records.

THE FOUR FOUNDER FAMILIES

Let us first trace the make-up and intimate relationships of these four families, and imagine if we can the gathering made up of nearly thirty people in the front rooms of that log house on an early winter day of 80 years ago. At one end of one of the rooms was the big fireplace always found in such houses. The pioneer furniture was probably meagre as well as plain. The blue china of our grandmothers' days and the pewter plates and mugs were probably ranged in shining rows in convenient cupboards; and the much used spinning wheel for making the family's supply of woolen yarn, must have been a prominent part of the household equipment. This wheel which came from Ireland with the Caldwell family is still in existence, after use by at least three generations. The ages of various members of the company are given so

that we may form a better picture of the group; and the present day connections I have mentioned will have an interest for the church membership of today. The four families were:

1. *The McEldowney Family*, consisting of John McEldowney, Sr., and Martha (Caldwell) McEldowney, his wife, aged respectively 59 and 58 years, and seven of their nine children, whose ages in 1843 are also given: John, Jr. (32), Jane (29), James (27), Thomas (22), Rosanna (21), Catherine (19), and Martha (16). The eldest two were already married—John Jr. to Ann Wallace, and Jane to Robert Wallace, a brother of Ann. This family has always been a prominent and honored one in the community and many of its descendants have been and still are members of the church. John, Jr. was Andrew McEldowney's father; Jane was Mrs. Robert Wallace, Mrs. Joseph Caldwell's mother; James was the grandfather of Miss Edna McEldowney; Thomas was the father of Mrs. Kelley and Miss Rose McEldowney; and Martha married the first pastor, Rev. John W. Morrison, and resided at the northwest corner of Chicago Road and Twenty-sixth street, where Andrew McEldowney has lived for many years.

2. *The Wallace Family*, consisting of Mrs. Elizabeth (McEldowney) Wallace, the mother, then 63 years old, and her three children: Robert (then aged 33), John (31), and Ann (29). Mr. Wallace, the father, died in Ireland before the family left there in 1832, and Mrs. Wallace lived alternately with her three children. She was a sister of John McEldowney, Sr. As already stated Robert and Ann had married into the McEldowney family. Robert married Jane McEldowney in Vermont in 1832 and resided in Canada until 1836, and Ann married John McEldowney, Jr. in 1836, after coming to Thorn Grove. The golden wedding of this couple in 1886 is still a distinct recollection of many of us. John Wallace married Rosanna Jack, and one of their sons, David Wallace, is still an officer of the church. The old Robert Wallace homestead is still standing on Chicago Road on its original site.

3. *The Caldwell Family*, consisting of Joseph Caldwell and Dorothy (Jack) Caldwell, his wife, aged at that time respectively 58 and 54 years, and four of their eight children: James (then aged 28), Archibald (23), Thomas (19), and Elizabeth (17). Joseph Caldwell was a brother of Martha (Caldwell) McEldowney above, and Dorothy (Jack) Caldwell was a sister of Mrs. Rosanna (Jack) Hood mentioned below under the Hood family. James and Archibald lived for many years on Chicago Road, south of Twenty-sixth street. Each has a son still living, one (James) in Elgin and William (son of Archibald) in Long Beach, Cal. Thomas, like his brothers, was a farmer, and lived until his death in 1881 on a farm now owned by Mr. Thomas at the turn of the Dixie Highway north of the town. Elizabeth married Wm. Caskey and their only daughter Eliza was the wife of Samuel Young, the second pastor of the church. She is still living and resides in Atlanta, Ga.

4. *The Hood Family*, consisting of Samuel Hood and Rosanna (Jack) Hood, his wife, who were then 57 and 48 years of age respectively, and Ann Hood, one of their two daughters. The Hood family came to America from the north of Ireland in 1837 and settled first in Butler County, Pa., removing to Thorn Grove in 1842. They were married in Ireland in 1829. The Hood homestead was a small log house on a 40-acre farm adjoining that of Thomas Caldwell on the north, now a part of the Thomas farm, 2 miles north of Chicago Heights on Chicago Road. Samuel Hood died at the home of Thomas Caldwell in October, 1872. Mrs. Rosanna (Jack) Hood was a sister of Dorothy (Jack) Caldwell, the wife of Joseph Caldwell. Ann Hood married James Campbell and lived in the neighborhood all her life. Her only sister, Rosanna, who was but 11 years old when the church was organized, afterwards married Thomas Caldwell.

From these detailed family statistics it appears that of the seven founders who were heads of families, six belonged to three families; John McEldowney, Sr. and his sister Elizabeth (McEldowney) Wallace; Joseph Caldwell and his sister Mar-

tha (Caldwell) McEldowney; Dorothy (Jack) Caldwell and her sister Rosanna (Jack) Hood.

Of these 22 charter members, of the four related families, all were born in the north of Ireland, in County Tyrone, with the possible exception of Elizabeth Caldwell. She was born Dec. 7, 1826, probably in Canada, although I could find no record of her birth or baptism at the court house in Sherbrooke, Que., when I made a search in August, 1922. I did find, however, the record of her sister Martha (afterwards Mrs. James Orr) who was born in Canada in 1828, and another sister Dorothy (afterwards Mrs. James Brisbane), born in 1831. Another interesting fact is that all but two of these 22 charter members were buried in the Presbyterian cemetery. The two exceptions were Catherine McEldowney, who married Stewart Eakin and removed many years ago to Oregon; and Martha McEldowney who married the Rev. John W. Morrison. In her life she resided with her daughter, Helen Brown, at Epping, N. H.

It is a matter of regret that we have no information about the other three charter members who did not belong to these four families—Robert and Margery Glenney and John Beckley.

THE LOG HOUSE AND ITS BUILDER

Let us also trace briefly the earlier and later history of the house in which the church was organized. We are told that the first and organization meeting was held in the log house of Joseph Caldwell, which we know was located south of 28th street on the east side of Chicago Road. Some of the present members of the church may remember it very well. As it was the home of my grandmother until I was nine years old, I have myself a distinct recollection of it although in my boyhood days it has been improved by a frame house built in front of it,* and a part of the log house which was only one

* The date of this frame addition is uncertain, but it was built during the lifetime of Joseph Caldwell. He died there in 1880 leaving his widow, Dorothy (Jack) Caldwell, and one unmarried daughter, who was her mother's namesake. This daughter, in 1861, married James W. Brisbane and the Brisbanes made the old homestead their home until 1870. The house was afterward occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Alex Buchanan (still living in Crete); George Miller and wife; and Wm. Dawson and family.

story high and contained two living rooms, a pantry and two small bed rooms, became a sort of rear annex to the new house. About 1885 the log house was demolished, and the frame part moved a few rods to the north, remodeled and made to do service as a barn. On the old site a new house was then built by Archibald Caldwell in which he lived until his death in 1891 and which was occupied by his widow, Mrs. Annie (Millar) Caldwell, until her death in June, 1900. This house, now owned by Mr. Helfrick, is known as No. 2833 Chicago Road, and is still standing on the site of the original log house, and the frame successor of the log house is still in use as a barn, but the last of the log house itself disappeared, as already stated, about 1885.

Who built the original log house and when it was built are interesting inquiries. Joseph Caldwell and family arrived from Canada in the summer or early fall of 1838. According to the records of the General Land Office in Washington and at Springfield, Ill., the quarter section of land on which this log house stood was brought from the Government on Sept. 25, 1838, by Addy Vannest and the deed, after nearly three years, was made out to him on May 20, 1841. I am informed by the Chicago Title and Trust Company, however, that it passed by private sale to Joseph Caldwell on Sept. 26, 1838, the day after its purchase by Addy Vannest, and it is quite probable that the Caldwell family took possession at once.

The receipt for \$200.00 given to Mr. Vannest by the Land Office in Chicago in 1838, and which was later exchanged for a deed, is still on file in Washington and it contains the statement that the land was bought under the "Preemption Act of June 22, 1838."** Now if Mr. Vannest, in his purchase of Sept. 25, 1838, could meet the requirements of the Preemption Act, he must have lived upon this quarter section at

** This fact is historically important as that Act provides "that every actual settler of the public lands, being the head of a family, or over 21 years of age, who was in possession and a housekeeper, by personal residence thereon, at the time of the passage of this Act, and for four months next preceding, shall be entitled to all the benefits and privileges "of the Act of May 23, 1830," which gave the settler the right to buy not more than 160 acres, to include his improvements, at \$1.25 per acre.

least as early as Feb., 1838, and he might have been the builder of the log house. But we are not left in doubt about these facts, for Mr. Vannest's original affidavit † made on Sept. 22, 1838, in Chicago, fortunately is also still on file in Washington and from this it is quite certain that the log house was built by him in 1837 or earlier.

The date of the deed to Addy Vannest is likely to lead to an unwarranted conclusion as to the time he occupied the land. It appears from the records that, owing perhaps to legal delays in the Land Office, no deeds to any of the early purchasers in Thorn Grove were issued at any earlier date than May 20, 1841 and that on that date practically all of the early purchasers received their deeds.

OTHER EARLY SETTLERS

The records also disclose some interesting facts about the other early settlers and neighbors of these founders of the Presbyterian church. The entry by Addy Vannest was the second purchase from the Government in what is now Bloom Township. The first purchase was by Adam Brown (Mrs. Fremont Holbrook's father) made earlier in the same month, on Sept. 8, 1838, and included the quarter section adjoining the Vannest entry on the south. The Brown entry was at the intersection of the north and south road from Chicago to Vincennes, (already referred to), and the old Indian highway, known as the Sauk Trail that stretched east and west across the country from Black Hawk's village near Rock Island, around the end of Lake Michigan, and on to Malden in Canada. Nearly all of the earlier entries of Government land in this section were located along or near these two highways, which to this day maintain their preeminence

† This document of which I have a copy asserts: "That he is the head of a family, which family consists of a wife and seven children, that he came into possession of the tract above described some time previous to the Twenty-second day of February, 1838, and that he has continued to remain in possession of it from that period till the date of this affidavit, that some time previous to the said 22nd day of February, 1838, this deponent built a dwelling house upon the said land, that he was a housekeeper and in possession by personal residence therein with his aforesaid family on the twenty-second day of February, 1838, and has so continued to live with his family in said house on said tract of land to the date of this affidavit."

as thoroughfares and are now firmly fixed in the nation's history under the names of the Lincoln and Dixie highways, of which, with somewhat changed locations, they form a part. In 1838 these were the only two roads in the township. The Government land surveys of this and neighboring townships were made in the summer of 1834 and the surveyor's maps show no other highways in Bloom Township.

Besides the Brown and Vannest entries thirteen others purchased their farms in Bloom Township under the same Preemption Act of June 22, 1838, and were therefore required to make affidavit that they had taken up their residence on the land which they purchased, at least as early as Feb. 22, 1838, four months prior to the passage of the Preemption Act. This Act enabled them to purchase without competition the land on which they had already made some improvements and acquired what were known as "squatters' rights." These thirteen others were: Absolom Wells, John McEldowney, Hiram Rowley, Robert Wallace, Thos. Forrester, Mehetable Crary, James Burton, David Crandall, Benjamin Butterfield, Hiram Wood, Jacob Haviland, Samuel Sloan, and H. H. Ayer. A member of the Butterfield family became a member of the church shortly after the organization. Their entry was on land which now is part of the Idlewild Golf Club grounds.

The first public auction land sale after these preemption claimants were satisfied, was held in Chicago on Nov. 29, 1838, and on this date no less than 35 farms were bought by the early settlers, many of whose names are still familiar. They included John D. and Job Campbell (on what is now the Glenwood School Farm), John Wallace, Chas. Sauter, Joseph Claus, Timothy Smith, John McCoy, and many others. Theoretically the land was sold to the highest bidder at not less than \$1.25 per acre, but there must have been a well understood gentleman's agreement among these pioneers not to enter into any competitive bidding, for not a single acre in Bloom Township yielded to the Government more than a minimum price of \$1.25 until after 1850.

CHICAGO CHURCH ORGANIZED BY REV. J. W. MORRISON

It is recorded in the Historical Sketch of this church that the Rev. John W. Morrison was installed as pastor on May 3, 1845, having previously preached in the neighborhood when acting as a prairie missionary. I find some facts of local interest to present-day members in Andreas' "History of Chicago" in connection with the story of the organization of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Chicago. That church was organized on Sept. 23, 1845 with nine members, one of whom was Samuel James, who was in later years a farmer between Homewood and Thornton, where Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie now live, and was a regular attendant at the Bloom church. The author says of the organization of the Chicago church: "This was the result of efforts which originated during the preceding spring when Rev. John Morrison, who was located in the vicinity of Chicago, preached a number of sermons in this city." Mr. Morrison officiated at the first communion on November 30, 1845 and among other new members were David Hood, (the father of James Hood, now living in Chicago Heights); Maria Hood, his wife; and Mrs. Samuel James, who was a sister of Matthew Black.

PREVIOUS RESIDENCE IN CANADA

I have said that these families of the church founders all came from County Tyrone, in the North of Ireland. The first move was made to Ascot and Compton townships in Sherbrooke County, Province of Quebec, about 25 miles from the north boundary of Vermont. The Jacks emigrated to this new country in 1825; the Caldwells in 1826; and the Wallaces and McEldowneys in 1832. In Ascot township in those days was the small village of Lennoxville containing about 20 houses and 120 inhabitants. Three miles from Lennoxville was Sherbrooke, the county seat, then the chief town in that section and containing about 75 houses and 350 inhabitants. These emigrants who afterwards came to Thorn Grove, so far as we know, were all farmers and they located about two miles and more south from Lennoxville, and five or more from

Sherbrooke. My wife and I had the pleasure of visiting this locality in the summer of 1922, driving from Burlington, Vermont, to Sherbrooke in a single afternoon, something over 120 miles, over at least a part of the same road that our forefathers traveled when setting out on their slow journey to Illinois, 85 years ago. They did not travel in swift automobiles but probably on foot, with ox-drawn conveyances to carry their few household goods and the women and children. They journeyed to Burlington and Lake Champlain, where they took the canal boat to Buffalo, and lake steamer to Chicago, although some of the younger men, including John McEldowney, Jr., who had preceded the heads of families, are said to have walked from Detroit to Chicago.

A ride about the Sherbrooke and Lennoxville country is of absorbing interest and easily stimulates the imagination as to just where our forefathers lived, what they did and where if at all they attended school. I could find but meagre traces of their residence in that country. Near Lennoxville is still a small stream called the Jack Brook, and the neighborhood tradition is that the Jack family lived near its mouth, and that the head of the family, James Jack, owned and operated a saw mill a short distance up stream. A few miles south, in Compton township, is a farm of 100 acres that John McEldowney bought in July, 1832, and sold on October 24, 1835. At the Court House in Sherbrooke are still on file and easily accessible a few of the records of births, marriages, and deaths of members of the Jack, Caldwell and Wallace families. These vital records were all made and returned to the civil authorities by the ministers of the Church of England, who seem to have been the only clergymen available for marriages, baptisms and funerals. Statistics of 1832 show that the township of Ascot at that time had three protestant churches (undoubtedly all Church of England), three schools, two corn mills and three saw mills. The Canadian farmer then produced almost entirely for his own consumption—soap, candles, flax for linen, wool, shoes or moccasins, corn, and other food, including meat.

The country thereabouts 85 years ago, according to all reports was covered with a heavy growth of timber—beech, maple, pine, basswood and oak. Most of this timber has disappeared, but many fields still show the tell-tale stumps. We can readily imagine that the young men of the McEldowney, Caldwell, Wallace and Jack families did not like so much wood chopping as fell to their lot in that timbered country and persuaded the whole colony to migrate to the open prairies. It is likely too that the completion of the canal from Lake Champlain to the Hudson River at about that time, making it possible to go from Burlington, Vermont, to Chicago by water, was a contributing cause of the emigration to Illinois. In 1835 to 1838, when the move was made from Canada, there was a great boom in westward migration due to the extinction of the Indian land titles after the Black Hawk war in 1832, and the subsequent opening of the Illinois prairies by the government to safe and profitable settlement at \$1.25 per acre. Sherbrooke is now a big and thriving manufacturing city of perhaps 25 or 30 thousand, and Lennoxville, 3 miles down the St. Francis River, is a small town of about 2500. The towns and country look prosperous and contented. The country is rolling and rather hilly along the rivers. The main roads are good and the farms and farm buildings look modern. I saw a few of the old rail fences—remnants and reminders of the country's timber days, but I did not see a single old building in that part of Canada that had been in existence since the days when our people and other early settlers built their log houses there. The country has changed completely both in appearance and in products.

JANE (MOREHEAD) CALDWELL, THE OLDEST MEMBER OF THE FIRST
COLONY

But I cannot close these random notes on a subject in which I have taken such a deep interest, without a word of appreciation of a woman who, although not a charter member, must have been the most interesting and highly respected member of this group of related families. Residing in the

Joseph Caldwell family at the time the church was organized in their log house was Mr. Caldwell's mother, Jane (Morehead) Caldwell, then 86 years old. She was also the mother of Mrs. Martha (Caldwell) McEldowney, and was the grandmother of eleven of the charter members, as well as the maternal ancestor of all of the families of the sixteen McEldowney and Caldwell children who married and almost without exception settled on neighboring farms. The heads of these sixteen families, many of whose descendants still belong to this church and congregation, were: John, James and Thomas McEldowney; James, Archibald, Thomas and John Caldwell; Robert Wallace, James Orr, Wm. Caskey, John Hewes, John Millar, Rev. John W. Morrison, James W. Brisbane, John S. Little and Stewart Eakin. This woman's husband, James Caldwell, died in Ireland and she lived with her daughter, Martha McEldowney, until that family came to America in 1832. She came to Canada with them but thereafter lived with her son Joseph, but in Canada and in Thorn Grove. So far as I know she was the only one of her generation in these families who came to America. She was born in Ireland in 1757 and was, therefore, 75 years old when she came to Canada with the McEldowneys in 1832, and 81 when she made the journey to Illinois with the Caldwells in 1838. She died at the age of "89 years and 5 months" on July 14, 1846; and one of her great grand-children, born before she died, is still living and a member of this church. The lives of these two women, therefore, have already spanned the unusual period of 166 years, nearly one-tenth of the Christian Era. This great grandmother of so many of us, who was undoubtedly present at the organization of this church and who is buried in the church cemetery, was born at a date which seems to us in the far distant past, almost before our modern history began. George II was still king of England. It was about 20 years before the American Revolution and the Declaration of Independence. George Washington was still a young man, blazing a trail through the primeval forests of the Allegheny Mountains to what was then the wilderness of

the Mississippi Valley. This valley itself with all of Canada was then under the rule of France; and it was while this woman was a babe in arms that Wolfe and Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham, near Quebec, decided the long contest that wrested the control of this vast colonial empire from France, and placed the whole of the eastern Mississippi Basin, including the future State of Illinois, under the domain of Great Britain. It was 26 years after she was born that the great valley, in which she was to pass the closing days of her life, was again transferred by the fortunes of war from the English Crown to the American Colonies by the Treaty of Paris in 1783. Within this period, therefore, since that far distant birthday of Jane Morehead, the territory which is now the State of Illinois and Cook County, has been successively under three flags—the lillies of France, the Union Jack of the British Empire and the Stars and Stripes.

Well might the numerous descendants of this woman, who watched over so many of our parents and grandparents, erect a suitable monument to her memory!

NINIAN EDWARDS.

By W. G. NORTON.

In an address of this kind, no one can pretend to do more than sketch briefly a life that was so full of activity and so varied as that of Ninian Edwards. He was born during that period of foment that immediately preceded the American Revolution. The time of his birth was a little more than a year before the colonies declared themselves for independence and only a month before that first conflict in which, as Emerson has described it, "was fired the shot heard round the world."

His parents and ancestors were politically and socially affluent both in Montgomery County, Maryland, where Ninian was born and in the National Capital.

Benjamin Edwards, his father, was active in local government and represented his district in the legislature, where, though hampered by extreme diffidence, he occasionally displayed flashes of the fine qualities of oratory and statesmanship that were later exhibited by his son.

The domestic training of Ninian Edwards was of such a nature as to give his mind, strength and firmness and training in honorable principles. And in his home a good foundation was made for the elevated character to which he afterwards attained. His education was such as ample means can secure, when aroused by a desire to succeed and excel on the part of the student. He attended a select school that was maintained for a period in Montgomery County. He was a fellow school mate with William Wirt, who was afterwards Attorney General of the United States. William Wirt was two years older than Ninian Edwards. He seemed possessed of an academic frame of mind and was soon advanced to a position as instructor and Ninian Edwards attended his school as a student; but the relation was more than that of teacher and pupil. Their friendship commenced when Wirt was about

15 years of age and developed into a sort of brotherly affection that was unbroken during their lives. Later, young Edwards was instructed by private tutors, and when fully prepared, he was sent to Dickinson College at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. When he finished college, he took up the study of law. At that time, a law student was required to spend one-half of his time in study of history but Ninian Edwards had been so well instructed in this branch by his father that no further instruction was required. So the time that he was supposed to devote to the study of history, he applied to acquiring a knowledge of medicine. So proficient did he become that during his early life, he was only slightly less eminent in that branch of science than he was in the field of law.

By the time that young Edwards was approaching his majority, most of the differences existing between England and the colonies had been adjusted so that the real field of activity and development lay in the west. At the age of 19, and before he had completed the study of law, he removed to Nelson County in Kentucky. He was equipped by his father with the means of acquiring lands and developing estates in what was then the extreme western part of the country. During a period of two or three years following his removal to Kentucky, he did a thing which was not entirely unexpected in view of the times and the circumstances that surrounded him. He gave way to excesses and indulged in dissipation. But it may be said that, in spite of the dissipation of the frontier that surrounded him and in which he seemed to be effectively caught, he retained a nice sense of honor and the results of his early training did not lose their hold upon his mind. During this time, he was professedly engaged in legal studies and his habits did not prevent his election to the legislature of Kentucky as a representative of Nelson County before he had quite attained the age of 21. And he discharged his duties in that capacity so well that he was re-elected in the subsequent year by an almost unanimous vote. In 1798, he was licensed to practice law in Kentucky and in

the following year, he was admitted to practice in the courts of Tennessee.

At about the age of 22, Ninian Edwards was facing this condition: He had squandered his patrimony, impaired his health and disappointed his friends through his excessive indulgence in gambling and other vices. With finances depleted, he removed from Nelson to Logan County and commenced a reformation that was destined to be highly successful. He never again repeated this unfortunate experience of his early life and always referred to it as one would who had been delivered from imminent peril and perhaps destruction. He devoted himself almost exclusively to the practice of law and in the next four years, he not only attained eminence in the practice of law but also amassed a considerable fortune. It is interesting to note that at this time, in writing to his father he stated the success he had had, and promised that his father should never again have occasion to hear of him as "a young man of fine talents but extremely dissipated." In the same letter, he told his father that it was his intention, because of the condition of his health to take a position in the judiciary as soon as an opportunity presented itself.

The opportunity soon came and he filled in succession the office of presiding judge of the General Court, Circuit Judge, 4th Judge of the Court of Appeals and Chief Justice of Kentucky, all before he was 32 years.

In 1809 the territory of Illinois was formed and Ninian Edwards was appointed by President Madison to govern that vast space of territory.* William Wirt wrote to Edwards at the time this appointment was offered. He stated that he had been asked by the President as to the qualifications of Edwards for this post and while his recommendation could only be the best, Wirt stated that he hoped Edwards would not see fit to desert his high position in the judiciary as chief justice of Kentucky. Nevertheless, Edwards accepted and removed his family to Kaskaskia. This position, he filled until 1818 when the state was admitted to the union. He was the first and

* Ninian Wirt Edwards. *History of Illinois, 1778, and Life and Times of Ninian Edwards*, p. 242.

only territorial governor of Illinois. There was also imposed upon him the burden of superintending the Indian affairs. His task was further burdened by the hostility of the Indian tribes during the second war with Great Britain in 1812. He was one of the American commissioners that promulgated the treaty with the Indians in 1815 at a point on the Mississippi in Madison County below Alton. In the same year, the capital of Madison County was laid out and was named after Governor Edwards, the territorial governor.

During the time that he was territorial governor, Ninian Edwards acquired further estates in Illinois. He was also a merchant and built large tanneries. To these businesses, he gave as much of his personal attention as his official duties would permit, doing most of the buying, and stocking the stores that he had established.

In 1818, Illinois was admitted to the union and Governor Edwards (together with Jesse B. Thomas), was elected a United States Senator by the General Assembly. Although there seems to have been some opposition, he was re-elected to the Senate at the expiration of his first term.

In 1824, Governor Edwards was appointed Minister to Mexico by President Monroe. He resigned his seat in the Senate and began preparations for taking up his new duties. While at home there developed a controversy between Governor Edwards and William H. Crawford, then Secretary of the Treasury, in regard to a disposition of public funds in an Edwardsville bank, which had defaulted in a considerable sum to the government. In view of this, Governor Edwards declined to accept the mission to Mexico and devoted his time to clearing his name in the matter, which he eventually did. An investigation developed that the letter which Governor Edwards had sent to the Secretary, informing him of the precarious condition of the bank, had never reached the Secretary so that both were rendered blameless. In order to vindicate himself before the people of his state, Ninian Edwards became a candidate for governor of the State of Illinois in 1826. There were three candidates in the field, namely Thomas C.

Sloo and Adolphus Frederick Hubbard and Governor Edwards. It was an interesting campaign from the contrast presented among the candidates. Sloo enjoyed the advantage of being the regular Jackson nominee, while Hubbard thought from the ponderous length and weight of his name; from the fact that he had been lieutenant governor; and because he was "convinced that the people were not very hard to govern no how" that he ought to be elected. Governor Edwards based his campaign upon personal popularity and the principles of state policy that he purposed adopting. No time during the campaign would he give in to the way of demagogues. At that time politicians were accustomed to wear old clothes, go unshaven and indulge in riotous forms of behavior when associating with or addressing their constituents. The theory was that unless they did so, the voters who were often rough and unlearned, would get the idea that the candidate professed to be above them and represented interests other than their own.

Governor Edwards did not indulge in any such practice; on the contrary, he maintained the same levels of dress, manner and living that he was accustomed to at other times. In fact he drove about the country in his best dress, accompanied by a colored coachman. The result of the election was that Ninian Edwards was elected to be the third governor of Illinois. During the first two years of his term as governor, he was confronted by a hostile legislature, which blocked every attempt he made for financial reform. But the legislature of 1828 and 1829 was friendly to him and with their support, he put through the policies to which he had committed himself when a candidate. Much of the legislation of that time is in harmony with his views. He was constantly active to cultivate a public opinion in accordance with his opinions. He wrote with great facility and his products show a high degree of literary merit. His official term was a contest with the banks to keep them within the limits prescribed by their charters, and he strove to advance the credit of the State so that when his term expired in December 1830, the State was in

a healthy condition as to its fiscal affairs. He retired from the position of governor in his 55th year, leaving the State a legacy, the result of his best efforts for its prosperity since his appointment as territorial governor in 1809. He had worked untiringly, both in his official and private life.

He retired to his home in Belleville, where he had removed from Edwardsville. Three years later, death brought to a close this life—a life that had been since an early age dedicated to public service. He was buried in Belleville, but later his body, together with the body of his wife, was removed to Springfield. They were reburied in the Edwards' lot in Oak Ridge Cemetery where they now lie.

In considering the life of Ninian Edwards, two, perhaps three aspects impress me with outstanding clarity. In the first place may be mentioned the effect and influence that his family had upon him. Because of the position and influence that his family had established in the east, he might well have stayed there. But instead, he chose to leave the scenes of his early youth and go into an undeveloped country to make his own fortunes. He was far removed by the distance from personal association of his family and it is somewhat natural that he should, in his first taste of freedom and unrestraint, indulge in the excesses that he did; but the communications that he had with his father in particular, show a tenderness that no doubt was a great influence in checking the reckless career on which he had embarked. A man with such influence to guide him, no matter how lowly he had fallen, may still have hope of redemption. His views on intemperance and excesses and his opinion of their effect on the mind and morals of the people are very well shown in his charge to the grand jury in 1803. Therein he exhorted the jury to be very exacting in their consideration of the violators of these fundamental laws of man and nature.

Then we can not overlook the fortunate circumstance of his friendship with William Wirt. Mr. Wirt was at once, a companion and instructor to him and in 1821 when Governor Edwards proposed to retire from public life, William Wirt

wrote him to this effect, "Were I constituted for public life as I believe you to be, neither the machinations of enemies nor the mistake of friends could lead me to devote myself to voluntary obscurity. Consult your wise and excellent father and let him decide—by whom I would rather be directed, after he knows the whole ground, than a whole batallion of congressmen." Again in 1826, Mr. Wirt wrote to Governor Edwards after his election, saying, "I am much rejoiced in common with your friends at the honorable demonstration you have received of the confidence of your state, so bravely and nobly won."

It seems that any man would be able to achieve and succeed and excel under the influence of the hopeful consultation of such a capable friend.

Another feature, in which Governor Edwards seems to have been quite unique at that time, was his way and his manner as a politician. He had been imbued and educated since early youth with the idea that a man should be honorable and just, both with himself and to the people with whom he came in contact. History shows that the same personality which he maintained in his home was evinced by him when in public, whether it be as a merchant, dealing with his customers, of which he had a great many, or whether it was as a politician seeking to convert his constituents to the policy for which he stood.

Opposing candidates were accustomed to refer to him as an aristocrat, one who thought himself better than the people whom he represented; but there was no mistaking his earnestness and the high ideals for which he stood. He was one of the pioneers in a new era of politics. His success was an incentive to others to adopt his methods. He lived in an era when politics were personal and it must be said for him that he gave a great impetus—to the movement that had resulted in a large extent to the relegation of corrupt practices and personal dissipation at the expense of the voters.

As I have stated before, he had a knowledge of medicine although he did not practice it as a profession, yet he was

devoted to the study of it and we have recorded hundreds of instances of his visiting and prescribing for the sick without charge. It was not unusual for persons to come several hundred miles to consult with him in regard to cases that were considered of a dangerous character by other physicians. He instilled confidence, respect, and admiration in those who knew him, through his extensive pursuits in the mercantile business, in the farming industry and in his public life.

In conclusion it may be said that Ninian Edwards takes his place in history as one who devoted himself at all times to the best interest of the state, and of the people whom he represented. He took charge of the state when it was yet in its infancy; and the impetus that his achievements gave to the development of Illinois is in no small measure responsible for its present prosperous condition.

**COPY OF AN ORIGINAL LETTER OF SIMEON FRANCIS*
TO ANDREW McCORMICK.****

Dated Springfield, January 14, 1838.

Letter addressed, Andrew McCormick, Esq., Member H. R.

Per Mr. Randall, Vandalia, Illinois.

Gift of the daughter of Andrew McCormick, Mrs. Mary McCormick Corson, 2124 East Capitol Avenue, Springfield, Illinois, to the Illinois State Historical Society.

Letter of Simeon Francis to Andrew McCormick, Esq., (Member H. R.).

Per Mr. Randall, Vandalia, Illinois.

Springfield, Jan. 14, 1838.

Dear Sir:

When I returned home I found the people very anxious that the new counties should be made outright. Indeed I have not seen a man (letter torn) this plan.

It will meet with no opposition here except from those who wish to make political capitol by keeping up the division controversy. Knowing your views on this subject, I have made bold to express to you what I believe is public opinion here. I have a favor to ask of you that you will be our correspondent for the remainder of the session.

Would you believe it? Although we are anxious to hear what is going on at Vandalia. We have not heard a word, since I left, except what we have caught from some passing traveller.

Please to write once every three days and give us a short notice of the important things that transpire in both Houses and you will oblige your friends here, and none more than

Yours truly,

S. Francis.

Please give the enclosed letter to Col. Hodge it so fully explains itself, that I need not add a word on the subject on its contents.

* Mr. Francis was editor of the Illinois State Journal, and a close friend of Abraham Lincoln.

** Mr. McCormick was a member of the Tenth and Eleventh General Assemblies of Illinois, 1836-1838, 1838-1840. He was a member of the celebrated "Long Nine" from the Sangamon District, who were instrumental in securing the removal of the State capital from Vandalia to Springfield.

**THE CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH
OF ROBERT BURNS, CELEBRATED IN
SPRINGFIELD, JANUARY 25, 1859.**

Among the papers of the Harrower family owned by Mrs. N. W. Edwards and Miss Jeanette Smith of Springfield, grand-daughters of Mr. William Harrower, was found a manuscript program of an elaborate celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Robert Burns, the Scotch poet, who was born January 25, 1759. A search of the newspapers of the period 1859, found the program published in full in the *Illinois State Journal* of Tuesday, January 25, 1859, as an advertisement. The printed copy does not exactly follow Mr. Harrower's peculiar style of spelling. An announcement of the celebration is also made in the local column of the paper on the same date. It is as follows:

“BURNS’ FESTIVAL TO-NIGHT.

The Festival, in honor of the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of this gifted poet, comes off to-night at Concert Hall. We understand that every arrangement has been made to render the occasion a most agreeable re-union of his friends and admirers, and we hope to see a large number present. For particulars reference is made to the announcement in another column.”

On Thursday morning, January 27th, quite an extended account of the celebration appears in the *Journal*. There were a considerable number of citizens of Scotch descent in Springfield in 1859, for many of the pioneers who came to Illinois were descendants of the Scotch-Irish who had settled in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and, later, Kentucky; and besides that the poetry of Burns, his ballads and songs were quite the fashion among the young men of the middle of the nineteenth century. It appears from the program which was long enough to have been the work of a Scotch preacher that

everyone was to have a chance to take part. Mr. Lincoln's name appears on the program as either to deliver an oration or to respond to one. Presumably he was to take his choice. The program is in the handwriting of Mr. Harrower who was the chairman of the celebration. It is printed as written and the spelling is also followed.

PROGRAM

BURNS

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY

TUESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 25, 1859.

A Grand Supper & Musical Festival will take place at Concert Hall Commencing at 8½ O.Clock Accompanied by Vocal and Instrumental Music from the Young American Brass Band and Two Scotch pipers dressed in Highland Costume And A number of Vocal Singers who will Distinguish themselves on this Occaiseon Among whom are Mr Erving Mr Childs Mr Knox Mr Easton and a Host of Others

PROGRAM OF THE EVENING

Supper will commence at 8½ O'Clock on which Oceasion A Recitation from Burns Poems will be Delivered by the President

Wm. Harrower, Esq.

Part First

Grand Overture Composed for the Oceasion
By the Young American Brass Band with variations

Wm Harrower, Chairman

will then Introduce the Order of the Evening

By Remarks on the Life of Burns
After which the Regular Order of the Evening will
Come up which Have Been Arrainged By the
Committee with Toasts Sentiments and Songs
Intermingled with Music from the Band

The Regular Standard Toasts

1 Toast, Song. There was a Lad was Born in Kyle.
Mr Erving

By the Band — Burns Fairwell

2 Toast, Song. Bruces Address Mr Easton
By the Band. Scots Wha Hae we Wallace Bled

3	Toast, Song, Star Spangled Banner	Mr Childs
	By the Band. Hail Columbia	

- 4 Toast, Song, A Man A Man for A that, Mr Easton
By the Band, The White Cockade.
-

- 5 Toast, Song, Hail Columbia Mr Childs
By the Band Washington Grand March
-

- 6 Toast, Song, John Anderson My Jo Mr Erving
By the Band, Coming thru the Rye.
-

- 7 Toast, Song Green Grow the Rushes O Mr Knox
Music by the two pippers Maggie Louder
-

Oration, Responses &c will be delivered by Mr. Lincoln
McLernand & Others

Part Second

Grand Overture of Favorite Scottish Airs

By the Y. A. Brass Band

- | | | |
|-----|----------------------------------|---------------|
| 1st | Roys Wife of Alldivalloch | Mr Childs |
| 2 | Ill Hai A Wife of My Ain | Mr Richardson |
| 3 | Ye Banks and Braes O Bonnie Doon | Mr Ewing |
| 4 | Adieu A Heart Warm fond Adieu | Mr Easton |
| 5 | Duncan Gray Came Here to Woo | Mr Duncan |
| 6 | Music by the Band | |
| 7 | Scotch Song | Mr Childs |

8	Twass Even the Dewey fields were Green	Mr Ewing
9	Annie Laurie	Mr Knox
10	Sweet Home	Mr Harrower
11	Willie Brued A peck O. Mant	Mr Robertson
12	Auld Lang Syne and Grand Finale By the Band and Company all Uniting in the Chorus	

Tickets for the Festival \$2.00 Admitting One
Gentleman to Be Had at Frances & Barrells
H. E. Myers and of the Committee of Arrangements
and as the tickets are Limited it would
Be well to Secure them Before 6 O.Clock
in the Evening.

The Proceeds after paying all Expences will
Be Given to the Poor in Springfield under
the Superintendent of A Committee
Consisting of His Honor the Mayor and
Aldermen.
Francis, Huntington,
Hurst, Harrower

THE BURNS' FESTIVAL.

From the *Illinois State Journal*, January 27, 1859.

Tuesday, the 25th inst., being the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, will long be remembered by Scotchmen. In this city, as well as in every other, did they

gather together to celebrate the event, in speech and song, in toast and recitation—joined too, by men of every nation, for all love to honor true genius. Concert Hall was well filled on this interesting occasion. Among the invited guests we observed the Hon. Abraham Lincoln of this city, and U. F. Linder, Esq., of Coles County. The banquet was spread by Myers, and embraced all that could be desired by the greatest epicure. The company sat down at nine o'clock and after satisfying the appetite with eatables, the "mountain dew" was brought out, and together with a large number of mysterious looking bottles, was freely circulated during the remainder of the evening. William Harrower presided at the head of the table, assisted by David Knox and Alex. Graham. The regular toasts were responded to in order by Messrs. Lincoln, Linder, Matheny, Blaisdell and others, and the pauses were filled up with songs by Messrs. Erving, Knox, Childs, Easton and others, together with instrumental music by the Young American Band. We expected to give the toasts this morning, but they were crowded out, together with reports of several of the speeches.

HISTORY OF AU SABLE GROVE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

By MISS MAE HOWELL.

(Read at the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the Church,
October 18, 1923.)

In reading the early history of this country one is impressed by a certain trait which seemed to be characteristic of the pioneers, namely, their religious convictions. As soon as a settlement was established the little company selected one of the homes in which to hold divine services on the Sabbath. We find the western and southern tiers of townships in Kendall county settled first and that in 1833 or 34 the first Sunday School was organized in Pavilion. These little groups began to spring up wherever a settlement was made and later developed into our strong church organizations of the county.

So, into this township of Na-au-say in 1846 came Dr. Townsend Seely with his family to make a home on the site now occupied by Mr. Carl Schobert. The same religious spirit actuated Dr. Seely in calling his neighbors to the Seely home—a log house 16 by 20 in size—where Rev. Mr. Chapman of Plainfield conducted a Sunday service.

These meetings were continued through the fall but discontinued during the winter.

In the Spring of 1847 the present Union school house was built and when completed church services were held in it, Mr. Chapman still preaching.

The next item we quote from the first record ever kept of the church. "Feb. 26, 1848—Previous notice having been given Rev. Chapman was appointed moderator, Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Graves, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend Seely and Edmund Seely, resolved to organize themselves into a Congregational church

to be known by the name of the church of Au Sable Grove and resolved to have the sacrament administered on the ensuing Sabbath. The meeting opened and closed with prayer. Mr. Chapman delivered an appropriate lecture preparatory to communion. T. Seely, Clerk."

We are fortunate in having some personal reminiscences of this very period in the church's history given by Mrs. Cecilia Satterly now of Chicago, the oldest living member of this church.

Mrs. Satterly whose parents were Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Shepherd writes that as a little girl of six years she remembers very distinctly standing between her mother and Mrs. Rollin Wheeler the day the church was organized and that she was baptized at a service held at Dr. Seely's home before she was five years of age. She also adds that for a long time after the church was organized it had no resident pastor but ministers from different denominations came from Plainfield and Oswego to conduct the services. In a little book begun by Mrs. Satterly in 1850 are noted the names and the texts of the ministers who supplied each Sabbath, the majority being Methodists, Elder Beggs, a pioneer circuit rider, was one of them. Mrs. Satterly closes with this tribute that those who founded the church have left good records and a foundation that has upheld the structure which this generation have so worthily and faithfully erected.

The little band kept adding others to its roll and on June 11, 1854, resolved unanimously to change their relation from the Fox River Union to some Presbytery and also to substitute Presbyterian for Congregational government. This change was effected the next September and James R. McLain, Townsend Seely and O. C. Johnson were elected elders. The church was to be known as the First Presbyterian church of Au Sable Grove. The first trustees were chosen in 1857.

We find the question of a suitable salary was an item in those early days and in 1856 the church agreed to pay the Rev. John Walker about \$300 a year and a donation. The

first donation was held at the home of Seth M. Satterly and amounted to \$63.

In 1857 the first "parsonage house" as quoted from the records was built on the present site now occupied by the new manse, the land being given by Dr. Seely. The exact cost cannot be accurately stated but was probably between seven and eight hundred dollars. Some of the families contributing were, O. C. Johnson, S. H. Satterly, John N. French, James R. McLain, A. K. Wheeler, A. T. Howell, Wm. A. Jessup, J. C. Carpenter, H. S. Jessup, E. S. Satterly, Edmund Seely, Jeremiah Shepherd, T. Seely, Robert Gates, and Archibald Hopkins. It is also noted that the Goudie family donated walnut logs.

We note as early as 1859 certain amounts of money given for benevolent purposes but in 1862 Presbytery recommends as regular objects of benevolence the following, Home and Foreign Missions, Educational cause and the American Bible Society.

The first mention of building a church was in 1863, the services since the organization sixteen years previous were still conducted in the school house—Sunday School being part of the regular service.

The contract of the new church was not let until the summer of 1866 to Fisher & Merrill of Aurora for the sum of \$3,300. The land on which the church stands and its grounds were given by Dr. Seely. When the building was completed or nearly so it was found not to be built strong enough in the roof to support it, hence the rods you see were put in to hold it together and from that time on it has been a united church.

The dedication services were held Oct. 4, 1866, and at the same time Rev. E. J. Stewart was installed as pastor. For several years Mr. Stewart conducted services in the Carpenter, not Ridge, school house six miles distant. A number from that neighborhood united with the church and two elders, Jonathan Carpenter and Luke N. Steel were elected from the group.

Rev. Theodore Jessup in 1873 began his notable pastorate of fourteen years. His next pastorate was at Booneville, N. Y., where he labored for 29 years. A bronze tablet has been erected there to his memory. We find the report in 1881 of the Sunday School; number of officers 6, number of teachers 11, adult scholars 70, intermediate 42, primary 28. Total membership 140, and average attendance 53. The church contributed that year \$90 to the different benevolent boards.

The Woman's Missionary Society was organized March 19, 1879, in response to an appeal from the pulpit by Rev. Theodore Jessup. The first meeting was held at the manse and the officers elected were: President, Mrs. T. F. Jessup; Vice-President, Mrs. O. C. Johnson; Secretary, Miss Mary Goudie; Treasurer, Miss Sarah Jessup.

The organization of the Christian Endeavor occurred in 1887. A committee composed of O. C. Johnson, C. E. Sexton and Miss Clara L. Seely (Mrs. Harry Jones) was appointed to present the constitution and by-laws to the session.

From the annual report of the church to presbytery in 1889 the church membership was 98. The six elders were W. A. Jessup, Edmund Seely, C. A. Hopkins, Jesse Carpenter, R. M. Wheeler and S. W. Johnson. Our boastfulness of up-to-date customs in these modern times receives a set back as we note the church in the late 80's had officially appointed ushers, Clinton S. Carpenter and S. C. Goodale.

The fiftieth anniversary of the church was a memorable event on September 27, 1898, and was celebrated by an inspiring program of music and splendid addresses. The history of the church was read by Edmund Seely, a charter member, he with three others being the only living charter members at that time.

During the pastorate of Rev. M. E. Todd, which began in 1900, the church underwent extensive repairs. The entrance was changed from the south to the west and the pulpit and choir were transferred from the north end of the church to the new addition built on the east providing a session room

also. The manse later received its share of enlarging and repairing.

The peak of highest membership was reached in 1902 when the number enrolled was 180, 55 being received in one year—Rev. Todd, the pastor.

Rev. D. T. Robertson began his ministry in 1903 and by his vigorous efforts a furnace was installed for heating the church and the commodious sheds for the comfort of the horses were built, the perfection of the motor vehicle not being reached at that date.

The first every member canvass of the community took place in 1914 during the pastorate of Rev. W. H. Liggett, putting the church on a new and better financial basis. The first financial secretary was Mrs. Grace Gabel Johnson, now of Fresno, Calif.

The manse at this time had bravely stood the stress and storm of 58 years and not being able to bear more was slowly disintegrating, hence a building committee was appointed and the historic old land mark which had seen the pioneer come and go was razed to the ground. The new manse was completed in 1915 at the cost of \$3,593. The building committee was A. E. Kellogg, Frank Austin, Henry Wheeler, Bert Vickery, Chas. Gates, Henry Schobert and Wm. Campbell, and the first to live in the house were Rev. and Mrs. E. S. Martin, newly married and beginning their first pastorate.

Rev. S. R. Bingaman, our present pastor came to us in the summer of 1920. Since that date several improvements on the church property have been made, electric lights installed in both church and manse, a new furnace in the church besides interior and exterior decorating.

As to the growth of the church we find that it began with 12 charter members and for a time additions were about equally divided between those uniting by letter and on confession of faith. In 1867 we note the membership was 55. Five years later there were 83 members and in 1889, 98 members. The number kept increasing and in 1898 the member-

ship was 138. Ten years ago the report was 149 and today the membership is 135.

Tracing the increase in benevolences the reports show \$90 given to the different boards in 1881, \$194 in 1891, \$354 in 1902, \$443 in 1916, and for the year ending 1923 the total for benevolences was \$1,560. After ten years of organization the missionary society in 1889 raised \$38 as its yearly offering to the boards. In the 34 years since that date the amount has increased to \$440 in 1923.

The young people of the church have maintained a Christian Endeavor society and yearly send delegates to its conferences. The teachers training classes, the school of missions and graded work in the Sunday School have proven educational factors in the community.

The benefits of organizations now long discontinued are still bearing fruit—Mrs. Henry Arlen with her Junior Christian Endeavor and Mrs. Belle Kellogg of the Loyal Temperance Legion are worthy examples. Special mention should also be given to Rev. Geo. Harris for his youthful military company and C. S. Carpenter with his large Sunday School class of boys.

For over a period of seventy years the Seely family cared for the Communion elements, three generations having prepared the sacred services and only as the last moved away was it put into other hands. Faithfulness has ever characterized the Seely devotion to the church.

Only one minister during the church history thus far has gone forth, Rev. Oliver Johnson.

In looking back we find pastors and families not mentioned in this imperfect sketch, what shall we say of them? Without their efforts and labors this church's history would be incomplete. "Other men labored and ye are entered into their labors."

We look to the church in the community in supplying the social life as well as the spiritual. The trend of the various social organizations of the community is toward the church.

The hearty support and respect are freely given by the people of the community whether aligned with the church or not.

Silently and swiftly we leave present surroundings and are back to the old school house up the road; it is Sunday and the service is being held. To every hitching post and rail are tied the rigs of the congregation. By far the greater per-cent are lumber wagons with only one or two double seated buggies, the average speed of each team about six miles per hour. The aristocrat in this motley assemblage of vehicles is the single rockaway carriage of Elder J. R. McLain. Near it are tied the saddle horses ridden by his son Carey and daughter Jane.

Inside the school house the people are decorously assembling. There is a pleasant hum, presently a hush. The minister arises and announces a hymn. The choir of John N. French, Edmund Seely, Mrs. Sexton, Mrs. Henry Jessup and Miss Julia Satterly sit in the center of the room. Mr. French pitches the tune with his tuning fork and followed by the support of the choir and congregation the hymn is brought to a triumphant finish. Smoothly the service flows on, little figures on the high benches softly swinging their feet back and forth, a fair faced matron framed in by a poke bonnet gently nods, the man seated by her side with severely combed hair and high swathed collar shifts his feet with little creaking of his fine boots. The sermon ends, a song, a prayer and after general exchange of greetings the teams are untied and soon the silence of the prairies drifts in. Softly the picture fades away and we are back in 1923 to modern homes and churches and automobiles—"What has God wrought?"



EDITORIAL

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Associate Editors:

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H. W. Clendenin

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Membership Fee, One Dollar—Paid Annually

Life Membership, \$25.00

VOL. XVII

APRIL-JULY, 1924

Nos. 1-2

ILLINOIS DAY, DECEMBER THIRD, OBSERVED BY
THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The Illinois State Historical Society celebrated "Illinois Day", the 105th anniversary of the admission of Illinois into the Federal Union, on Monday evening, December third, 1923, with a meeting in the auditorium of the Centennial Memorial building, which was largely attended despite the inclement weather.

The principal address of the evening was given by Rev. Frederick F. Shannon, pastor of Central Church, Chicago, who had for his subject, "Some great deeds and dates in Illinois." Doctor Shannon, who is a most eloquent speaker, told of the great events in Illinois history from the first settlement of the state.

Mrs. Charles E. Herrick of Chicago, State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution, made an address in

presenting to Miss Alice Havens, a pupil of the Champaign High School, the gold medal awarded as the first prize in the contest conducted by the State Historical Society and the Illinois chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution for the best essay by pupils of the eighth to twelfth grades of the schools of the state on "Early Travel and Methods of Transportation in Illinois." It was announced that pupils in twenty-six counties had entered the contest and that silver medals had been awarded to the writer of the best essay in each county.

Francis Scott of Pleasant Plains was the winner in Sangamon county, Pauline Beekman of Petersburg in Menard county, and Mary Pound of Montgomery county.

Mrs. Gary Westenberger of Springfield sang a group of Illinois songs, accompanied by Ruliff B. Stratton, and Mrs. S. B. Harry of Taylorville also sang.

After the meeting in the auditorium a reception was held in the State Historical Library on the third floor of the Centennial building. The guests were received in the Library by the officers of the Society, headed by Dr. Otto L. Schmidt, of Chicago, the president, Rev. Frederick F. Shannon, Mrs. Charles E. Herrick of Chicago.

Refreshments were served in the large room on the mezzanine floor, the decorations being in Christmas colors.

ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY HOLDS TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING IN THE AUDITORIUM OF THE CENTENNIAL MEMORIAL BUILDING.

The twenty-fifth annual meeting of the Illinois State Historical Society convened at 2:30 o'clock Thursday afternoon, May 22, in the auditorium of the Centennial Memorial Building. Dr. Otto L. Schmidt, president of the Society, presided. The first address of the afternoon was given by Miss Harriett Congdon, principal of Monticello Seminary, on

the "Early History of Monticello Seminary," and was a very interesting resume of the history of this early school. In the audience were many alumnae of the Monticello Seminary, among them being Mrs. John M. Palmer, Mrs. Martha Gilson Herdman, Mrs. Gideon R. Brainerd, and many others.

"Old Time Camp Meetings in Central Illinois" was the subject of the next address, by Rev. John H. Ryan of Pontiac, Illinois, who has spent much time and research on this phase of the early religious history of the State.

Judge William H. Gemmill of Chicago spoke on "Two Forgotten Heroes of the Illinois Country—Jean Vincennes and Joe Hamilton Davies."

Miss Margaret E. Babb of Homer, who quite recently had spent some time at Old Cahokia, spoke on "The Mansion House of Cahokia and its Builder, Nicholas Jarrot." Miss Babb wore on the occasion, a dress, the history of which she gave as follows: "The material came from France in 1776 and was one of the gowns in the wedding trousseau of Feliciti Janis when she married Vital Beauvais in 1776. It was originally worn with a farthingale, and was consequently very wide. Later it was cut in two and made in the second empire style as it is now for her two daughters, the eldest of whom, Nicholas Jarrot's wife, handed it down to her eldest daughter, and she wore it when married to her second husband in the Cahokia Mansion in 1828.

This daughter, Hortense Jarrot Brackets, lived in this house eighty years, died there, and is buried in the Cahokia church yard. The dress was handed on down to her daughter, Maria, who married Judge Joseph Sibley in 1849. She died at the age of 93 in Quincy in 1914. The dress is now owned by her daughter, Miss Julia Sibley, of Quincy, Illinois.

Miss Agnes Lloyd gave a group of songs, accompanied by R. Albert Guest.

Dr. Charles B. Johnson of Champaign followed with an address on "Harnessing the Illinois Streams in Pioneer Days."

The annual address delivered Thursday evening was given by Prof. Willard R. Jillson, state geologist of Kentucky, on "Early Explorations in the Mississippi Valley." The same evening a beautiful American flag was presented to the Society by the Illinois Woman's Relief Corps, the presentation speech being made by Mrs. Dora L. North, State president, Farmer City, Illinois.

Mr. Henry B. Hamilton of Chicago presented to the Society an oil portrait of Gurdon S. Hubbard. Miss Caroline M. McIlvaine of the Chicago Historical Society was to have made the presentation speech, but in her absence her address was read by Rev. William E. Barton of Oak Park.

Mrs. Gary Westenberger sang a group of Illinois songs, and Miss Diamond Vadakin sang a number of beautiful songs. A reception followed in the library, and refreshments were served in the large room on the mezzanine floor by a committee of ladies of the Illinois State Historical Society. The committee in charge consisted of the following ladies: Mrs. Paul Selby, Mrs. Sarah DeHaven Roosa, Mrs. I. G. Miller, Mrs. F. R. Jamison, Mrs. G. F. Stericker, Mrs. J. B. Searey, Mrs. James S. King, Mrs. John R. Leib, Mrs. Burton M. Reid, Mrs. Arthur Prince, Miss Margaret Robinson, Miss Alice Orendorff, assisted by the young ladies of the State Historical Library and the Illinois State Library.

On Friday morning the Directors' meeting was held in the office of the Secretary, followed by the business meeting in the Centennial Auditorium. The following officers of the Society were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Dr. Otto L. Schmidt, Chicago.

Vice Presidents—George A. Lawrence, Galesburg; L. Y. Sherman, Springfield; Richard Yates, Springfield; Ensley Moore, Jacksonville; Charles L. Capen, Bloomington; Evarts Boutell Greene, New York City, N. Y.

Board of Directors—E. J. James, Urbana; Jessie Palmer Weber, Springfield; Charles H. Rammelkamp, Jacksonville; George W. Smith, Carbondale; Andrew Russel, Jacksonville; Walter Colyer, Albion; J. A. James, Evanston; H. W. Clen-

denin, Springfield; John H. Hauberg, Rock Island; Orrin N. Carter, Evanston; Stuart Brown, Springfield; Rev. Ira W. Allen, LaGrange; Prof. Laurence M. Larson, Urbana; Prof. Theodore C. Pease, Urbana; Rev. William E. Barton, Oak Park; H. J. Patten, Evanston.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber, Springfield.

Assistant Secretary—Miss Georgia L. Osborne, Springfield.

Honorary Vice Presidents—The Presidents of Local Historical Societies in Illinois.

The Secretary of the Society, Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber, was ill in St. John's Hospital and her report was read by Dr. O. L. Schmidt, President of the Society. Mrs. Weber attended the called meeting at Urbana in May, 1899, which organized the Historical Society and has been present at all annual meetings since that date, this being the first meeting which she has failed to attend. Resolutions of sympathy for her in her illness were passed, which included appreciation of her services to the Society.

Other members of the Society who were greatly missed were Professor E. B. Greene, now at Columbia University; Mr. John H. Hauberg, who is in Europe accompanied by his family; Hon. Andrew Russel, who was in California, and Professor J. A. James, who was attending the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Springfield, Massachusetts.

A luncheon was given at the new Elks' Club following the morning session. Rev. Ira W. Allen gave a short address on "General Lafayette's Visit to the United States in 1824-25."

In the afternoon Mr. John L. Morris of Champaign gave a history of the Early Jesuits Missions in Illinois.

Mrs. Grace Lock Scripps Dyche of Evanston was unable to be present to give her paper on her father, "John Locke Scripps and Lincoln's Campaign Biography," but this very interesting address was read by Rev. Ira W. Allen, which

called forth great applause from the audience at the close of the reading.

"An Episode of the Civil War; a Romance of Coincidence," by Mrs. Carl B. Chandler of Havana, proved especially interesting to the Springfield people as the principal figures in the story were two Springfield youths.

The afternoon program opened with an address on "Early Trails and Tides of Travel in the Black Hawk and Lead Mine Country" by Edward L. Burchard of Chicago. Lantern slides were used effectively in illustrating this lecture.

A group of songs by Miss Katherine Quinn completed the afternoon program.

In the evening Rev. William E. Barton gave an unusual address on "The Lineage of Abraham Lincoln."

A group of songs by Mrs. Genevieve Clark Wilson and her daughter, Jean, closed the evening program.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEENTH BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY OBSERVED IN SPRINGFIELD.

Tribute was paid on Tuesday, February 12, 1924, by thousands of persons from all walks of life to Abraham Lincoln, on the occasion of the one hundred and fifteenth anniversary of his birth. Ceremonies quite general in character were conducted throughout the day, and business and commercial life in the city was practically suspended.

The first program of the day was held at 10 o'clock in the morning at Lincoln's tomb by the members of Stephenson Post No. 30, G. A. R., and Stephenson Woman's Relief Corps No. 17. Tribute to the martyred president was paid by Commander H. H. Biggs for the post and Mrs. Cora Tomlinson for the Relief Corps.

A public program at 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon in the circuit court room of the Court House was held under the auspices of the Lincoln Centennial Association. The court

room, which was the scene of momentous events in State and National history, was beautifully decorated with flags and bunting. A sculptured head of Lincoln by Gutzon Borglum was mounted on a pedestal at the right of the rostrum, which was banked with ferns and palms. Hon. Logan Hay, president of the Lincoln Centennial Association, presided at the meeting, and Rev. John T. Thomas, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, gave the invocation.

Attorney Henry A. Converse gave an exhaustive treatise on the history of the old State capitol, now the Sangamon County Court House. The address represented much research work, with the assistance of many men and women of the community, and takes rank as an historical work of value.

"Not only is Abraham Lincoln the heritage of all of the American people," Mr. Converse said, "but he is peculiarly the heritage of the people of Springfield, Illinois. His tomb is a shrine to which in each succeeding year come in increasing numbers from the corners of the earth, the great and small, to bow in humble reverence in memory of this man of the ages.

"While this shrine and its noble dead deserve the last full measure of our love and devotion, we should not forget that in the geographical and commercial center of our city is a veritable acre of diamonds, the scene of the activities of our great fellow citizen and his compatriots. This parcel of ground, so long and familiarly known as the Court House Square, is the setting for a splendid, rugged old building that houses within its walls some of the very finest of our national traditions.

For more than half a century this building has stood, the very center of our civic activities, a grim and silent witness of a departed greatness. If these walls could but echo back the tones that have found lodgment therein, we would hear repeated to us today those matchless and prophetic words, 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.'

"In 1837 the State capital was changed from Vandalia to Springfield, and this public square was conveyed by the

county commissioners on March 11, 1837, to Gov. Joseph Duncan. The brick court house was then demolished and the present building erected on the same site and was used as the State capitol until the year 1876, when the State officials moved into the present State capitol. The land was conveyed to the county of Sangamon and the city of Springfield by Gov. John M. Palmer, by deed dated October 23, 1869, for a consideration of \$200,000.00, and the donation of a new site, the State to be permitted to occupy this building until the new capitol was completed. This building since 1876 has been used continuously as the Sangamon County Court House.

"The moving of the State capital to Springfield no doubt induced Mr. Lincoln to make Springfield his home, for we find a notice in the *Sangamo Journal* (now the *State Journal*) on April 12, 1837, that J. T. Stuart and Abraham Lincoln had formed a partnership for the practice of law, with offices at No. 4 Hoffman's Row upstairs. In the spring of 1837, Stephen A. Douglas also came to Springfield as registrar of the land office, receiving his appointment from President Van Buren.

Mr. Converse's paper discloses the fact that an award of \$200.00 was made to J. F. Rague of Springfield and \$100.00 to Mr. Singleton of St. Louis for the best plans for the old State capitol. It was apparently the intention to construct the building of brick, but it was finally decided to use cut stone as "the material for which, of the finest character, is found in the immediate neighborhood." LeRoy L. Hill entered into a contract to secure the necessary stone for the building from his farm on Sugar Creek at \$1.00 a load. The stone was quarried from the Hill farm, seven or eight miles south of Springfield, and was hauled into town on wagons pulled by ten to twelve yoke of oxen.

Mr. Lincoln having become a resident of Springfield in 1837, Mr. Converse said, "was, of course, one of the frequenters of this building. In addition to serving in the Legislature, he appeared and argued cases before the Supreme Court, made frequent use of both the State and Supreme Court libraries, and interested as he was in politics, must

have mingled repeatedly with the members of the Legislature and been closely associated with the various State officers, many of whom were his personal friends."

The speaker read numerous instances of historical facts, where scores of men high in national and state affairs either received their first inspiration to greatness in the old capitol or came to Springfield in connection with the important happenings which transpired on the site. Following Mr. Converse, Chairman Hay introduced Prof. Andrew C. McLaughlin of the history department of the University of Chicago who delivered the principal address.

Mr. McLaughlin said in part: "The cause of democracy was peculiarly strengthened by the life of Lincoln. In the presence of such a life, what was the foundation for the old theory of the divine right of rulers? How would one define the assumption which was still, in considerable degree, prevalent in Britain, far as Britain had advanced along the road to modernism, that statesman were born only within the charmed circle of saints and educated only within the precincts of venerable schools and colleges? A man born in ruthless, ugly poverty, with no schooling, without influence, without anything but honesty and effort, had reached a pinnacle of power, and amid unspeakable trials had demeaned himself with dignity, poise and wisdom. The theory of aristocracy could hardly defend itself against the attack of that powerful fact. Two and a half years after his death the British parliament passed the reform bill in 1867, which though not the final step, practically committed Britain to the principles of John Bright and his followers who had lustily defended the cause of the American Union. "Lincoln then was great, not only because of the symmetry of his character and because he in a peculiar degree appealed to the sympathy of the plain people everywhere, but because of the tremendous importance of the struggle in which he was engaged—a struggle which the plain people of Europe, before the end of the war, thoroughly understood. At the announcement of Lincoln's death, the fact became evident,

and it is evident today, no other man in human history during the course of a lifetime ever made such a deep, clear and strong impression on so many people; no other man ever touched the hearts and awakened the profound feelings of human brotherhood among so many millions. One of the most interesting and deeply affecting books in the English language or in any language was published under the cheerless title, 'Appendix to Diplomatic Correspondence of 1865' (Washington, 1865). This volume is matchless. It deserves a high place among American treasures. It contains some eleven hundred messages, letters, addresses, resolutions, with a few newspaper editorials and comments, which were sent from various parts of the world on the announcement of Lincoln's death. Among those messages are reports from our consuls and other public representatives abroad, speakers of the deep sorrow of the people of foreign lands, especially to the common people who felt that a friend had been taken from them; they had lost one of their own number, their leader.

"These letters and messages are as astonishing as they are affecting. Few of them are merely formal meaningless letters of polite condolence. They are touching expressions of deep and sincere feeling. They are astonishing because they so completely demonstrate that the plain people saw the real significance of the struggle in which Lincoln victoriously fell; they saw the meaning with a clearness not often, if ever, allowed to distant contemporary witnesses of a great historical movement. No candid historian, after reading these messages, will think he can write the history of Europe in the nineteenth century and leave Abraham Lincoln out of the narrative; he cannot consider his story told without giving proper weight to the single, most impressive and forceful personality of the country.

"But there is not the conclusive satisfaction in discussing thus calmly the Lincoln of the past. He is alive and always will be; as long as English language lasts. His simple and majestic oratory will move the hearts of men; as long

as the world strives for social justice, they will be inspired and rendered steadfast in their search for truth by the example of the man who saved America and freed the slaves; as long as popular government stands, or as long as men struggle against the insidious or open attacks of privilege or corruption, they will gain courage from the courage of Lincoln.

“But I venture to say there was never greater need for the example and the inspiration of the living Lincoln than there is today. In his immortal Gettysburg address he did not dwell upon the past, but looked bravely upon the future, with the high resolve that from all the sacrifice and suffering there should be a new birth of freedom. We, too, have passed through troubles and the world is in peril; the cause of democracy and justice for which Lincoln worked and died has fallen in many quarters on evil days. Can we not highly resolve that the cause of international peace, based on a spirit of sympathy and good will, shall not perish? The most impressive fact in the life of Lincoln, the one which today appears to dwarf all others, is the fact that he became, as I have shown, not only ours but the world’s. Will the world still cherish and preserve and maintain him as a living, sustaining fact?

SPIRIT OF 1860 PERVADED THE EXHIBIT IN THE CENTENNIAL MEMORIAL BUILDING.

The calendar was turned back almost three-quarters of a century on February 12, when hundreds of persons visited the display of relics, costumes and data of the days before the Civil War, held in a large room off the mezzanine corridor of the third floor of the Centennial building. The steady stream of visitors between the hours of 4:00 and 6:00 o’clock saw a heterogeneous collection of implements, dress, furniture, documents, photographs, etc., which assisted in creating an atmosphere redolent of the pioneer period. These were

loaned by persons, from all parts of Sangamon and adjacent counties.

Exhibition of the interesting collection, first attempted this year as part of the Lincoln birthday anniversary observance will no doubt be an annual feature and is expected to form a nucleus of a great display of pioneer relics to be established permanently in Springfield.

A reception committee made up of persons who resided in Springfield in Lincoln's time furnished an added touch to the historical atmosphere of the relic room. They were Mrs. Richard J. Oglesby, Mrs. Paul Selby, Mrs. E. F. Gehlman, Mr. DeWitt Smith, Mr. James M. Garland, Mr. W. O. Converse and Mr. Edward D. Keys. Those in the receiving line were stationed at the west end of the large room, made into a replica of an 1860 drawing room. On the floor was a velvet carpet which graced the old Burkhardt home in Civil War days and loaned for the occasion by Miss Emma Burkhardt. Then there was a quaint desk used by Lincoln now the property of Louis Meyers and an organ over 100 years old, owned by Mrs. Dugger, and a table cover of hand woven linen owned by the Pasfield family, made in 1835. At one side stood a pulpit sofa now owned by the Misses Brooks, which had a place in the First Presbyterian Church in Springfield when Abraham Lincoln attended services in that edifice. On the walls were many quaint and unusual pictures of Mr. Lincoln. There was also a chest made of wood from the Lincoln home. The chest was loaned by Mrs. George F. Stericker, with a table and chair now owned by Miss Alice Bunn; chairs owned by John E. George; candlesticks loaned by Mrs. William H. Yates and a quaint lamp loaned by E. A. Hall. On the walls were samplers over one hundred years old from the collection of Mrs. Paul Selby.

Several dresses of the period before the Civil War were on exhibition. Two costumes worn by Miss Jennie Logan, afterwards Mrs. L. H. Coleman, attracted much attention, as did also a white silk dress with black stripes, trimmed in black chantilly lace which was worn by Mrs. Lincoln in the White

House. Another beautiful old-time costume was a changeable tan silk dress worn by the grandmother of former Governor Richard Yates, at a reception given in 1837 in Jacksonville on the occasion of the visit of Daniel Webster and his wife at the home of Governor and Mrs. Duncan. The dress is now the property of Mrs. Fred H. Rowe of Jacksonville, a granddaughter of Mrs. Yates. Another old-time garment on exhibition was a beautiful blue and black striped silk dress which was among the trousseau of Mrs. Nimrod Deweese when she came from Lynchburg, Virginia, to Jacksonville as a bride in 1848. It is owned by her granddaughter, Miss Georgia L. Osborne.

Six young women assisted in receiving, all of them wearing costumes of the pioneer period, as follows: Miss Elizabeth Keays, yellow taffeta evening dress belonging to her grandmother, Mrs. Richard J. Oglesby; Miss Mary Munson, pink taffeta gown, the property of Mrs. George N. Kreider, originally worn by Mrs. Kreider's mother, Mrs. George Pasfield, Sr.; Miss Julia Orendorff McPherson, blue paper cambric dress with gold paper trimmings worn by Josephine Remann, later Mrs. Albert S. Edwards, when she was 12 years old, on a float during the campaign of 1860; Mrs. Richard F. Herdon, yellow taffeta dress loaned by Mrs. G. Warren Taylor. The dress was a part of the bridal trousseau of her mother; Miss Elizabeth Smith, brown taffeta costume of the pioneer period loaned by Miss Eliza Condell; Miss Mary Douglas Hay, a brown mohair costume loaned by Mrs. Hugh T. Morrison and originally worn by her mother, Miss Jennie Logan, in her girlhood days.

The exhibit was kept open several days so the school children of the city would have an opportunity to view it. The schedule for the visits was arranged by Mr. J. Harry Winstrom, Superintendent of the Public Schools, and several thousand were thus enabled to see the exhibit.

The collection of *Lincolniana* belonging to the Illinois Staet Historical Library in the beautiful room designed especially as a Lincoln room was also open to visitors.

A fine exhibit of rare Lincoln relics was loaned for the Lincoln birthday celebration by Mr. Oliver R. Barrett of Chicago. In this collection were the following:

A mirror in folding box with drawer with inscription, "Made by Ben Carr to Abe Lincoln 1859. Springfield, Illinois."

Pair of Lincoln's spectacles.

Portfolio wallet with "A. Lincoln, Springfield, Illinois," written upon it. Has also the label "Herndon" on one of the pockets.

Manuscript book presented by William Springer with inscription, "A. Lincoln, November 30, 1860."

Pearl handled pocket knife, engraved on the blade, "A. Lincoln."

Mrs. Lincoln's set of jewelry. Gold set with diamonds with engraved inscription, "Presented to Mrs. Lincoln from her friend, William Mortimer, September 12, 1863."

Set of jet mourning jewelry worn by Mrs. Lincoln at the time of the death of Willie.

Fan carried by Mrs. Lincoln on the night of April 14th, 1865.

The Chicago Historical Society also loaned a most interesting collection of fac-simile reproductions of rare Lincoln manuscripts.

Dr. O. L. Schmidt also loaned some photographs of rare Lincoln documents.

The greater part of the collection of pioneer relics was loaned by Mr. W. O. Converse of Springfield.

CHICAGO HONORS BIRTH OF LINCOLN.

Joining the nation and the world in tribute of appreciation of the memory of Abraham Lincoln, Chicago made formal commemoration, through appropriate ceremonies of the 115th anniversary of the birth of the martyred President. Radio stations broadcasted special programs. Public schools and

universities, civic bodies, war veterans, clubs, societies, and many industrial institutions held special memorial services. Civil War veterans indulged in reminiscences to mark the day.

Boy Scouts throughout the city assembled and marched to the statue of the great "Emancipator" in Lincoln Park, and, after an address by Jamie Heron, placed a wreath at the foot of the statue.

Following an established custom, the Grand Army Hall and Memorial Association of Illinois observed the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln with services in the Public Library building.

The Loyal Legion, Spanish War veterans, members of American Legion, and associated and affiliated women's organizations, and the public generally, were invited to attend this service. Addison G. Proctor, the only surviving delegate to the convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln President in 1860, was the principal speaker at luncheon of the Electric Club of Chicago.

The Chicago Historical Society kept open house all day, and had a special exhibit of the Lincoln articles in its collections.

Another chapter in the life of Lincoln was told by Frederick Rex, librarian of the Municipal Reference Library. Hidden in a roster of officials of Springfield from 1832-1923, Mr. Rex found Lincoln's name as a member of the town board of trustees from April 6, 1839-April 20, 1840.

LINCOLN MEMORIALS TO CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY—GIFT OF FRANK G. LOGAN.

A rare and interesting collection of Lincoln relics and memorials was presented to the Chicago Historical Society on Sunday, February 10, 1924. The donor is Frank G. Logan of 1150 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, who has decided these relics will best serve the public by being permanently placed in the Historical Society's rooms.

The collection also contains relics of John Brown of Osawatomic. Some of the articles to be given into the keeping of the Historical Society were exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893.

In the Lincoln collection Mr. Logan has two or three autograph letters, the frock coat and the silk stock which the President wore on the night he was assassinated in Ford's theater, Washington. There is also a lock of Lincoln's hair in a locket, and the historic gray shawl which Lincoln wore, also Lincoln's pocket knife.

Those articles and others which Mr. Logan gave to the Historical Society are fully authenticated.

MONUMENT UNVEILED TO THOMAS LINCOLN AND
SARAH BUSH JOHNSTON LINCOLN IN SHILOH
CHURCH AND GORDON CEMETERY NEAR
JANESVILLE, ILLINOIS.

Historic Mattoon and Janesville and the Old Gordon cemetery, near Janesville, formed the mecca for a host of Illinois Lions and many others who journeyed May 16th to attend the presentation and unveiling of a new and larger monument to mark the graves of Thomas Lincoln and Sarah Bush Lincoln, father and step-mother, respectively, of the immortal Abraham Lincoln, preserver of the union of states.

It was an epoch in the history of Illinois that had been observed, all seemed to realize, and take pleasure in its making. The event has long been scheduled, and since that September night when the local Lions attended the exercises at Old Shiloh Presbyterian Church, adjoining the Gordon cemetery, and were feasted with an excellent dinner by the people of that community, this day has been anticipated.

Headed by Wayne C. Townley, district governor of the Lions in Illinois, many representatives of Lions clubs met under auspicious circumstances and contributed to the magnificence and yet soberness of the occasion.

The memorial commemoration has been the acceptance and fulfillment of a suggestion by Mr. Townley made to local Lions last year when he visited Mattoon and Janesville, that a more fitting monument should mark the graves of the Lincolns, and that the Thomas Lincoln trail should be marked.

Thursday night, May 15th, and the next morning visiting Lions came by train and by automobile, and the program of the day was begun early. Local Lions were a committee of the whole to greet and look after the comfort and pleasure of their visitors.

It was 11:00 o'clock when Parson's band took its position at the high school, and soon the formation of the parade was begun and the start made at 11:30 o'clock promptly in order to be at the Mattoon Country Club for the luncheon.

Behind the band were automobiles bearing the members of the local G. A. R. post, then followed former Governor Frank O. Lowden and party, Dr. William E. Barton and party, Wayne C. Townley, accompanied by Frank R. Jones, president of the Mattoon Lions; Mayor Carl H. Ozee and Harry I. Hannah, chairman of the program committee of the Lions, and Judge J. F. Garner of Quincy.

Many automobiles containing visiting and local Lions followed these. United States flags, pennants, pictures of Lincoln and other suitable displays were noticed in the automobiles, while Western avenue and Broadway for the entire distance along the line of march were decorated with bunting of the national colors. Flags were seen everywhere, and in many store windows were flags and large pictures of Lincoln draped with bunting. In some of the windows were relics of pioneer days in Illinois and Kentucky.

The procession moved from the high school east on Western avenue to Nineteenth street, thence south to Broadway and east on Broadway to Sixth street. From there it left the city limits and proceeded to the Country Club.

Lions immediately felt at home in the beautiful suburban club, where decorations, flowers, pictures and a generally beautiful setting prevailed. The great dining room of the

club was a picture of beauty. The tables were decorated and tastefully set, while a delicious luncheon was served.

Little time was consumed with the luncheon program. Frank R. Jones, president of Mattoon Lions, presided and welcomed the visitors, while Mr. Townley responded, and Mr. Lowden made a short talk. An orchestra discoursed music at intervals. There appeared to be one thing about the luncheon which caused regret, and that was the absence of Joseph G. Cannon, venerable former speaker of the House of Representatives in Washington, who had been especially invited to attend, but whose condition of health forbade his coming.

At 1:15 o'clock the Lions and veterans of the Civil War with others entered automobiles for the twelve-mile drive to the Old Gordon cemetery. Children from the public schools came with motor cars to convey the G. A. R. members to the monument unveiling.

The long line of automobiles, numbering several hundreds, scooted rapidly along the Thomas Lincoln trail, passed through historic Janesville, and on to the Old Gordon cemetery, the mecca for all of the party.

Arriving here the spirit of reverence and awe seemed to overcome all. Levity departed as each meditated on the hallowed ground which they were about to enter. It was that silent pioneer city of the dead, that reserved space of the pioneers, set apart as their God's acre in the days when the sharp crack of the frontiersman's rifle and that of the woodman's axe were the chief sounds to vie with those emitted by wild animals and the Indian.

Here it was that the bodies of Thomas Lincoln, and his second wife, Sarah Bush Lincoln, found their last resting place, and in which enclosure the immortal Abraham Lincoln, first martyred president of the United States of America, bade farewell to his former neighbors on the occasion of the burial of his father, and gave his solemn commission to one of the older heads of families to care for their graves during his absence.

This is the memory which the people of this section cherish in their hearts and fills them with a sorrowful pride over the fact that this neighborhood once was the environment of the Lincolns.

With hats removed, the Lions and accompanying multitudes entered the cemetery and proceeded to the graves of Thomas Lincoln and Sarah Bush Lincoln, and the interesting though somewhat brief program was carried out.

The greater event was under the auspices of the Illinois Lions clubs, represented by Mr. Townley, district governor, Bloomington, and Arthur Gottschalk, district secretary, Springfield, with the following state memorial committee:

Judge John F. Garner, Quincy; H. R. Van Gunter, Chicago; H. B. Hill, Springfield; Lloyd Cox, West Frankfort; Judge Clyde Vogelsang, Taylorville, and J. S. Wyatt, treasurer of fund, Bloomington.

Harry I. Hannah was chairman of the program committee and director. The exercises at the graves were commenced by the children of the Lerna and Janesville schools singing "America." This was followed by prayer by Rev. Marion G. Hull of Mattoon, after which Bryan H. Tivnen of Mattoon introduced Mr. Townley, who made the following remarks:

"We are here to dedicate this monument erected in memory of Thomas and Sarah Bush Lincoln, the father and step-mother of Abraham Lincoln.

"Illinois may well recall its contribution to that great life.

"Here, in this state, were developed those talents which produced that great debater—the superior of a Stephen A. Douglas;

"Here was developed that orator whose speeches are classed with the gems of history;

"Here was inspired that patriot—ready to hold the horse of a vain McClellan, willing to bear the ridicule of a mistaken Greeley; satisfied to ignore the false clamor of a misguided minority; that this nation, of the people, by the people, for the people, might live;

“Here he gave his ‘lost speech’—which pointed to his leadership in the Republican party and paved his way to the Presidency;

“Here was developed from the rough, unlettered, unknown backwoodsman, the world’s greatest citizen;

“Here was the training that gave to us the patient, wise, just martyred leader who loved his country more than himself; his honor more than his station; his ideals more than his office;

“And through it all was the influence of the father and step-mother—intangible but powerful. With his struggles came the knowledge of the value of a good heredity through the one and the help of environment of the other. He honored both.

“We have come to this little country churchyard to pay tribute by the dedication of this granite to these ‘whose humble but worthy home gave to the world Abraham Lincoln.’ With this privilege comes the opportunity of saying these few words of long appreciation. These two belonged to Abraham Lincoln. ‘He belongs to the ages.’ ”

A musical interspersion followed, after which former Governor Frank O. Lowden delivered an address. The Janesville and Lerna school children sang “Illinois.” Rev. Dr. William E. Barton of Chicago then delivered an address.

The new monument then was presented by Judge John F. Garner of Quincy to the Lincoln Memorial Association. It was accepted by Mrs. Susan D. Baker, president of the Shiloh Lincoln Memorial Association, who said:

“Mr. Townley and Other Friends: In the name of the Shiloh Lincoln Memorial Association we thank you for this beautiful monument. We accept it from the Lions Club of the State of Illinois with gratitude for their work in fulfilling the wish of Abraham Lincoln which he made by the side of his father’s grave in February, 1861. We thank Mr. Wayne C. Townley for his assistance which made this possible.

“It is a great day for us because you have fulfilled our hopes.”

The new monument was then unveiled by Dr. S. A. Campbell.

The new monument is of Barre granite, declared by monument men to be a very fine specimen of that stone. It is seven and a half feet in height, and stands on a granite base five feet long and three feet wide.

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Reynolds of Janesville, pastor of Shiloh church. The music was donated by Pearson's band of Mattoon.

TRIBUTE OF PRESIDENT COOLIDGE.

"The White House,

"Washington, May 2, 1924.

"My Dear Dr. Barton:

"It is a source of real regret to me that I cannot be present at the dedication of the memorial which is to mark the graves of Thomas Lincoln and his second wife, Sarah; but, unfortunately, the matters which are pressing for immediate attention prevent me from contemplating any considerable absence from Washington.

"The world's debt to Abraham Lincoln's mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, has already been acknowledged in the appropriate monument standing in the midst of a beautiful park established and maintained by the state of Indiana. It is fitting that a similar expression of gratitude should now be erected in honor of his second mother, Sarah Lincoln, and of his father, Thomas Lincoln. Humble as these two people were, their virtues are those which constitute the basis of our American institutions. They were honest, sober, virtuous, and kind of heart. The education which they lacked they encouraged their son to secure and were proud when he rose to a position which they could never themselves have attained. This is the spirit of true parenthood, sacrificial, devoted and sincere.

"This stone is a tribute also to the vast company of humble American men and women, of whom the Lincoln family may be considered representative. Theirs were the courage and the endurance of the pioneer; theirs were the

aspiration, and the vision of better things to come which have carried American civilization across the mountains and to the farther ocean.

"America's hope is in the stability and purity of its home life. This monument commemorates not simply the individuals above whose dust it is erected, but the home which they established and maintained. That home, lacking though it was in all our present luxuries and in many of our comforts, was adequate for the development of character; it gave to the world Abraham Lincoln.

Yours very truly,

“(Signed) CALVIN COOLIDGE.

“Rev. William E. Barton, D. D.,

“The First Congregational Church,

“Oak Park, Ill.”

VISIT OF DAVID LLOYD GEORGE TO SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

A big ovation was accorded David Lloyd George, war premier of Great Britain, and the outstanding figure in international politics, when he came on a pilgrimage to the tomb of Lincoln, in Springfield at 2:57 o'clock Thursday afternoon, October 18, 1923, from Chicago.

Great crowds braved the rain to get a glimpse of the celebrated British statesman on his arrival at the Illinois Central Station. A spontaneous cheer of welcome rang out as the noted Welshman made his appearance on the steps of his car. Lloyd George responded with a smile, shook hands with the reception committee and was whisked away in an automobile under police guard to visit the Lincoln home and the Lincoln Monument where a wreath was placed on the sarcophagus. His brief tribute was: "He is the greatest man grown up on the American Continent. He is growing too; he grows—oh, yes, he grows! I have just been reading about the time he had. I read one of the most recent ones about two years ago.

It was rather an account of the troubles he had in the War with generals and politicians, they were worse than mine."

A hurriedly scribbled note on a plain sheet of paper was placed by Lloyd George on the wreath, the note read: "A humble and reverent homage to the memory of the world's greatest man. Signed D. Lloyd George, Oct. 18th, 1923."

A dinner was given by the mid-day luncheon club at the Leland Hotel for Lloyd George, and his party. The party consisted of Right Hon. Sir William Sutherland, K. C. B. M. P. and first Lord of the Treasury in 1920; A. J. Sylvester, a young Englishman who has served as private secretary to Premiers Asquith, Bonar Law, and Lloyd George; Mrs. Margaret Lloyd George, wife of the Premier, and his daughter, Miss Megan Lloyd George, and William Owen of Canada, a Colonel in the World War.

Seated at the speakers table were: Governor Len Small, Secretary of State Louis L. Emmerson, Rev. H. W. McPherson, district superintendent of the Methodist church, who gave the invocation, State Treasurer Oscar Nelson, Congressman Richard Yates, Judge Louis FitzHenry, Mayor S. A. Bullard, Dr. T. J. Knudson, Senator William B. McKinley, Sir William Sutherland, Francis G. Blair, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Judge William M. Farmer and Attorney Howard C. Knotts.

Mrs. Lloyd George and Miss Lloyd George were seated at a table with the following ladies: Mrs. A. E. Inglesh, Mrs. Richard Yates, Mrs. L. L. Emmerson, Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber, Mrs. Francis G. Blair, Mrs. Thomas Rees, Mrs. T. J. Knudson, Mrs. S. A. Bullard and Mrs. William Carpenter, the latter of Lincoln.

TEXT OF LLOYD GEORGE'S TALK EULOGIZING LIFE OF
LINCOLN.

"Mr. Chairman, Your Honor the Governor, Your Worship the Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen: I have to thank the club for the honor it is conferring upon me and upon my wife and

daughter and my comrades and colleagues who have accompanied us on our visit to Springfield. It is only part of the overwhelming kindness which we have received ever since we came to this great land, and it will be one of the most pleasing and memorable episodes in the whole course of our lives. But much as I wanted to see your great land, there was one spot above all others I was anxious to see, and that was the home of Abraham Lincoln, the inspirer of Democracy, not merely in your country but in all lands.

“I have come here today with one purpose and one purpose only, that is to pay my humble and reverent tribute of respect to the memory of one of the great men of the world. It is difficult for me to express the feelings with which I visited the home and last resting place of one of the noblest figures in the history of mankind, a man loved by the people of all lands, a man beloved by those who do love the people in all lands. There have been many great men whose names have been inscribed on the scroll of human history. There are only a few whose names have become a legend amongst men. Amongst those is conspicuously stamped the name of Abraham Lincoln. His fame is wider today than it was at the time of his tragic death, and it is widening every year. His influence is deeper and it is still deepening. Even if this were the occasion I do not feel competent to pronounce any judgment on the qualities that made him great and on the deeds and words that will make his name endure forever more. Least of all would I presume to do so in the city where there are men still living who remember and knew him. All I know about him is that he was one of those rare men whom you do not associate with any particular creed, party, and if you will forgive me for saying so not even with any nation: he belongs to mankind in every race, in every clime and in every age.

There are great men of party and the great men of creeds there are great men of their time, and there are great men of all time of their own native land, but Lincoln was a great man of all time, for all parties, for all lands and for all races of men. He was the choice and champion of a party, but his

lofty soul could see over and beyond party walls the unlimited terrain beyond. His motto was: Stand with anybody who stands right. Stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong. No pure partisan would ever assent to so discriminating and disintegrating a proposition."

I have read many of his biographies: I read a very remarkable one which was published two years ago. Some one handed it to me at Niagara Falls and I read it with deep and intense interest. His career was highly successful, judged by every standard of success,—from the wretched log cabin at Kentucky,—a picture of which I saw today, through that comfortable home I visited, and on to the official residence of the President of the greatest republic on earth. It seems a triumphal march enough for any ambition, and yet his life, in many ways is one of the saddest of human stories, and even the tragic end comes as a relief.

"He once said, 'I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom'—a great saying, and yet as soon as he reached the height of his ambition, this man, who shunned hurt and scattered kindness on his path was doomed by a cruel destiny to send millions of his own fellow countrymen through the torturing experience of a prolonged and fierce war against their own kith and kin. This, the tenderest soul who ever ruled men, was driven for five years by an inexorable fate to pierce the gentle hearts of mothers with anguish that death alone can assuage. And in this, the greatest and most poignant task of his life, he was harassed, encumbered, lassoed at every turn by the jealousies, the pettinesses and the wiles of swarms of little men. He was misrepresented, misunderstood, maligned, derided, thwarted in every good impulse, thought or deed. No wonder his photographs,—and I have studied most of them,—became sadder and sadder and more and more tragic year by year up to the tragic end.

"His example and his wise sayings are the inheritance of mankind, and will be quoted and used to save mankind from follies to the end of ages. The lessons of his statesmanship are as applicable today as they were sixty years ago. They

will be as applicable a thousand years hence as they are today. Being dead he still speaketh. He has messages of moment for the present hour, I will give you two of them.

“The messages of Abraham Lincoln to this day and this moment, and this emergency in the life of man are: ‘Clemency in the hour of triumph.’ The doctrine of the Pagan world was ‘woe to the conquered.’ The doctrine of Abraham Lincoln was ‘Reconcile the vanquished.’

“It is time for remembering that vengeance is the justice of the savage and that conciliation is the triumph of civilization over barbarism. Lincoln is the finest product in the realm of statesmanship of the Christian civilization, and the wise council he gave to his own people in the day of their triumph he gives today to the people of Europe in the hour of their victory over the forces that menace their liberties.

What is his next message? ‘Trust the common people.’ He believed in their sincerity, he believed in their common sense, he believed in their inherent justice, he believed in their ultimate unselfishness. The first impulse of the people may be selfish. Their final word is always unselfish. That was the doctrine that Abraham Lincoln thought and believed in, and today when Democracy is in greater peril than it has probably been in your life time or mine, the message of Abraham Lincoln comes across the waves and will, I hope, be heard in Europe and will impel the Democrats of Europe to fight against the wave of autocracy that is sweeping over our continent; Russia an autocracy; Italy for the moment a dictatorship; Spain a dictatorship; Germany, slipping into dictatorship; most of Europe having abandoned confidence in the people. It is the hour of Abraham Lincoln’s doctrines to be preached in the countries of Europe. His influence upon our democracy in England is deep, and I believe permanent, and if the peril reaches our shores the words of Abraham Lincoln will be an inspiration and a strength for those who will be battling for the cause of the people.

“A moment ago there were two flags here, your great flag and our great flag, they were intertwined. They have

been ranged side by side in a great struggle in Europe for liberty, and they emerged triumphantly. I venture to say it is not the last time these two flags will be rallied to for the cause of freedom. A time will come, a time is coming when the principles of Abraham Lincoln will have to be fought for again, and these two flags will be the rallying centers in that struggle, your great flag representing the stars that illuminate the darkness that fall upon the children of men, that is falling on them now in Europe, the bars that represent the shafts of sunlight that will dispel that darkness; our flag with the cross that represents the hope of the earth in all its trials. These two flags standing together, rallying around them men taught in the principles of Abraham Lincoln will yet save the world for liberty, for peace, for good will and honest men.

CHICAGO FIRE—ONLY FOURTEEN OF THE CHICAGO
FIREMEN WHO FOUGHT THE GREAT
FIRE SURVIVE.

Of the brave band of men who fought the great Chicago fire only fourteen survive. Once a year, usually on the anniversary of the disaster, they get together and talk over old times. They met Sunday, October 7th, 1923, at the Great Northern Hotel. The following are the names and addresses of the surviving veterans:

Isaac M. Alder, 7419 Paxton Avenue; Arthur J. Calder, 24 East Delaware Place; John G. Carlson, 4630 Hazel Avenue; Thomas J. Cauty, 1123 West Madison Street; Fred W. Gund, 4938 Winchester Avenue; George Leady, 2534 LaSalle Street; George R. Lathrop, 4919 Wolfram Street; Joseph C. Pazen, Elmhurst; Alfred W. Pendleton, 4710 North Artesian Avenue; Christ Schimmels, 4324 West 22d Street; Charles Schroeder, 2144 Bissell Street; George Steuernagel, 5410 Dakin Street; Lawrence Walsh, 1048 Berwyn Avenue, and Nicholas Weinard, 1634 Larrabee Street.

HORACE A. GOODRICH SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE FIRST NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY CLASS.

Horace A. Goodrich, the only surviving member of the original class which entered Northwestern University in 1855, celebrated the sixty-eighth anniversary of the college's first registration by returning to the Evanston Campus, Wednesday, October 10th, and matriculating as a freshman. Then he placed a wreath on the old college hall, the original university building in honor of the nine other members of his class. Mr. Goodrich, who is 86 years old, is Northwestern's oldest living Alumnus. He lives at 2506 Lake View Avenue, and is still active in his real estate office at 25 North Dearborn Street.

He was escorted about the Campus by Mrs. John H. Grace, Jr., of the 1920 class, who wore the wedding gown designed for her grandmother in 1854.

MARY BARTELME FIRST WOMAN JUDGE IN ILLINOIS COURTS.

Another victory for the feminist movement in government was the election on November 6, 1923, of Miss Mary M. Bartelme as judge of the circuit court of Cook County. The returns show that she lost the city of Chicago to D. J. Normoyle, her Democratic opponent, by about 6,000 votes, but rolled up a margin in the country towns that gave her a net plurality of 14,148 votes. The total vote was 206,140 for Miss Bartelme and 192,092 for Normoyle.

It is the first time Illinois has elected a woman to a court of such high jurisdiction. As the returns came in they revived recollections of the historic night years ago when Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch first secured the election as justice of the peace in Evanston.

Miss Bartelme's triumph, in essence and substance, was won by a woman's movement in the judicial campaign. With Miss Bartelme's record as associate judge of the Juvenile

court as a foundation, women's clubs throughout the city of Chicago and Cook County rallied to the support of the "woman judge," who had gained widespread fame in the handling of delinquent girl cases. With them, too, were Judge Victor P. Arnold, who has served in the Juvenile court for the last eight years, and Charles S. Cutting, former probate judge.

For ten years Miss Bartelme has been in the Juvenile court in a semi-judicial capacity, as associate judge. After seventeen years spent as public guardian Judge Arnold has declared he will ask that she be assigned to the Juvenile court, where she will continue her work.

After the announcement of the victory, Miss Bartelme said, "I knew a woman could win. I've never been so happy in my life. I feel that I will be a greater service to Cook County than I have been in the past. The Juvenile court, probably the most important judicial branch in the city, will be strengthened. I will do more effective work with the wayward girls, the girls who have made slight detour off the straight and narrow path. Armed with the authority of a judge, I am sure I can do better work.

"Judge Arnold has always been anxious to have me given that authority. I'm sure he is as happy as I am—and I am mighty happy. Together we will give the youth of this city genuine assistance."

EDITOR OF THE WAUCONDA ILLINOIS LEADER DIES,
SON FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE PLEDGES
ITS REGULAR ISSUE.

The Wauconda Illinois Leader, which is published once a week in a little community at the end of the Palatine, Lake Zurich and Wauconda railroad came out as usual on Thursday, October 25, 1923. Fourteen year old Francis Black has given his word on this. Standing erect beside the body of his father, John Black, Francis the fourteen year old son made the announcement that The "Leader" would be published on

time. "I'll get it out myself" said he. For the *Leader* you see was without an editor, staff, typographer or pressman. John Black, the man who filled all these positions had just died.

It was twelve years ago, when Francis was learning to walk that John Black bought the *Wauconda Leader* from F. L. Carr, and thus came into the traditions of Greeley, and Bennett and Dana and Medill. He toiled late in the little office on Bangs Street, and betimes he turned an extra dollar with the thump of the auctioneer's hammer. As soon as Francis was old enough to hold a printer's stick in the palm of his hand he began to help his father. Later he fed the flat-bed press and even wrote items for the *Leader's* columns. Citizens of *Wauconda*, sauntering past the one-story frame building on Bangs Street, grew used to seeing father and son working over the type cases. When a lone linotype was installed, John Black operated the keyboard, while Francis perched on a high stool, stuck to the printers stick. "He'll be a good newspaper editor, just like his dad" said H. E. Maiman and other prominent *Waucondans*.

On Saturday, October 20th, John Black had officiated at an auction on the Hook farm, about a mile east of town. Later he complained of not feeling well, but he went down to the *Leader* office on Sunday just the same. There were a few items to write up for the paper. A short time later Francis put on his cap "I'll go down and help father" he told his mother. The door was locked but Francis had a key, as he stepped into the office musty with the smell of ink and old paper, he found his father slumped forward in the worn old editorial chair. The boy spoke to him but John Black didn't answer. Then he hurried home to tell his mother, a physician quickly summoned said the editor had died of heart failure.

It was then that Francis Black—fourteen year old chip of the old block—made his solemn announcement. "The paper will come out on time, I'll get it out myself."

FRANCES E. WILLARD ANNIVERSARY OBSERVED AT NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

The fiftieth anniversary of Frances E. Willard's regime as the first dean of women of Northwestern University was celebrated on Monday, October 22, 1923, on the campus. Dean Willard established the first self-government Association for women students at Northwestern, hailed at the time as an epoch-making novelty.

BIG BOND ISSUE FOR WEST PARKS UP TO VOTERS.

The \$2,000,00 bond issue authorized by the last legislature was approved by West Park Commissioners, September 25, 1923. If approved by the voters at the next election the money will be used for general improvement work on the boulevards and in parks.

Seven inspectorships at a monthly salary of \$250 each were created by the commissioners. A resolution to widen Washington boulevard from North Hamlin avenue to North Crawford avenue, by cutting out the parkway and building the street to the sidewalks, was referred to the financial committee.

"VILLAGE MOTHER" CELEBRATES HER 98TH BIRTHDAY.

Mrs. Anna Murphy, known as "The Village Mother" of River Forest, has just celebrated her ninety-eighth birthday anniversary in the cottage at 198 Lake street, to which she came a bride sixty-four years ago. In all her long residence there she is said never to have made a social call on her neighbors or to have entered a store or shop. Her husband, John Murphy, who died three years ago at the age of 98, did all the marketing and shopping from the day they were married in old St. Mary's church on Wabash avenue. Since his death

her relations have purchased for her needs. Despite her unique character and exclusiveness she has always been accepted as a regal gentle woman in the community. Mrs. Murphy was born in Ireland. She has five daughters, one of whom, Mary Murphy, lives with her mother in the ancient little cottage in the shadow of St. Luke's Catholic church.

PLAN LAKE FOR WILD FOWL IN NEW PRESERVE.

The forest preserve commissioners of Cook County have bought 161 acres just north of Orland, at the southwest corner of 133d and Keane Avenue, adjoining land they already own, from Frank R. Campbell and others for \$44,530. An unusual feature planned is a lake of fifty acres to be made by building a dam. In the lake wild rice is to be grown and an attempt made to entice various wild fowl to it.

REGISTRATION OF MEDILL SCHOOL SHOWS INCREASE.

Students of the Medill School of Journalism of Northwestern University will have new quarters in the remodeled Commeree building on the Evanston campus, it was announced September 24, 1923, by Dean H. F. Harrington. An increase of 20 per cent in the Evanston registration, and the registration for classes in Chicago of 40 per cent promises a successful year, he said. Jane Addams, E. E. Slosson, Dr. Joseph Jastrow, John Alden Carpenter, and Robert M. Lovett are among the speakers who will lecture in a new course of contemporary thought.

CHARLES C. HARDER, 1838-1924.

Charles C. Harder, president and founder of the storage and van company that bears his name, one of Chicago pioneer

residents, died at his home, 4633 Michigan avenue, July 21st, 1924. Mr. Harder, who was born in Germany in 1838, came to Chicago in 1853.

Soon after his arrival in Chicago Mr. Harder carried on an active trading business with the Indians in northern Wisconsin, returning to Chicago with lumber and other commodities.

Mr. Harder, who subscribed for the Tribune when he first came to Chicago, was one of the paper's oldest readers. He was active in forming "Wide-Awakes," the political organization that assisted in the first nomination of Abraham Lincoln for President and later emerged as the Republican party of Illinois. Mr. Harder prided himself on the fact that he had always voted his party's ticket straight.

THAT THESE DEAD SHALL NOT HAVE DIED
IN VAIN.

The Cook County Board's formal bestowal of the names of famous battlefields and campaign areas of the World War upon five tracts of the Forest Preserve is an action which generations of Americans yet to come as well as our citizens of the present will approve, and for which they may give thanks.

No country can become great without the establishment of traditions which inspire greatness. The great men and the great deeds of the past are the inspiration of the present and the future. The indomitable character of the Pilgrims, taught in song and story, are commemorated in various historic memorials, and still live in the best type of Americans. The famous old picture of Washington crossing the ice-filled Delaware has moved many an American boy to deeds of heroism. The Gettysburg battlefield cemetery and monuments are a vital force in the patriotic life of this nation. Out of such things, and out of the character and energy which they inspire, is the greatness of a country developed.

But it is not sufficient to look back a hundred years or so for such inspiration. The further back it can be found, the better, but we cannot live in the past alone. To be effective and stimulating, these things must be renewed in varying form from generation to generation, each adding to the national wealth of tradition and achievement from which future generations may draw, and to which, in turn, they may add.

Since it so happens that the latest great trial of the character of America took place in a foreign land, we lack memorials and reminders of the fact that the nation bore itself there as its men of Valley Forge or Gettysburg would have desired.

This lack has been, in part, filled by the naming of our forest parks in memory of such American achievements as those at Belleau Wood, Cantigny, St. Mihiel, the Argonne and the Somme.

True, they are not the battlefields, but they are living memorials of those battlefields. In years to come they will serve to help keep alive in the consciousness of the United States the heroism and the devotion of the Americans whose deaths and whose victories served to make those battlefields glorious in American history. They may even inspire a spirit which in another day will serve this country as gloriously, in time of need.

WILD FLOWER SOCIETY HOLDS MONTH'S EXHIBIT.

Protection and preservation of native plant life are the objects of the Wild Flower Preservation Society of America, Illinois chapter, which held its sixth annual mid-winter nature study exhibit at the Art Institute, Chicago, December 20, 1923, to January 20, 1924, with the co-operation of the Illinois Microscopic Society, the Izaak Walton League, the Audubon Geographic, and Aquarium Societies, High schools, Boy and Girl Scouts, and garden clubs.

Particularly is the Illinois chapter waging a campaign to conserve the plant life of our state. During the last session of the Illinois legislature a bill was enacted which went into effect July 1, 1923, making the buying or selling of blood root, lady slipper, Columbine, trillium, lotus or gentian pulled up or gathered from any public or private land a misdemeanor, punishable by fine of not less than \$10 or more than \$100 and costs, unless in the case of private land, the owner gives his consent in writing.

This legislation to protect the wild flowers of the state, that are fast disappearing, was the result of several years of effort on the part of the Wild Flower Society with the co-operation of the Federation of Women's Clubs. Mrs. Theron Colton is chairman of the committee that has accomplished this work.

The Wild Flower Preservation Society is putting forth every effort to educate both children and adults in the necessity of protecting plant life and in pointing out to them the reckless destruction, which prevents the possibility of reproduction. Field trips under expert leadership are arranged in the spring and the fall. On these trips the haunts of wild flowers, their names, their character and their associations are studied.

Public lectures are given during the year, ranging through various fields of nature interest, free literature is distributed, groups of junior members of the Society are organized, and speakers go out to the schools.

For the last five years the Society has been conducting an annual nature study exhibit at the Art Institute. This year it was more elaborate than ever before, and instead of lasting a week as heretofore, it was open for a month. It was held in the new wing of the Art Institute, with special lectures illustrated by lantern slides or moving pictures in Fullerton hall on Saturday afternoons at 2:30 o'clock, and in the assembly room, McKinlock court, on Sunday afternoons at 3:30 o'clock.

A feature of this series of lectures was the one on Sunday, December 23, when Dr. A. C. Noe of the University of Chicago spoke on "The Vegetation of Illinois in the Coal Age." Professor Noe made some interesting discoveries last summer in Indiana coal fields of coal balls which have never before been found in this country, containing in themselves fossils of flowering plants, which at once carry the evidence that these plants are a great many million years older than was previously supposed.

During Christmas week there was a children's party at the exhibit each afternoon at 4:00 o'clock. The children gathered around a huge Christmas tree in McKinlock court, Christmas carols were sung by groups directed by the Chicago Civic Music Association, under the leadership of Theodore Smergalski, superintendent of recreational centers in West Side parks; groups of children of the foreign born population of Chicago sang their own native Christmas carols and their native nature songs.

Mrs. F. T. Avery was chairman of the committee on the exhibit, Mrs. Charles B. Cory, vice chairman. The officers of the Society are: Mrs. Charles L. Hutchinson, president; Mrs. Frederick W. Blocki, vice president; Mrs. Harvey B. Lemon, recording secretary; Mrs. Charles S. Eaton, corresponding secretary, and Miss Carrie Blair Neely, treasurer.

REV. JOHN AND MRS. JULIANA LUEDER CELEBRATE GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

The Rev. John and Mrs. Juliana Lueder, father and mother of Postmaster Arthur Lueder of Chicago celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on the campus of Elmhurst College, September 6, 1923. They have four sons and eight grandchildren. The marriage ceremony performed September 7, 1873, was repeated in the college chapel.

The Rev. Jacob Pister, associate pastor of St. Paul's Evangelical church, Chicago, performed the ceremony. Din-

ner was served in the college dining hall, which stands on the spot formerly occupied by the Lueder residence, where the postmaster was born. Invitations were limited to relatives and to Dr. Lueder's old associates on the faculty of Elmhurst College. The postmaster presided at the musical and speaking program. Group singing and piano selections by three granddaughters were features of the program.

MR. AND MRS. J. O. WAGLEY CELEBRATE THEIR
SIXTY-THIRD WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Wagley of Rock Falls, Illinois, recently celebrated their sixty-third wedding anniversary. They have had nine children, seven of whom are living, twenty-seven grandchildren and eighteen great-grandchildren. Mr. Wagley is 84. His wife is 80.

MR. AND MRS. BENJAMIN E. MERRICK CELEBRATE
THEIR FIFTY-THIRD WEDDING
ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin E. Merrick of Elburn, Illinois, celebrated their fifty-third wedding anniversary on October 1, 1923. They were married in Chicago on October 1, 1870. They have one daughter, Mrs. A. D. Alexander, of Oak Park, and four sons, including Roy C. and Haldon E. Merrick, of Chicago.

MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH W. SWAFFORD WEDDED
FIFTY-FIVE YEARS.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Swafford, 5655 Race avenue, residents of Chicago for forty years, celebrated the Fifty-fifth anniversary of their wedding October 1, 1923. Two

children, four grandchildren and one great-grandchild were present. Mr. Swafford is 78 years old and his wife 76. They were married in Iowa City, Iowa.

MR. AND MRS. SAMUEL D. FULLER CELEBRATE
THEIR FIFTY-FIFTH WEDDING
ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel D. Fuller of 7212 South Union avenue, Englewood, celebrated their fifty-fifth wedding anniversary October 3, 1923. Mr. Fuller has made his home in Englewood for the last fifty years. During the World's Fair in Chicago he was an electrical contractor and had charge of the wiring of the Midway.

MR. AND MRS. JULIUS KIRSCHLING CELEBRATE
THEIR SIXTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kirschling, 1459 Belle Plaine avenue, Chicago, celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary October 13, 1923, by being remarried at St. Benedict's Church, where solemn nuptial high mass was held at 9:00 o'clock. A wedding breakfast for fifty guests and four children and thirteen grandchildren and three great-grandchildren followed at the home. Mr. and Mrs. Kirschling were married in Germany. They have been residents of Chicago for thirty-six years. He is 84 years old and she is 87.

MR. AND MRS. FELIX ZIMMER CELEBRATE THEIR
FIFTY-FIFTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. Felix Zimmer, 647 Barry avenue, Chicago, celebrated their fifty-fifth wedding anniversary October 15, 1923. Mr. Zimmer is 83 years old and his wife 75. They

have been residents of the North Side since 1856. They have four children and three grandchildren.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN SUCHOMSKI CELEBRATE THEIR
FIFTY-EIGHTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. John Suchomski, 1616 North Wood street, pioneer residents of Chicago, were married fifty-eight years ago Saturday, November 10, 1923. A reception was held at the home of their son, John Suchomski, Jr., 2129 North Oakley avenue, Chicago. Nine children and fifteen grandchildren attended.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES H. COOLIDGE, PIONEER RESIDENTS OF ILLINOIS, CELEBRATE SIXTY-SECOND WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Coolidge, pioneer residents of Galesburg, Illinois, celebrated their sixty-second wedding anniversary on New Year's day, 1924. Mr. Coolidge was one of the founders of the Illinois State Farmers' Institute and has been active for many years in its behalf. He is 85 years old and his wife 80.

SON OF ILLINOIS WINS NOBEL PRIZE ON
PHYSICS WORK.

The Swedish Academy has awarded the 1924 Nobel prize for physics to Prof. Robert Andrews Millikan, director of the Norman Bridge Laboratory of Physics and member of the Administrative Council of the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena, Cal., for his researches concerning electrical unit charges, photo-electrical effects and isolation of electrons.

Prof. Millikan, who was born in Morrison, Illinois, in 1868, was professor of physics at the University of Chicago from 1910 to 1921. This year's Nobel prize in chemistry was given to Professor of Chemistry Pregel Graz for his discovery of micro-analysis of organic stuffs.

ARTIST FOR WHOM LINCOLN SAT FOR PORTRAIT IS DEAD.

George Senyard, 87, artist and friend of Abraham Lincoln, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. S. A. Jaeger, at Olmstead Falls near Cleveland, Ohio. One of his best portraits was of Lincoln at Springfield, Illinois. Senyard toured the country with Lincoln sketching him in the celebrated debates with Stephen A. Douglas.

DECATUR'S CITY RULE FOR 1922 COST NEAR MILLION AND A HALF.

United States Department of Commerce announces that cost of government for the city of Decatur, Illinois, for the fiscal year ended April 30, 1922, amounted to \$1,423,634.00, which was a per capita cost of \$30.39. In 1918 the per capita cost was \$22.78, and in 1915, \$23.29. The total revenue receipts for 1922 were \$1,459,893.00 or \$31.17 per capita. The per capita excess of revenue receipts over government cost was therefore 77 cents. Property taxes represented 70.3 per cent of the total revenue for 1922. The per capita property taxes were \$21.91. Earnings of public service enterprises operated by the city represented 7.7 per cent of the total revenue. Business and non-business licenses were 1.1 per cent.

The net indebtedness (funded and floating debt less sinking fund assets) of Decatur was \$25.54 per capita for 1922 assessed valuation of property subject to ad valorem taxation for the city corporation was \$17,160,856.00. The levy for all purposes was \$1,219,676.00, this being a per capita of \$26.04.

CHICAGO HONORS MEMORY OF MARQUETTE; THE
CITY CELEBRATES THE FRENCH VISIT
OF 250 YEARS AGO.

For five hilarious yet solemn minutes Chicago celebrated at noon Saturday, December 8, 1923, in commemoration of the coming to this vicinity 250 years ago of Father Marquette and Louis Joliet, his chief companion, in exploration.

It was 250 years ago that the two explorers and five other Frenchmen drove the corner posts of what was to be Chicago's first home to be inhabited by white men. At that place a cabin was occupied more than a century later by John Kinzie. Saturday, December 8, 1923, at the north end of Michigan avenue link bridge, a few feet from the site of the first cabin, hundreds of school children memorialized the event. Locomotive and boat whistles joined with auto horns and all paid their noisy tribute. Hundreds of motor cars jammed in the traffic rush in front of the site of the first settlers' home. Children representing every school in Chicago, sent by the direction of Supt. Peter A. Mortenson, gathered on the bridge and tossed flowers into the river.

Kathleen Lee, Chicago school girl and athletic champion of America, from her place in the Wrigley building tower tossed the first bouquet into the river.

Mrs. William E. Dever, wife of Mayor Dever, acted as patroness for the school children in the ceremonies. An urn presented by Adolph Hottinger, containing a fragment of Marquette's coffin and an American flag, was guarded during the ceremonies by two little girls, Carolyn Bush, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Bush, and the first child to become a life member of the Chicago Historical Society, and by Raymonde Cicquet, daughter of a French soldier killed in the battle of the Marne.

The ceremony at noon was under the auspices of the Chicago Historical Society. Dr. Otto L. Schmidt, its president, delivered a message to France which was relayed by radio to France. Thomas A. Shaughnessy, on behalf of the

school children of Chicago, radioed greetings to the school children of France. Mrs. William E. Dever, patroness of the children's celebration, was presented by them with twenty-five American beauty roses, one for each of the twenty-five decades since Marquette first came here.

Marquette and Joliet, according to their diary, reached the site of what was to become Chicago in December, 1673, on their way from their journey down the Mississippi. Following a long portage from the Illinois to the Des Plaines rivers, they returned to their rude home the following year, but were driven out by the flood water and moved their camp site to a spot on the bank near what is now Robey street.

CENTENNIAL OF THE TOWN OF PLAINFIELD, ILLINOIS.

Plainfield, the childhood home of Henry Ford and of Mrs. Thomas Edison, one of the oldest towns in the vicinity, lying about thirty-five miles southwest of Chicago, on August 4, 1923, began the celebration of its hundredth birthday with an historical pageant and ceremonies which lasted several days.

From an old sawmill in Plainfield the lumber for the first frame house in Chicago, the old "Kinzie house," was hauled over an Indian trail. For many years Chicago's mail and supplies were brought over the trail from Plainfield and the old stage which plied between the two villages was loaned to Plainfield for the pageant.

In the old cemetery is erected a monument to Reuben Flagg, one of the first settlers, whose daughter, Samantha Flagg, born in 1830, is said to be the first white child born in the region. The monument represents the cabin home of the Flaggs, and even the marks of Indian arrows on the roof are reproduced. Upon the Wood homestead, the girlhood home of Mrs. Edison, still stands the old coach house, which is to be reclaimed and put in order by the historical society.

Another landmark is the remains of the cabin of Elder Beggs, one of the pioneer circuit riders of early Methodism in Illinois. The cabin was used as a refuge for the settlers from Indian attacks and was stockaded and used as a fort.

Among the other historical objects which are still visible is the sluice of the old saw mill, which early furnished the lumber for the community. Among former inhabitants who were invited as guests of honor to take part in the ceremonies are J. J. Tobias, dean of the Chicago Law School, and Bishop Briston of the Methodist Episcopal church.

MAURICE LESEMANN WINS \$100.00 PRIZE FOR
UNDERGRADUATE POEM.

Maurice Lesemann of the University of Chicago was awarded the \$100.00 prize for the best poem written by an undergraduate in an American university or college—his contribution, "In the Range Country," was judged the best. He is to be one of the six poets who will read their work at Les Petits Jeux Floraux, 615 North Michigan avenue, November 25, 1923. There were over 700 entries in the contest. Alice Corbin and Carl Sandburg were the judges this year, with Witter Bynner, who gives the prize annually. Next year Leonora Speyer and Ridgely Torrence will help him award the prize.

ONE CHURCH AIDS ANOTHER; METHODISTS GIVE
VALUABLE SITE TO EPISCOPALIANS.

What is hailed as an almost unprecedented step in church life, the gift of property by the theological seminary of one denomination to another denomination for the site of its theological seminary, was announced on November 26, 1923, at a meeting of a group of forty leaders of the Episcopal church in Chicago.

The Right Rev. Charles P. Anderson, bishop of Chicago of the Episcopal church, revealed the gift when he stated that

Garrett Biblical Institute, the Methodist Episcopal Theological Seminary of Evanston and Northwestern University had deeded property valued at \$150,000.00 to the Episcopalians. The gift was made without any strings attached, he said, except that the ground should be utilized for the training of the clergy of the Episcopal church. "This is an unusual and most generous gift," Bishop Anderson told the Episcopal leaders, "and it is our part to raise the money for the new buildings and equipment."

"The Western Theological Seminary, which has been located on Washington boulevard for forty years, has assets of \$872,000.00," Angus S. Hibbard explained, "and the \$1,000,000.00 additional money is needed for new buildings and equipment and the enlargement of the endowment." The plans for the new buildings have been drawn by James Gamble Rogers, the architect of Northwestern University. They provide for a chapel with a commanding spire as a center of the architectural group, dormitories and library.

Bishop Harry S. Longley of Iowa, Bishop D. M. Griswold, the Right Rev. W. C. DeWitt, dean of the seminary; the Rev. Norman O. Hutton, the Rev. F. Fleming, the Rev. Arthur Rogers, Evanston, and a number of laymen spoke urging the need of the campaign and pledging co-operation.

The following committee was appointed for solicitations of large gifts: Angus S. Hibbard, chairman; Richard C. Hall, Gardiner Lathrop, Dean DeWitt, Richard C. Coombs, Curtis B. Camp, Arthur Dole, Sr., Charles E. Field, George A. Mason, George A. McKinlock, J. V. Norcross, Joseph E. Otis, Edward P. Welles, H. H. Brigham and Frank O. Wetmore.

Mr. McKinlock is a large donor towards the purchase of the campus of nine acres on which Northwestern will build its professional schools on the lake front.

TWO INDIANS CLAIM LAND IN CHICAGO; \$35,000,000 LAND ON LAKE FRONT IS SOUGHT.

Pottawatomie Indians, living near Mayetta, Kansas, went to Washington on October 29, 1923, to investigate their

claim to land on the Lake Michigan water front in Chicago valued by them at \$35,000,000.

Through a delegation composed of Nunnemskuk, who gave his age as 113 years, and Skineway, who claimed he was 110 years old, were sent to Washington to represent the 2,700 members of the tribe. Secretary of Interior Work was notified that the tribe had decided after general council meetings to claim interest in these lands. The two Indians, through their interpreter, Oliver Marshall, told of their removal from the Chicago lake front back in 1833. They declared that up to that time their tribe had made their living fishing there, and was first removed by the government to Davenport and then to Council Bluffs, Iowa. They stayed nine years and then were taken to Mayetta.

The Indians also asserted that the Chicago land was given to the Lake Michigan Indians by a treaty with Gen. Anthony Wayne, signed at Greenville in 1787, and at a subsequent treaty in 1816 the land was allotted to a number of tribes that fished along Lake Michigan, including the Chippewas, Miamis and others, the Pottawatomies receiving three sections of land as their share.

The old Indians said they were born between the Lake front and the Chicago river.

PORTRAIT OF THOMAS JEFFERSON PRESENTED TO THE CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The Bass Otis portrait of Thomas Jefferson, once part of the famous Gunther collection, was presented to the Chicago Historical Society on October 26, 1923, by the Iroquois Club, as a feature of the Jefferson Birthday Anniversary celebrated in the rooms of the Historical Society at 632 North Dearborn street.

John McGillen, who with James F. Bowers, raised the fund for the purchase of the portrait, made the presentation speech. Among other speakers were Gov. E. Lee Trinkle of

Virginia and Senator Royal S. Copeland of New York, both of whom attended the luncheon at the Iroquois Club.

TWO CHURCHES RECALL CHICAGO OF 1833, IN ANNIVERSARY FETES.

Chicago as it was ninety years ago, with its Indians, fur trappers, women in big hoop skirts, soldiers of Fort Dearborn, and pioneer ministers, was recalled by two Chicago churches on Sunday, November 25, 1923, which date their beginning to 1833. The First Presbyterian, organized in Fort Dearborn June 26, 1833, and the First Baptist, organized October 19, 1833, were the two churches.

The feature of the Presbyterian celebration was a pageant showing the costumes of the pioneer days, the unveiling of a mural painting of old Fort Dearborn and the church and a tablet to two members of the church, Kenneth Buck and Ralph West, who lost their lives in the late war. Twenty soldiers from Fort Sheridan attended the morning service in memory of the sixteen soldiers of Fort Dearborn who joined the church in 1833.

The special feature of the Baptist celebration was the laying of the corner stone of a new \$100,000 Community House. Dr. William Chalmers Covert, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, preached an historical sermon at the morning service and in the evening representatives of other denominations spoke. Marquis Eaton represented the Congregational church; Prof. Nathaniel Butler of the University of Chicago, the Baptist church; Peter A. Mortenson, superintendent of schools, the Methodist Episcopal church; and Judge Jesse Holdom, the Protestant Episcopal church. One of those present at the Presbyterian celebration was Mrs. H. B. Shaw of Jacksonville, Fla., the granddaughter of Major Wells, who was in command at the Massacre of 1812, which is commemorated in a bronze statue at Eighteenth street.

Temple Williams, who laid the corner stone of the First Baptist church community house, is the great grandson of

Dr. John Temple, who gave the first subscription for the erection of the first Baptist church building not long after the organization of the church. Mrs. Clifford Williams, mother of Temple Williams, read the history of the early days of the Baptist church on Tuesday evening, November 27, at a homecoming service. William B. Nichols, Jr., a boy of the Sunday school, who assisted in the corner stone laying, is the grand nephew of the late Robert J. Burdette, humorist and Baptist minister.

PRESBYTERIANS MAKE PLANS FOR
"CENTENNIAL AT 90TH ANNIVERSARY."

Celebration of the centennial of the founding of the First Presbyterian church was planned Tuesday, November 27, 1923, at a banquet held at the City Club, Chicago, in observance of its ninetieth anniversary. A committee, with M. S. Green as chairman, was appointed to begin at once a program which will culminate ten years hence.

The veterans, Philo Adams Otis, Charles A. Heath, Emory A. Stedman and others, were made honorary chairmen. The active committee are of the younger generation: Donald S. McWilliams, Richard Evans, Walter R. Mee, Mrs. O. K. Thompson and others.

To show how near the present is to the days of the founding of the church, Mrs. F. P. Moore was introduced as a member of the church sixty-eight years, whose memory goes back to the days when the First Presbyterian was located at Clark and Lake streets.

Mrs. H. B. Shaw, great-granddaughter of Capt. William Wells, who fell in the Massacre of 1812, and whose wife was a daughter of the Indian chief Little Turtle; Dr. E. H. Porter, Tiffin, Ohio, grandson of the Rev. Jeremiah Porter, the founder of First church, and Mrs. Rose E. Bascom, daughter-in-law of the late Rev. Flavel Bascom, second pastor of First church, were also introduced.

"Auld Lang Syne" and an original hymn, "Old First Beloved," composed by Charles A. Heath, were sung.

Chief of Police Morgan Collins represented Mayor W. E. Dever, and the audience sent greetings to the mayor, pledging support to him and Chief Collins in their program of law enforcement.

Dr. W. C. Covert presided. Others who spoke were Attorney General Edward J. Brundage, Col. Marcus McCloskey and Dr. W. O. Thompson, president of Ohio State University.

JAMES ARMSTRONG.

WAR HERO IS SELECTED AS ASSISTANT DEAN AT NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

James Armstrong of Centralia, Illinois, world war veteran, who saw service on the Marne and in the Argonne, winner of two prizes for oratorical ability during the last year at Northwestern University, has been named assistant dean of men at that institution. Mr. Armstrong, who is only 28 years old, will succeed the late Prof. Robert E. Wilson.

Recently Mr. Armstrong has been an instructor in the school of speech and coached the Northwestern team of debaters which a few weeks ago won first place in debates with the teams of the Universities of Chicago and Michigan.

FORTY BOYS SWORN IN AS WILMETTE'S JUNIOR POLICE.

Wilmette's "Junior Police," composed of boys from 14-18 years old, was sworn in February 5th, 1924, when Edward Zipf, president of the village, pinned stars on the coats of forty lads. Their duty is to report all suspicious occurrences, watch out for juvenile misdemeanors, and aid in managing traffic in times of stress.

HINDU AUTHOR TO ATTEND MEDILL SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM.

The Medill School of Journalism celebrated a record day's registration February 2nd, 1924, by enrolling a young Hindu author among its students. He is Haridas P. Muzumdar of Bombay, India, and his book, "Gandhi the Apostle," is being used as a reference work by the Medill class in problems of contemporary thought. The volume is to be discussed at length by Jane Addams when she appears before this class, which is supervised by Prof. Baker Brownell.

Mr. Muzumdar is in this country to study American educational methods with the hope of establishing a college in India.

SERGT. JAKE ALLEX, WORLD WAR HERO, TO GET NEW MEDAL.

Sergt. Jake Allex, 4350 South Ashland avenue, who fought with the 131st Infantry in France, received the Croix di Guerra—Italian War Cross—at ceremonies held at the 131st Infantry Armory, Sixteenth street and Michigan avenue, on February 22nd. Allex already holds the following decorations for his prowess with the A. E. F.:

Congressional medal of honor (U. S.), Distinguished conduct metal (England), Medaille Militaire and Croix de Guerre, with palf (France), gold Karageorgevich star with crossed sabers (Serbia), and Milosh Obilich (Montenegro).

ILLINOIS OFFERS FARMERS CO-OPERATIVE MARKETING SCHOOLS.

Nine meetings of local and county shipping associations were held in various parts of Illinois. In reality the meetings served as schools for producers and various problems pertaining to co-operative shipping of live stock were studied.

The meetings were so arranged that farmers in practically every section of the State had a chance to attend.

Producers are adopting the membership agreement plan this year, pledging themselves to ship all their live stock through their own organizations. This is a new feature among Illinois co-operators, according to C. A. Stewart of the live stock marketing department, Illinois Agricultural Association.

The schools have been arranged through the co-operation of Mr. Stewart and the extension department of the College of Agriculture at Urbana.

CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY GETS DEATH MASK OF NAPOLEON.

One of the five death masks of Napoleon was presented to the Chicago Historical Society, February 18, 1924, by Mr. Joy Morton. Cast in bronze, it remained hidden for many years in a box owned by Dr. Francois Automarchi, who died in 1838 while exploring near the Cuban coast. Two of the four other masks are now in the Louvre.

BRIG. GEN. W. J. NICHOLSON.

One of the highest honors within the gift of the French government was bestowed on Brig. Gen. William J. Nicholson of Chicago on March 4th, 1924, at Washington, D. C., when Ambassador Jusserand presented the Chicagoan with the title and decoration of commander of the Legion of Honor. Brig. Gen. Nicholson was in command of the first officers' training camp at Fort Sheridan during the summer of 1917, and later commanded the 79th Division of the American expeditionary forces in France.

RT. REV. JAMES E. GRIFFIN CONSECRATED BISHOP OF THE SPRINGFIELD DIOCESE.

The Rt. Rev. James E. Griffin, D. D., the first Catholic bishop to wear the title Bishop of Springfield, Illinois, was consecrated February 25th at the Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago. Among those at the services was his mother, Mrs. Catherine Griffin of 8006 South Throop street, Chicago. Bishop Griffin was born in Chicago and was educated there until he went to Rome for his theological studies. He was pastor of a church at Joliet, Illinois, for several years.

The ceremony at the cathedral lasted from 10:30 a. m. to nearly 2:00 p. m. Archbishop G. W. Mundelein was consecrator; Bishop E. F. Hoban and Bishop Samuel A. Stricht, Toledo, were co-consecrators, and Bishop Bernard Mahoney, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, preached. The Mgr. E. L. Spaulding of Springfield headed the delegation from that city.

INSTALLATION CEREMONIES IN SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

The ceremonies attendant upon the installation of the Rt. Rev. James A. Griffin, D. D., were held at 10:00 o'clock Thursday, February 28th, 1924, at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Springfield, Illinois.

Splendor and magnificence were exemplified in the formal installation of the bishop, which was the first ceremony of its kind ever seen in Springfield. Crowds gathered about the church long before the time set for the ceremony, which had its beginning in the procession of priests who had assembled in St. Mary's School, adjoining the cathedral. No mass robes were worn in the procession into the church, all bishops wearing the usual Episcopal robes. The two deacons of honor to Bishop Griffin, the Very Rev. L. Lammert, Effingham, and Rev. P. J. O'Reilly, Springfield, wore the dalmatics, as did the two deacons of honor to Archbishop Mundelein. The Very

Rev. J. Murphy, Decatur, was Assisting priest to Bishop Griffin, as was also the Mgr. E. L. Spaulding, former administrator of the Diocese of Alton.

The deacon of the mass was Very Rev. Degenhardt, Quincy, and sub-deacon, the Rev. James Howard. The visiting bishops were Bishop Bernard J. Mahoney, Sioux Falls, S. D.; Bishop Edward F. Hoban, Chicago; Bishop P. J. Muldoon, Rockford; Bishop Dunne, Peoria; Bishop Althoff Belleville, and Bishop Stritch, Toledo, Ohio.

At 1:00 p. m. a banquet was held at the St. Nicholas Hotel and was attended by 300 clergymen from all parts of the central west. In the evening a public reception was given in the State Arsenal, the great hall was filled and many were unable to gain admission for lack of standing room.

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY AT EVANSTON,
ILLINOIS, RECEIVES GIFT FROM MRS.
ROBERT L. REA.

Northwestern University Medical School received a gift of \$100,000 from Mrs. Robert L. Rea on March 3rd, 1924, widow of Dr. Robert Laughlin Rea, for thirty years Surgeon-in-Chief of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The money will be used to establish a permanent professorship—the Robert Laughlin Rea Chair in Anatomy.

Doctor Rea, who died in 1899, was one of the most widely known anatomists in the country. He was a close friend of such famous Chicagoans as Dr. Robert Collyer, Joseph Medill, David Swing, and Horace White. For more than forty years he taught anatomy at Northwestern, Rush Medical College and the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Drs. Frank Billings, Archibald Church, Franklin H. Martin and William E. Morgan were among his pupils.

CHICAGO COLORED CITIZENS PLAN BOOKER T. WASHINGTON SOCIAL CENTER.

Booker T. Washington's memory is to be perpetuated by Colored Chicagoans in a \$200,000 four-story Community center at Grand boulevard and Thirty-sixth street, to be known as the Booker T. Washington Center.

This was announced on Thursday, March 13, 1924, by the Rev. F. A. McCoo, pastor of the St. John Baptist Church, 3434 South Wabash avenue, which is back of the projected work on the new center which will occupy a site fronting west 175 feet with a depth of 135 feet, will start in the spring. Most of the site already has been acquired. The first floor will contain a large assembly hall with a life size statue of Booker T. Washington in the lobby. On the second floor will be offices for doctors and dentists. A free clinic will be maintained. The third floor will be given over to a gymnasium and on the fourth will be a dormitory. Every phase of social settlement work will be covered, according to Doctor McCoo, who was a personal friend of Booker T. Washington, coming from Alabama. Doctor McCoo organized the St. John Baptist Church in 1904. It now has 6,000 members.

CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY RECEIVES FIGURINES OF NOTABLE WOMEN.

At a reception of the Chicago Historical Society on Sunday, March 23, 1924, given by the trustees and the woman's auxiliary board, Mrs. Minna Schmidt presented the Society with five groups of figurines representing women notable in Chicago history from 1800 to 1924. The figurines in the group from 1800 to 1840 represent Mrs. John Kinzie, Mrs. Rebecca Wells Heald, Mrs. Mahlon D. Ogden, Mrs. George Manierre, Miss Emily Beaubien, Miss Eliza Chappell (later Mrs. Jeremiah Porter) and Mrs. Gurdon S. Hubbard.

Among those in the group from 1841 to 1870 were: Mrs. Robert W. Patterson, Mrs. Thomas B. Bryan, Mrs. John de

Koven, Mrs. William H. Brown, Mrs. Ralph Isham, Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, Mrs. Cyrus Hall McCormick, Mrs. Mary H. Livermore, Mrs. E. W. Blatchford, Mrs. A. H. Hoge and Mrs. Henry King.

Some of those in the 1871-1890 group were: Mrs. George B. Carpenter, Mrs. William Blair, Mrs. Augustus H. Burley, Mrs. Spencer Eddy, Mrs. Wirt Dexter (the only living woman who was represented), and Mrs. Clinton Locke, Mrs. W. W. Kimball, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. Charles M. Henrotin, and Mrs. John B. Caton are in the 1891-1900 group.

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, Mrs. Mary J. Wilmarth, Mrs. Otto Matz and Mrs. Martha M. Ruggles are some of those in the last group, which also has in it symbolic figures representing the Radio girl and the Flapper of 1924. Mrs. L. Hamilton McCormick was in charge of the program, Mrs. McCormick, Mrs. Carpenter, Miss Kirkland and Mrs. Medill McCormick spoke in the afternoon and Mr. Henry Purmort Eames gave a program of music for each period. In the receiving line were the following ladies: Mrs. L. Hamilton McCormick, Mrs. George A. Carpenter, Mrs. William Burry, Mrs. George W. Dixon, Mrs. George Herbert Jones, Miss Caroline Kirkland, Miss Caroline M. McIlvaine, Mrs. William S. Monroe, Mrs. Bronson Peck, Mrs. William A. Phillips, Mrs. Henry S. Robbins, Mrs. Francis M. Taber, Miss Estelle Ward and Mrs. Mark Skinner Willing.

TALES RECOUNT GLORIES OF OLD PALMER HOUSE, CHICAGO.

BY JOHN KELLEY.

Memories of old days in Chicago were awakened recently by stories printed in the newspapers that a new Palmer House, to cost \$20,000,000, is to be erected on the site of the present hostelry. It is to be the largest hotel in the world.

Some of the older residents of the city—those who can hark back to Chicago before the fire of 1871—recall the first

Palmer House, a six-story structure that stood at the north-west corner of State and Quincy streets. This hotel was opened to the public September 26, 1871, about two weeks before the greater part of the city was laid waste by the flames. Every hotel on the south side, and several on the north side, was swept away.

Although practically ruined by the fire, Potter Palmer was able to borrow large sums and started at once to rebuild the hotel. The first Palmer House had only 250 rooms. The second structure, which is the present hotel, had 700 rooms originally, but with additions there are now about 1,000 rooms. From the opening of the hotel in the Fall of 1873, until the death of Mr. Palmer in 1902, he was the guiding genius of the Palmer House. Under his proprietorship the hotel gained world-wide celebrity. At all hours of the day and night the landlord could be found at his hotel, looking after the comfort of his guests. Whenever or wherever a person was needed to help out in a rush, the proprietor was the first to lend assistance. From the day of its reopening half a century ago, the Palmer House has held its own as one of the leading hotels of the United States. There was a time when it was the best known hostelry in Chicago. Larger and finer hotels that were built in recent years have put the old Palmer House slightly in the background. But the new Palmer House which is to be a twenty-three story building with 2,268 rooms and each room with a bath, will restore the old time prestige and glory to one of the city's oldest hotels.

Potter Palmer and his plug hat of ancient vintage are still well remembered by many of the older residents. He wore a mustache and chin whiskers. On coming to Chicago from New York State in 1852 he opened a dry goods store in Lake street, then the retail district. He amassed a fortune in a few years and sold out to Marshall Field and Levi Z. Leiter. Two or three years later he built the first Palmer House. A few months before the hotel was opened he married Miss Bertha Honore, who until her death in 1918 was the recognized social leader of Chicago. Many brilliant society

functions were held at the Palmer House before and after the Palmer mansion was built on the Lake Shore Drive.

The Palmer House barber shop with the silver dollars in the marble floor is recalled by many old-time patrons. Billy Eden was the proprietor of the barber shop for many years, but it was Potter Palmer who conceived the silver dollar idea.

The floor was laid with the marble slabs about 18 inches square. Silver dollars were inlaid at some corners and many a customer, while waiting for a shave or haircut, tried to pry a coin from its fastening. Newspaper stories of the barber shop floor in Chicago that was inlaid with silver dollars were printed all over the world.

Potter Palmer was one of the leading Democrats of Illinois and his hotel was headquarters for a large number of Democratic politicians. In the old days it was the great gathering place of delegates to national conventions held in Chicago.

Mrs. Potter Palmer, on account of her social prominence, was as well known as her husband. Distinguished visitors from all parts of the world were entertained by her during the World's Fair.

Potter Palmer is also remembered for his achievement in changing the entire channel of the retail business from Lake street to State street. After disposing of his dry goods store he purchased a mile frontage on State street. The street was widened twenty-five feet, and Mr. Palmer erected about fifty commercial buildings. All of them were destroyed in the fire of 1871. It may be said in passing that Potter Palmer was the first baseball fan in Chicago. He was instrumental in organizing the first professional baseball club in 1869, of which he was elected president.

EMERSON ONCE MARVELED AT SHERMAN HOUSE, CHICAGO.

What Ralph Waldo Emerson thought of the Chicagoan of his day and of the city, was discovered recently in letters

he wrote to his friend, Thomas Carlyle. These were unearthed April 12, 1924, by Frank Bering, Manager of the Sherman House.

Emerson was a guest at the Sherman on a lecture tour which he made through the west in 1857. He then wrote Carlyle: "The Sherman House shows no sign of the rough and uncouth, although it was the first hotel built in Chicago." In 1866, after the close of the war, he was again in Chicago and stayed at the Sherman, and again wrote to Carlyle. This time he said: "I am still stopping at the Sherman House, but the hotel has been rebuilt. The old one was torn down in 1861, and this new hotel is built on a scale of magnificence which one does not certainly expect.

"Just remember that the town of Chicago was laid out in 1830, and at that time there were twelve families here. In three years its population had increased to 500 souls; in 1837 there were 4,000 people in Chicago, and it was looked upon as a big city. In 1866 Chicago has 250,000, and it is the fifth in size in America.

"This hotel is lighted with gas, and so, unlike English taverns, there is no charge for candles. I am told there is a bathroom on every floor and the hotel is four stories high.

"These bathrooms are at the disposal of the guests, a nominal charge being made for towels and soap; but if you supply your own soap and towels there is no charge for the use of the water. It is also heated without expense, if you so desire it.

"The people who come to this hotel are very earnest and active. Many of them I find quite intelligent, being brought up in the east."

ALFRED S. ALSCHULER RECEIVES MEDAL FOR BEST BUILDING OF 1923.

DESIGN OF THE LONDON GUARANTEE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE
COMPANY BUILDING.

Alfred S. Alschuler won first place in the annual gold medal contest for the most beautiful new building of the year

in the North Central District. The jury of award selected the London Guarantee and Accident Building, designed by Mr. Alsehnler.

Clark & Walcott, architects, and Bennett & Parsons, consulting architects, were awarded gold medals.

THEODORE THOMAS MEMORIAL UNVEILED.

While trumpets played a theme from the Ninth Symphony by Beethoven and crowds stood with bared heads, Mrs. D. N. B. Sturgis, daughter of the late Theodore Thomas, unveiled the bronze statue of the "Spirit of Music," the Theodore Thomas Memorial in Grant Park, Thursday afternoon, April 24, 1924.

The statue, a gift from the B. F. Ferguson monument fund to the South Park System, faces Orchestra Hall and will stand as a memorial to Theodore Thomas, who came to Chicago in 1891 to organize the Chicago orchestra and remained as its head until his death, January 4, 1905. Behind the statue is a granite frieze in which are carved the figures of musicians with a head of Theodore Thomas in the center.

Albin Polasek is the sculptor and Howard Shaw the architect.

OLD TIME PRINTERS RE-ELECT THOMAS KNAPP AS THEIR PRESIDENT.

Breaking a precedent established forty years ago, the Old Time Printers' Association in annual session April 13, 1924, at the Hotel La Salle, Chicago, elected its president, Thomas Knapp, to serve a second term.

Mr. Knapp, who was chosen last year, was unanimously re-elected. He is a department manager in the Chicago Agency of the Mergenthaler Linotype Company. Henry F. Griffing and William Mill, vice-president and secretary-treasurer, respectively, also were re-elected, and A. Thomas

Morey, William John Hack and William C. Hollister were chosen as directors to serve terms of two years.

President Knapp came from his birthplace in England to America to install an exhibit of printing machinery at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876. He has been an active figure in the printing industry ever since. Honorary membership was given Father M. J. Marsile, Chaplain of the Oak Park Hospital; Homer J. Buckley and Marion S. Nurnett.

CHICAGO COLONY IN PALESTINE.

Jews of Chicago, meeting at a banquet in the Congress Hotel, Monday evening, April 14, 1924, opened the "Chicago Colony in Palestine" drive by pledging \$150,000 to the cause. This money, promised by 300 volunteers, was expected to be in the hands of the committee by May 14, and will put Chicago well on the way to having a namesake village in the Holy Land.

The banquet was attended by many of Chicago's most prominent Jews. At the speakers' table were Judges Hugo Pam and Harry Fisher, B. Horwich, Dr. A. W. Abramowitz, who was toastmaster; Dr. S. M. Melamed and David Brown of Detroit, who is not a Zionist, but is one of the most active men in the movement. Attorney Leonard J. Grossman, assistant corporation counsel, represented the city administration.

"The Holy Land, the cradle of civilization, is now being rebuilt by the Jews," read a message from Mayor Dever. "The Jewish citizens of our city have decided to build a large agricultural colony to be named Chicago, to perpetuate the name of our own great and prosperous city and to show appreciation of the advantages Chicago has given them. I consider the movement a praiseworthy ambition and call upon our loyal citizens to view this enterprise with sympathy, and lend it their support."

The plan is to raise \$300,000 for the "Chicago" colony which will be located in the best of the agricultural districts

of the Holy Land. Prior to this meeting, \$75,000 has been promised by the united Orthodox Jewish congregations of Chicago.

JUDGE FREDERICK W. SEYMOUR OF MAYWOOD,
ILLINOIS, CELEBRATES HIS NINETY-
FIRST BIRTHDAY.

Judge Frederick W. Seymour, Maywood's oldest resident, prominent G. A. R. man and one of the oldest Masons in the State, celebrated his ninety-first birthday, April 14, 1924. Born in the east, he made the trip to California in a covered wagon when 18 years old. Returning to Michigan, he enlisted in the 22d Wisconsin Volunteers, took part in twenty battles, was wounded four times, and finally was taken prisoner by the Confederate forces. He carried the first American flag into Atlanta when it surrendered. He was an employe of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway many years and served as Maywood's police magistrate sixteen years.

MRS. MARY LANGE, CHICAGO, CELEBRATES HER
ONE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY.

Mrs. Mary Lange, 1523 Washburne avenue, Chicago, Illinois, celebrated her one hundredth birthday, April 18, 1924.

A cake with a hundred candles graced the bountiful table, and Mrs. Lange contributed her share of the work in not only setting the table, but also in preparing the vegetables for the dinner.

Born in Germany, she came to Chicago with her husband, built the little house on the prairie that is now Washburne avenue, and for over seventy years has watched the city grow.

THE FINE ARTS BUILDING, CHICAGO, WORLD'S FAIR, SAVED.

The South Parks Board has taken action for the restoration of the Fine Arts building in Jackson Park, Chicago, which should put the preservation of that treasure beyond defeat. The resolution of last winter providing for an initial expenditure of \$500,000 on restoration of the exterior has been confirmed by the new board, and upon the initiative of the new member, Mr. Igoe, an ambitious plan for utilizing the interior for assembly purposes was submitted to the voters June 2d.

"The Chicago Tribune congratulated the board upon the public service it has placed to its credit in thus "insuring to ourselves and our posterity one of the rarest examples of classic architecture in the world, a thing of joy forever to our community and to our visitors from far and wide."

"If nothing whatever were done for the use of the interior, the perpetuation of the exterior would be worth far more than its cost in dollars. But if the interior is developed to house the industrial arts school which Colonel William Nelson Pelouze and his public spirited committee are fostering, and the large assembly hall proposed by Commissioner Igoe, so much the better.

"The whole project is a splendid example of social spirit and official and community foresight. The Commissioners' action and the efforts of Colonel Pelouze and his Committee of the Association of Commerce, Mr. George Maher, and the Chicago Chapter of the Illinois Institute of Architects, Mrs. Albion L. Headburg and the Woman's Clubs of the Second Congressional District, Mr. Lorado Taft, Mr. Joseph Defrees and Mr. Isaac N. Powell and other citizens, and of the press, deserve the thanks of the city."

CHICAGO BANKER NOMINATED FOR TREASURY POST.

President Coolidge sent to the Senate the nomination of Charles S. Dewey of Chicago as Assistant Secretary of

the Treasury. Mr. Dewey is vice-president of the Northern Trust Company of Illinois.

Fiscal bureaus of the Treasury will be under Mr. Dewey's immediate supervision. These include the bureaus having to do with public debt, engraving and printing, the mint and the secret service.

Mr. Dewey is a graduate of Yale, 1904, and married Miss Suzette Hall in New York in 1905. He is the son of Albert B. Dewey, and a relative of the late George Dewey, admiral and hero of the battle of Manila.

FLOWERS IN ILLINOIS.

Illinois is the leading state of the Union in floriculture, according to an article written by S. W. Hall for the *Illinois Agriculturist*, a student publication of the University of Illinois.

And at that Mr. Hall is dealing only with flowers and plants raised under glass and for sale. He takes no account of the home gardens and the indigenous wild flowers that go to make up the panorama of beauty that is presented by the Prairie State in the season of flowers.

There are those who are so short-sighted that they go clear to California or Florida to see flowers and come back to rave about them, when they might satisfy their craving for the beauties of nature by simply looking about them.

With the wild crab apple and haw trees in bloom in the woods, the orchard trees and the lilacs flowering on every side, and the woodlands and roadsides showing the colors of early spring flowers, Illinois is like one great garden.

Those of us who remember the springs of the past before the axe of the woodsman and the plow of the farmer had altered the primeval face of nature and largely destroyed the native growth, carry in memory a picture of beauty that will never fade.

But returning to the statistics of floriculture, Mr. Hall informs us that Illinois has 412 acres of land under glass

devoted to floriculture, and the value of its product is equal to the value of 413 sections or 264,320 acres of land devoted to ordinary farming. The total wholesale price of the output of flowers is around \$10,000,000 annually.

Not only does Illinois lead all other states in the number and extent of its greenhouses, but it has the largest flower market in the world and is the largest manufacturer of greenhouses and all accessories to floriculture in the world.

CHIMES GIVEN IN MEMORY OF CAPT. OLIVER BATY CUNNINGHAM.

Memorial chimes presented to the little town of Thiaucourt, France, in what was, during the war, the St. Mihiel sector, were dedicated on May 30, to the memory of Capt. Oliver Baty Cunningham, of Evanston, who was killed at Jaulny on September 17, 1918. Captain Cunningham was the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Cunningham of Evanston. Mr. Cunningham is president of Butler Bros. Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham were present at the ceremonies.

DAUGHTER OF PATRIOT WINS PRIZE FOR MILITARY ESSAY.

Harriett Gorby, 17 years old, 1211 Main street, Evanston, was awarded the wrist watch donated by the Woman's Overseas league for the best essay on why America's youth should attend a military training camp. Miss Gorby is the daughter of John W. Gorby who, two months ago, physically resented pacifists remarks during an Epworth League meeting in the First Methodist church in Evanston.

CHICAGO BUYS STUART PICTURE; WASHINGTON PORTRAIT NOW BELONGS TO CITIZENS.

The Gilbert Stuart portrait of George Washington is now the permanent property of Chicago. Throughout the coming

years it will hang in the Art Institute where all may see it and where children can obtain lasting impressions of the personal appearance of their country's father.

Announcement that the fund had reached the needed \$75,000 was made by Paul Schulze, chairman of the Mayor's committee of seventy-five at 11:00 o'clock the morning of May 24, 1924. The formal presentation was made to Robert B. Harshe, director of the Art Institute. Mayor Dever, Paul Schulze, Charles L. Hutchinson, Frank G. Logan and a number of other patrons of art assembled in the institute and took part in the ceremony.

More than \$8,000 was contributed in small amounts. Two hundred thousand school children donated. More than 25,000 Chicagoans, aside from the children, made contribution.

CHICAGO HONORS ITS DEAD AND LIVING HEROES OF WARS ON MEMORIAL DAY.

It was Memorial Day, 1924, in Chicago, where everyone able to go deserted offices and factories, decorated the streets with bunting and in reverent holiday paid honor to Chicago's sons of battle, living and dead.

An old man in a blue suit and gold-corded black slouch hat crept with shuffling steps along the pavement of Michigan avenue. His thin shoulders stooped with the weight of the great silk flag which he carried. He threw back his head, flung out the clinging folds of his banner, as he passed the reviewing stand at Ninth street, where Governor Small, Mayor Dever and their staffs stood at salute.

Thinner, as they were each succeeding year in the past, the ranks of the "boys" who stepped out in '61-'65, marched by.

Only 350, or at most 400, were in line or in automobiles. Behind the escort of police, behind the reviewing staff and General James E. Stuart, veteran of three wars and grand marshal of the parade, they marched from Randolph street to the stand where seats awaited them.

The fifes shrilled as alertly as ever, the snare drums rattled as rythmically as they did in '61. There was a clapping of hands. The holiday crowd stood quiet and tried to swallow the lump that kept creeping up in its throat. But the shuffle of old feet that had tramped for Abe Lincoln went marching on.

The head of the column of veterans of the Spanish-American War passed the reviewing stand—middle-aged men, lacking the slimness of youth, some of them with uniforms pretty well filled.

Medals decorated chests; these were the men who were at Santiago, San Juan and Manila Bay.

Veterans of Foreign Wars followed them and the Society of Santiago de Cuba.

General George Bell, Jr., strode at the head of his staff. Hats came off as the massed flags of the posts of the American Legion passed by and stayed off while automobiles passed carrying sick and wounded men from veterans' hospitals.

The men of the Combat Medal Men's Association brought cheers. So did the posts of the Legion as they followed one another with their blue standards. It wasn't so long ago that the crowd that watched them was reading about them, peering eagerly for the names of Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel, Cantigny, and the Meuse-Argonne. No slackers here. "I will gladly lay down my life for my country. Our buddies can sleep in peace," read the banner they carried. Next a Salvation Army rolling kitchen dragged by.

The Chicago Highlanders' Pipe Band in their kilts led a contingent of Canadian, British and Anzac veterans. The horizon blue of the poilus of France, the khaki of Belgium, the olive gray of Italy, broken here and there by a black shirt and the horizon blue again—this time of Poland—marked sons of Chicago who had fought in allied armies.

There was no cheering as the gold star mothers and gold star fathers came by with their flags and their memories. But hats came off again. Major-General Milton J. Foreman led the men of the 33d Division. Behind him came Brigadier-

General Abel Davis, commanding the 66th Infantry Brigade, and then the ranks of the Illinois National Guard—infantry, artillery, anti-air craft, engineers, medical regiment.

Marshal Edward J. Buckley commanded the contingent from Chicago's Fire Department.

Thirty thousand marchers were in the column, which took two and a half hours to pass a given point.

At Oakwoods, the Abraham Lincoln Post of the G. A. R. held memorial services. At Mount Hope, the five surviving members of the J. B. Wyman Post, and the members of the George G. Meade Post decorated the graves of their comrades.

Military mass was celebrated at Calvary and Mt. Carmel.

George H. Thomas, John A. Logan, Columbia, and Old Glory Posts of the G. A. R. held services at Rosehill.

MR. AND MRS. NOAH FRANKLIN CELEBRATE THEIR SEVENTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. Noah Franklin, prominent pioneer residents of Lexington, McLean County, Illinois, celebrated the seventieth anniversary of their wedding day on Sunday, June 29, 1924. The event was observed by a family reunion, relatives coming from Chicago, Kansas City and Bloomington to pay honor to the couple.

Only one member of the immediate family, a granddaughter, Mrs. E. J. Richardson, of New York City, was absent from the group. In the afternoon open house was kept that the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin might call.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin were married in Bloomington, Illinois, June 29, 1854. The Chicago & Alton Railroad, then in course of construction, sent a special train from Bloomington to Lexington—a distance of sixteen miles—to take the bridal party to the county seat, where the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Perry, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Bloomington.

This was the first passenger train run over the C. & A. tracks. Of the forty persons who comprised the bridal party, only five now are living, including Mr. and Mrs. Franklin.

Mrs. Franklin, nearly 88 years old, was born in Money Creek Township, near Lexington, July 11, 1836. She is the daughter of Jacob Spawr, a Lexington pioneer, who lived to be 102 years old. He kept an inn in Lexington, where Abraham Lincoln was often entertained.

Sunday, June 29, was not only Mr. Franklin's seventieth wedding anniversary, but the ninety-third anniversary of his birthday, June 29, 1831. He was born in Owen County, near Spencer, Indiana. He came to Illinois in 1850 and settled in Lexington. He became a farmer and stock raiser and accumulated a fortune in land holdings. He is president of the State Bank of Lexington.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin both are in good health. Mr. Franklin takes daily walks through the streets of Lexington. He is erect, swift of foot, keen of sight, hearing and mind, and might easily pass for a man many years younger.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin were the parents of five children, three of whom are living. They are Mrs. Ida Bush and ex-Senator N. E. Franklin of Lexington, and Attorney B. A. Franklin of Bloomington. There are also three granddaughters and two great-granddaughters.

**GIFTS OF
BOOKS, LETTERS, MANUSCRIPTS, PICTURES, ETC.,
TO THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL
LIBRARY AND SOCIETY.**

Chicago, Illinois, Peace Society. Eight copies, 1912. Twenty copies, 1913.
Gift of Mr. Henry C. Morris, 5100 Woodlawn Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Christian Church, Springfield, Illinois. Historical sketch of First Christian Church, 1923. (Typewritten copy.) By Mary Coleman Morrison. Gift of Mary Coleman Morrison, Springfield, Illinois.

Coolidge, Calvin. Have Faith in Coolidge. By Eugene Weeks. 1923. Gift of Gerald S. Howland, Boston, Massachusetts.

Daughters of the American Revolution. Year Books.

Chicago. Chicago Chapter. 1923-1924. Gift of the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Clement J. Scott, 1561 Birchwood Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Chicago. General Henry Dearborn Chapter. 1922-1923. Gift of Mrs. John M. Fields, 6357 Drexel Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Evanston, Illinois. Fort Dearborn Chapter. 1923-1924. Gift of Mrs. Thomas O. Perry, Oak Park, Illinois.

Galesburg, Illinois. Rebecca Parke Chapter. 1923-1924. Gift of Miss Emma S. Tibbits, Galesburg, Illinois.

Geneseo, Illinois. Geneseo Chapter. 1924-1925. Gift of Mrs. Ella N. Taylor, Geneseo, Illinois.

Sterling, Illinois. Rock River Chapter. 1923-1924. Gift of the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. H. L. Chaplain, Sterling, Illinois.

Edgar County, Illinois. Historical Pageant, 1823-1923. Souvenir program of the Centennial Historical Pageant of Edgar County, Paris, Illinois, August 29-30, 1923. Auspices of the Edgar County Historical Society. Gift of Mrs. F. Foley, 421 West Chestnut St., Paris, Illinois.

Galesburg, Illinois. Lombard Review. Published at Lombard College. 1887-1916, 1918-1920. Gift of Mr. Henry C. Morris, 5100 Woodlawn Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Genealogy.

Castle-Taylor, 1613 1923. Genealogical notes on the Ancestry and Descendants of Lester Delos and Lucy Angella (Taylor) Castle of Barrington, Cook County, Illinois, 1613-1923. By Dr. Charles Wilkins Coltrin. Gift of Dr. Charles W. Coltrin, 208 North Mason Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Coleman Family. Memoirs of Louis Harrison Coleman with genealogical notes. Gift of Louis G. Coleman, Springfield, Illinois.

Galt and Epler Families. By Carrie Galt Lindtved, 1923, Springfield, Illinois. Gift of the Galt Family of Springfield, Illinois.

Gemmill Family. A Genealogy of Six Generations of Gemmills in America, with Notes on their Scottish Ancestry. By William Nelson Gemmill, Chicago, 1917. Gift of Judge William N. Gemmill, Superior Court of Cook County, Illinois.

Robertson Family. Donald Robertson and his wife, Rachel Rogers. By William Kyle Anderson. Gift of Miss Virginia Dresser, 818 West Edwards St., Springfield, Illinois.

Harding (Pres.), Warren G. Address by Rev. William E. Barton at Foxboro, Massachusetts, August 10, 1923. An appreciation of Warren G. Harding. By Rev. William E. Barton. Gift of Rev. William E. Barton, Oak Park, Illinois.

Harding, Warren G. Memorial address on the death of Warren G. Harding, late President of the United States. Delivered by Samuel M. Wilson at the Ben Ali Theatre, Lexington, Kentucky, August 10, 1923. Gift of Mr. Samuel M. Wilson, Lexington, Kentucky.

Illinois State Board of Agriculture. Reports for the years 1858-9. 2 vols. Gift of Mr. W. Helmle, 534 Woodbine Ave., Oak Park, Illinois.

Illinois, State.

James Watson Webb's Trip Across Illinois in 1822. 16 p., 8°. Sycamore, Illinois, 1924. Gift of Frank E. Stevens.

Stark County, Illinois. Stark County and Its Pioneers. By Mrs. E. H. Shallenberger. Gift of Miss Cora B. Harris, Macomb, Illinois.

Letters. Photostat copies. This collection of copies of original letters, the gift of Mr. William L. Patton, grandson of Charles H. Lanphier.

Douglas, Stephen Arnold, to C. H. Lanphier.

Jan. 7, 1850. S. A. Douglas to Lanphier & Walker.

Aug. 3, 1850. S. A. Douglas to C. H. Lanphier.

Sept. 5, 1850. S. A. Douglas to Lanphier & Walker.

Feb. 13, 1854. S. A. Douglas to C. H. Lanphier.

Aug. 25, 1854. S. A. Douglas to C. H. Lanphier.

Oct. 1, 1854. S. A. Douglas to C. H. Lanphier.

Dec. 18, 1854. S. A. Douglas to C. H. Lanphier.

Dec. 6, 1857. S. A. Douglas to Lanphier & Walker.

Aug. 15, 1858. S. A. Douglas to C. H. Lanphier.

Dec. 31, 1859. S. A. Douglas to C. H. Lanphier.

July 5, 1860. S. A. Douglas to C. H. Lanphier.

Dec. 25, 1860. S. A. Douglas to C. H. Lanphier.

Telegram C. H. Lanphier to S. A. Douglas.

Autobiographical notes, by S. A. Douglas.

Four sheets in newspaper article in regard to S. A. Douglas owning slaves. Gift of Mr. William L. Patton, Springfield, Illinois.

Lincoln, Abraham. Photostat copy of letter of Abraham Lincoln to Col. James Patton, marked confidential, dated Springfield, Illinois, September 29, 1856. Gift of Mr. William L. Patton, Springfield, Illinois.

Lincoln, Abraham.

Copy of the lease of the home of Mr. Lincoln on Eighth Street, Springfield, Illinois, to Cornelius Ludlum of Springfield, for one year, beginning November 1st, 1847. Yearly payment, \$90. Dated October 23, 1847. Signed A. Lincoln. C. Ludlum. Gift of Mr. N. E. Nelson, Springfield, Illinois.

George, David Lloyd. Abraham Lincoln. An address before the Mid-day Luncheon Club, Leland Hotel, Springfield, Illinois, Thursday, October 18, 1923. By David Lloyd George. Gift of Mr. Stephen W. Tener, Rockefeller Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

Grand Army Memorial Association, Chicago, Illinois. Address of Dr. Frederick F. Shannon on the occasion of the Lincoln Birthday Service, February 12, 1924. Grand Army Hall and Memorial Association. Gift of the Association.

Story of Abraham Lincoln's Lost Speech. By Wayne C. Townley. In Lions' Club Magazine for February, 1924. Gift of H. L. Stuckey, Danvers, Illinois.

Louisa Champion Cook. Biographical Sketch. Gift of W. G. Edens, Chicago, Illinois.

Magazines.

Century. 25 bound volumes. 1893-1908.

Harper's. 28 " " 1865-1886.

McClure's. 22 " " Vol. 6-27.

Munsey's. 11 " " Vol. 22-35.

Gift of Mr. Herbert Bartholf, St. Nicholas Hotel, Springfield, Illinois.

Map of the United States. By Sarah Happer when a school girl in Pennsylvania. She married Rev. Thos. Galt and came to Sangamon County, Illinois, in 1836. Lived and died near Farmingdale, Illinois. Gift of the Galt family.

New Hampshire Historical Society. Addresses delivered at the observance of the Centennial of the New Hampshire Historical Society, September 27, 1923. Gift of the Society, Concord, New Hampshire.

Numismatic (The). Lincoln number. Vol. 37, No. 2, February, 1924. Gift of Mr. Peter Wislander, Rural Route No. 4, Cambridge, Illinois.
Pennsylvania, State. Where Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. The story of the southwest corner of Seventh and Market Streets, Philadelphia. By Joseph Jackson. Gift of the Pennsylvania National Bank, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Pictures.

- Alton, Illinois. Birds-eye view of the Fair Grounds for the Illinois State Agricultural Society near Alton, 1858. Gift of Mr. George Huskinson, Alton, Illinois.
Lincoln, Abraham. Two original pictures. One Lincoln Home and one Lincoln Head. Gift of D. S. Fogger, Springfield, Illinois, January 22, 1924.
Speed, Joshua F. and wife. Print from a painting owned by the Speed family. Gift of Mrs. Burton M. Reid, grand-niece of Mr. Speed, Springfield, Illinois.
Pike County, Illinois. Atlas, 1872. Pub., Andreas Lyter & Co., Davenport, Iowa. Gift of A. D. Millard, Beardstown, Illinois.
Putnam Association of America. Report of meeting held at Danvers, Massachusetts, September 14th, 1923, at which was unveiled the tablet that had been placed on the birthplace of Israel Putnam. Together with report of the address delivered by George Haven Putnam, Litt. D., Late Major, 176th Regt., N. Y. Vols. Gift of George Haven Putnam, Litt. D.
Springfield, Illinois. Bullard (Hon.), S. A. Revised ordinances of the City of Springfield, 1921. Gift of the Mayor of Springfield, Illinois, Hon. S. A. Bullard.
Virginia, State. History of King and Queen County, Virginia. By Rev. Alfred Bagby. Gift of Miss Sue A. Bradford, Springfield, Illinois.

NECROLOGY

CHARLES PHILIP JOHNSON, 1836-1920.
MEMORIAL.

Charles Philip Johnson was born at Lebanon, Illinois, on the 18th day of January, 1836, and died in the city of St. Louis, in the State of Missouri, on the 21st day of May, 1920, at the age of 84 years, 4 months and 3 days.

He was educated in the State of Illinois at country schools and taught school at McKendree College. He was in all the meaning of the term a self-made man. In 1885 he came to St. Louis and entered the law offices of William C. Jones and R. F. Wingate as a student. He pursued his studies with great industry and was admitted to the bar in 1857. In the political agitation that preceded the Civil War he was identified with the free soil party, and was a firm adherent of Francis P. Blair, Jr.

Upon his admission to the bar Mr. Johnson entered at once upon the practice of law and soon established a good business. In the spring of 1859 he was elected city attorney for a term of two years. In 1862 he was elected a member of the Missouri State Legislature and served as chairman of the Committee on Emancipation. He took an active part in the proceedings of the Legislature and soon became one of its leading members. In the exciting contest for United States Senator that ensued in the State Legislature he was an enthusiastic and pronounced friend of B. Gratz Brown. There were two senators to be elected, one to fill an unexpired term of four years and the other to fill a full six years' term. It was an exciting contest between many of the ablest men in the State, to-wit: B. Gratz Brown, John B. Henderson, James O. Broadhead, John S. Phelps, Samuel T. Glover and Samuel M. Breckenridge, all of whom have gone "to that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns."

The contest finally resulted in the election of B. Gratz Brown for the short term (four year term) and of John B. Henderson for the long, or six year term.

In 1884, Mr. Johnson, together with Samuel Knox and John Hogan, were candidates for Congress. The contest resulted in the election of Mr. Hogan.

Mr. Johnson supported Greeley and Brown for President and Vice-President in 1872 and was himself a candidate for Lieutenant Governor of the State on the ticket headed by Silas Woods for Governor. Greeley and Brown were defeated, but Woodson and Johnson were elected.

Mr. Johnson presided over the State Senate with great dignity and impartiality.

He was again in 1880 elected to the lower house of the State Legislature and introduced and secured the passage of many important measures, among which was the Johnson bill making gambling a felony. And during the following year, he conducted a memorable fight against the "Gambling Ring" in the city of St. Louis, which ended in its complete overthrow. He was more proud of this achievement than any in his remarkable career. After that public service he devoted himself most assiduously to his profession, particular attention being given to the practice in criminal cases.

He was greatly beloved by his associates, and his friendship for those he loved was as true as the needle to the magnet. He was always genuinely sincere, and therefore most genuinely respected by others.

He became the leading lawyer in Missouri for the trial of criminal cases and continued that lead until his death. He probably appeared for the defense in more criminal cases, especially in "murder" cases, than any lawyer that ever practiced in the State. His practice, however, was not confined to Missouri, but extended to Illinois and other nearby states. He was well read in the law, and possessed in a remarkable degree a knowledge of human nature. Joseph B. McCullough, editor of the *Globe Democrat*, said of him: "He was the greatest criminal lawyer of his time." He was skilled in the art (the greatest art in the practice of law—especially the criminal law) of the direct and cross examination of witnesses, and in that particular always alert and adroit. He

had a most pleasing manner and was uniformly courteous and gentle. His heart was full of the milk of human kindness, and his knowledge of human nature enabled him to select with marvelous certainty jurors who would readily respond to his own sympathy for the poor and unfortunate, as well as for the "erring brother." His success in obtaining verdicts of "Not Guilty" was never surpassed by any practitioner in this State. He was indeed a great advocate, and in fact a most eloquent and convincing orator. Homer's description of the oratory of Ulysses might in a measure be applied to Charles P. Johnson:

"But when he speaks, what elocution flows,
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows."

He has gone to his reward, but behind him he has left foot-prints that aspiring lawyers will do well to follow.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'That was a man!'"

**MISS CAROLINE S. HOPKINS, PIONEER TEACHER,
DIES AT 94.**

Miss Caroline S. Hopkins, for more than fifty years a teacher in the Chicago schools, died in her 94th year, September 13, 1923, at the home of Mrs. William I. Morgan, 2249 Ridge avenue, Evanston. Miss Hopkins was born in Bloomfield, Conn., September 19, 1829. At one time she taught in the Dearborn seminary, a fashionable Chicago boarding school for girls, more than half a century ago.

**ILLINOIS OLDEST WOMAN IS DEAD AT
AGE OF 112.**

Mrs. Mary Vermett, said to have been the oldest woman in Illinois, is dead at the home of her son, Richard, in Hebron, Illinois, aged 112 years and 9 months. Mrs. Vermett was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1810, and came to America with her parents when 15 years old.

**J. H. KINGSLEY, CHICAGO FIREMAN OF 1871, DIES
IN WAUKEGAN, AGE 92 YEARS.**

J. H. Kingsley, 92 years of age, was a member of the Chicago Fire Department at the time of the great fire in 1871, and also served in the Civil War with Illinois troops. Later he was an engineer with the Chicago Northwestern Railroad. Mr. Kingsley died at his home in Waukegan, October 16, 1923. His only daughter, Mrs. Adeline Morey, has been a teacher in the Waukegan Primary School for forty years.

**CAPTAIN JOHN A. WALL, NEWSPAPER EDITOR,
DIES.**

Captain John A. Wall, 87 years old, veteran of the Civil War and the Nestor of Mt. Vernon newspapermen, died at Mount Vernon, Illinois, December 9th, 1923. Captain Wall in his active days published papers at Salem, Pinckneyville, Marion, Carbondale, Cairo, Coulterville, Benton and Mount Vernon, Illinois, and at Cape Girardeau, Mo. He served with distinction in the Civil War and was severely wounded in the battle of Stone River. In 1909, at the age of 73, he published a history of Jefferson County in one large volume. When the late John S. Borgan started the Jeffersonian in August, 1851, the first paper published in Jefferson County, Mr. Wall, then a boy of 15, assisted in the mechanical department.

**HANNAH EVALINE DRYDEN ALLISON, 1822-1923.
IN MEMORIAM.**

Mrs. Hannah Evaline Dryden Allison, who in June, 1923, celebrated her 101st birthday, died from a paralytic stroke at the home of her daughter, Mrs. George T. Balch, at 4:00 o'clock p. m., Monday, October 1st, 1923.

The funeral services took place at 11:00 o'clock Wednesday morning and were deeply impressive. A brief service of scripture reading and prayer was held at the home where she had lived many years. The remains were then taken to the Indian Creek church, where the funeral sermon was delivered by Rev. W. H. Mason of Bethany, which was most appropriate, as it dealt largely with a review of Mrs. Allison's life and Christian character, and was much appreciated by the large concourse of mourners.

During his remarks Rev. Mason impressively read the following beautiful poem by Joaquin Miller:

BRAVE MOTHERS.

The bravest battle that was ever fought
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Yea, deep in faithful mothers' hearts—
Of mothers that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore their part—
Lo! there is that battle field.

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song;
No banner to gleam and wave;
But Oh! these battles that last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

Oh, ye with banner and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Were fought in these silent ways.

Oh, spotless mothers in world of shame!
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warriors born.

A quartette consisting of Mrs. L. F. Miller, Mrs. Margaret Vanatta, Messrs. J. Will Walker and Harland Faris, with Mrs. James A. Walker, organist, sang two of the old hymns which were mostly prized by Grandmother Allison.

The song, "He Has Led Us," was sung with much pathos by Samuel O. Dungan and W. D. Allison, Indianapolis.

On the conclusion of the impressive rites the casket containing the body was tenderly conveyed to the cemetery by six grandsons who served as pall-bearers, namely: Elmer, Roy, John, William, Leland and Howard Allison, and placed beside her husband, who had preceded her in death many years.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Mrs. Allison was born June 7, 1822, near Farmington, Bedford County, Tenn., and fell asleep at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Balch, near Lerna, Ill., October 1, 1923, in the 102nd year of her age.

She was married to Andrew H. Allison on the 30th of December, 1845. To them were born eight children: Mrs. Mary A. Killough, Humboldt, Ill.; Mrs. Emma F. Miner, Indianapolis, Ind.; Thomas J. Allison, near Charleston, Ill.; William D. Allison, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Nancy C. Balch and Henry C. Allison, Lerna, Ill.; Andrew B. Allison, Charleston, Ill. One son, John N. Allison, departed this life in 1893 at the age of 35 years.

All the sons and daughters were present at the services in the church to do honor to the memory of their beloved mother.

Mrs. Allison and her family were deeply bereaved by Mr. Allison's death which occurred on the 15th of November, 1864. After his death this splendid mother courageously took up the burden of the family training.

In the year 1845, with her husband, Mrs. Allison united with the Pleasant Prairie (Indian Creek) church, of which she was a faithful and consistent member until called home.

Of other descendants there are twenty-five grandchildren and thirteen great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Allison not only had the distinguished honor of being the oldest citizen in Coles County but for ninety-five years has been a continuous resident of this portion of the State of Illinois. She was born during the administration of James Monroe, and has been an eye-witness to the marvelous improvements, advancements and changes which have taken place during that long period of time. Her life has been a remarkable one, extending from early pioneer days to the present, and she went to her long sleep with calm resignation fully believing in the dawn of Eternity and everlasting life in the bright beyond.

Among those from a distance who attended the funeral of Mrs. Evaline Allison were: Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Allison, Mrs. Emma Miner and daughter Fannie, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown, Indianapolis; Miss Ione Allison, Pekin; Mrs. Helen Dryden, Beardstown; Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Farrar and family and Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Farrar, Humboldt; J. E. Allison, Arcola; Mr. and Mrs. William Ellison, Mrs. John Ellison, Mrs. D. W. Ewing, Dr. S. E. Conrad, William Byers, Dr. S. A. Campbell and P. B. Linn, Mattoon; Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Anderson, Charleston; Mr. and Mrs. John Riley, Mrs. Mary Piper, Mrs. Lizzie Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Grimes, Mrs. Jennie Miles and Mrs. D. B. Graves, Charleston; Mrs. Samantha Condit, Mrs. Ollie Lacy and Miss Jennie Condit, Neoga; Mrs. Martha

Price, Will Price, Ida Price, Mr. and Mrs. James Dryden, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Abe Furry and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Furry, Janesville; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel O. Dungan, Indianapolis.

At the 100th anniversary celebration on June 7, 1922, all the children were present. Among the grandchildren are: Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Farrar, Humboldt; Miss Ruth Allison, Mrs. Frank Preston, Mrs. Dolf Hume, Miss Aline Allison, Indianapolis; Charles Allison, California; Howard, Myra and Worth Allison, Charleston; Mr. and Mrs. Earl Ashbrook, Naperville; Mr. and Mrs. Roy Allison, Lerna; Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Allison, Mattoon; Miss Mae Allison, Mattoon; Miss Evaline Allison, Indianapolis, Ind.; Miss Florence Allison, Charleston; John Allison, Will Allison and Leland Allison, Charleston; Mrs. Helen Allison Dryden, Beardstown; Miss Ione Allison, Pekin; Miss Fannie and Joe Miner, Indianapolis; Mrs. Harold Culver, Champaign; Miss Flora Balch and Mrs. Nellie Balch Hampton, Evanston, and the following great grandchildren: Misses Elizabeth, Caroline and Mary Farrar and George Farrar, Humboldt; James Ashbrook and Allison Ashbrook, Lerna.

The following poem was written by Pearl Polk Dungan, Indianapolis, for the 100th Anniversary of Mrs. Evaline Allison:

MOTHER ALLISON.

A century of life!

Has the way seemed long,
Or the pathway dreary?

Have things gone wrong,
Or the heart grown weary?

Ah, No——

Looking back through the years

I think you must see
The smiles and not the tears,

And I think you must see
Only flowers on the path

Where thorns used to be.

In the dim distant past
I think you have known
Why days overcast
Have much brighter grown;
Where you heard a voice say,
"My love shields my own."

I think you have worked
That others might live,
And given of yourself
As only mother can give.

A century of life!
As the sunset approaches
With its soft golden gleams
No shadow will darken,
But to us it just seems
That a rare precious jewel
Has been loaned for a time
To show us and teach us
That life is sublime.

Mrs. Mary Adaline Mitchell Gray was a cousin of Mrs. Allison. She came to this community from Tennessee when 14 years of age and made her home with her aunt, Mrs. David Dryden, until her marriage to James Gray.

Oscar Dryden, aged about 62, residing northeast of Lerna, is a half brother of the deceased, and is the only remaining member of the original Dryden family.

FAREWELL TRIBUTE.

(By Chas. J. Gray.)

My mother's friend is sleeping,
Quietly she lies—
And the stars their watch are keeping,
Shining brightly from the skies.

Long she did Life's many duties,
Smiling brightly all the way—
Looking not for the blemish but the beauties,
Pausing often that she might pray.

Long she was left alone—
Toiling for her little flock
Spent no time in grief and moan—
Leaning on the rock.

For her the music shall softly swell
In the tribute I shall bring—
I would tell her virtues well
Could I string my harp and sing.

For her the earthly race is run—
The laurel wreaths her brow—
The heavenly joys have begun
And she's walking with God now.

Her freed spirit takes its flight
To the land of the cloudless sky
Where they say the Lamb is the light
And the inhabitants can no more die.

She has gone to the land of sweet dreams
That prophets and priests foretold,
Where Life's crystal river from the throne
streams,
And the city's dwellers never grow old.

She bore a virile race
To stand beside her grave,
And through her they have a place
Secure through the strength she gave..

Steadfast stars shine on her place,
For she like they stood fast,
And ever bore the shining face
While drifting clouds went past.

With friends of early happy days
Her age-worn form lies stilled—
We give to them their meed of praise
And love them for the mission they fulfilled.

DEATH OF WILLARD A. SMITH IN EVANSTON.

Willard A. Smith, former trustee of the University of Chicago, and since 1875 publisher of the *Railway Review*, died in Evanston, Thursday, November 29, 1923. He was 74 years old.

Mr. Smith became known to Chicagoans through his work as chief of the transportation department at the World's Fair in Chicago. Later he served in the same capacity at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis and at the Universal Exposition in Paris, where he acted for the United States Commission. He was an American delegate to the International Railway Congress in Paris and in Washington. French, German, and Japanese orders were conferred on him in recognition of his work.

Mr. Smith resigned recently as University trustee because of failing health. He was honorary curator of the Field Columbian Museum and belonged to the Union League Club and several engineering and railroad societies.

Three children, Mrs. Bruce V. Crandall, Miss Edith M. Smith and Harold L. Smith survive him.

Funeral services were held Saturday afternoon, December 1, at the Memorial Church of Christ, 729 Oakland Boulevard, Chicago.

BISHOP GRANVILLE H. SHERWOOD, 1878-1923.

Springfield was shocked by the news of the sudden death on November 22, 1923, of Bishop Granville H. Sherwood, bishop of the Springfield diocese of the Episcopal church, who was stricken while apparently in the best of health.

That so young a man as Bishop Sherwood filled a position of such great responsibility proved his capacity for big things. In a few years he has deeply impressed himself upon this diocese. He was an indefatigable worker, a brilliant preacher and a man of extraordinary administrative capabilities. He raised a large endowment for the diocese and very successfully financed the Episcopalian chapel and social work at the University of Illinois. He accomplished great good in the missionary work of the Episcopal church. Geniality was one of his outstanding characteristics, and he was much beloved by all who knew him because of the sunshine he radiated and the human interest shown toward all of the brethren of the diocese. He was considered one of the coming men of the church, his work being valued far beyond the limitations of his own diocese.

Bishop Sherwood was born in Elgin, Illinois, December 6, 1878. His father, the late Judge David Sherwood, was twice elected county judge of Kane county, one of the strongest republican counties in the state, as a democrat. Bishop Sherwood received his education at St. Paul's school, Concord, N. H., Trinity college, New Haven, Conn., and at the Western Theological seminary in Chicago.

He was ordained a priest by Bishop Charles Anderson of the diocese of Chicago, in Chicago in 1903. His first charge was at Christ church, Streator, Illinois, in 1903. He then went in 1905 to Trinity church, Rock Island, where he was rector when he was elected Bishop of Springfield at a special convocation of the synod held at St. Paul's church in that city on December 16, 1916, to succeed Bishop Edward W.

Osborne, who resigned. He was consecrated a bishop in Trinity church, Rock Island, April 24, 1917, and removed with his family to Springfield at once. He conducted his first service as bishop in St. Paul's church in Springfield on the morning of May 1, 1917, with a celebration of the Holy Eucharist.

Bishop Sherwood was an untiring worker, and under his administration the diocese of Springfield has greatly prospered. He was a very eloquent speaker and had a charming personality. He made the missionary work in the diocese very successful and its finances were greatly strengthened. It was largely through his efforts that the fund was raised in the province of Illinois which has made possible the erection of a group of buildings at the University of Illinois at Urbana.

He was married in Staunton, Va., in 1903 to Miss Lucy Galt Kinney. He is survived by his wife and one son, Granville H. Sherwood, Jr., a student at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.

MARY B. HOPKINS.

By W. T. NORTON.

In the passing of Mrs. Mary B., widow of the late George K. Hopkins, whose death occurred Saturday, January 12th, 1924, a link was severed in the chain binding the present to the past. As the daughter of the late Cyrus Edwards and the niece of Ninian Edwards, Territorial and third State Governor of Illinois, she occupied the unique position of one living in today and yet through her family name and antecedents leading back to the formative period of Illinois. Ninian Edwards became Governor of Illinois Territory in 1809, a date 115 years ago, and yet the span of these two lives, uncle and niece, covers the entire State and Territorial existence of Illinois. And still Mrs. Hopkins was not old except in years prolonged a decade or more beyond the scriptural limit. She was young in thought and feeling to the last with vivid interest in both the present and the past. Her personal recollections of statesmen and heroes of Illinois, and of leading incidents and events of other days, were always of rare interest.

Mrs. Hopkins was a lady of marked scholastic attainments and delightful personality. Here was a lovely christian character, an embodiment of gracious and cultured womanhood. Her many graces of mind and heart won the love and esteem of a host of relatives and friends—and these chords of affection and devotion were never broken in life. They are not broken now, for love can never die. A life devoted to service to others goes on forever in the lives of those who were its beneficiaries.

Higher education had ever a prominent place in her thoughts. She had a special interest in her alma mater, Monticello, and regarded with pride its successful activities. Shurtleff College had likewise a warm place in her affections both for its intrinsic merit and as a matter of inheritance. Her father, her uncle, Dr. B. F. Edwards, and her maternal

grandfather, Rev. Hubbel Loomis, having been among the founders of the College—then Alton Seminary—in 1832, and its generous benefactors. Rev. Loomis was the first principal of the institution and piloted it through its pioneer days. As a matter, also, perhaps, of inheritance she was always interested in public affairs, both state and national affairs, her father having been a State Senator and Representative for many years, and the Whig candidate for Governor in 1838, while her uncle, Ninian Edwards, represented the State as U. S. Senator at Washington for two terms. She was vitally patriotic and followed with attention the movements of armies and the careers of leaders from the time of the Civil War on through the years, to the late World War. Of near relatives her brother, William Wirt Edwards, and her uncle, the late D. Burt Loomis, served in the Civil War. Mr. Loomis, in his early manhood, was one of the defenders of the Lovejoy press back in 1837. Some fourteen members of the Edwards family connection were enrolled in the World War, among them Mrs. Hopkins' two grandsons, J. A. Ryrie of Alton, and Kendall Hopkins of St. Louis. Of Mrs. Hopkins it can be truly said that she was not only worthy of her distinguished inheritance but added to its record of strength the achievement the adornments of beauty and grace of life in perennial flowing.

She was, naturally, much interested in the annals of the past, especially in events relating to Illinois. She was long a member of the State Historical Society and was enrolled as a charter member of the newly-formed County Society in the future success of which she expressed much interest.

Mrs. Hopkins' ecclesiastical connection was with the First Baptist Church of Alton to the activities of which she gave freely of her time and labor during her years of strength. None will miss her more than her co-laborers of old.

A part of her married life was spent in what, in old times, was known as the "Edwards Mansion" on Liberty street, built by her father in 1838, and where she was born, but after her widowhood in 1901, she spent the evening of her days

adjacent to or in the home of her daughter, Mrs. George M. Ryrie, where everything that love and devotion could suggest was done for her comfort and happiness until she passed through the door ajar, into "the other room."

GEORGE MANIERRE, 1845-1924.

George Manierre, pioneer native of Chicago, died suddenly, January 29, 1924, at his residence 100 Bellevue place. Mr. Manierre was within a few days of being 79 years of age.

George Manierre was born February 5, 1845, in a residence which had been built by his father, an early settler on the Michigan and Jackson boulevards site, where now the new Straus office building is being erected.

He was graduated from Lake Forest academy in 1863 and from Yale in 1868, then from Columbia Law School in 1869.

In 1886 Mr. Manierre formed a realty partnership with the late Henry Dibblee under the name of Dibblee and Manierre. He still was active in the firm, which has offices at 112 West Adams Street at the time of his death.

Mr. Manierre was married on Feb. 9, 1876, to Miss Ann Eliza Edgerton of Fort Wayne, Ind. Her father, Alfred P. Edgerton was a Democratic nominee for the vice-presidency in 1872. Mr. Manierre is survived by three sons, Alfred E. Manierre, Louis Manierre, and Francis E. Manierre, the two latter were associated with him in the realty business, a fourth son, Arthur, died in 1912.

Mr. Manierre was a trustee of the Field Museum and of the Newberry Library. He was a member of the Mid-Day, and Saddle and Cycle Clubs and of the Chicago Historical Society and Illinois State Historical Society.

Funeral services were held at St. James Episcopal church and interment was made at Graceland cemetery. Honorary pallbearers were Chauncey Keep, Arthur B. Jones, Edward E. Ayer, Dr. James Murray Washburn, Francis C. Brown, A. A. Sprague, Stanley Field, Jesse L. Mass and William J. Chalmers.

MRS. STUART BROWN.**KATE HAY BROWN.**

By ELIZABETH B. IDE.

Kate Hay Brown was born in Springfield, Illinois, on March 21, 1864. She was the daughter of Milton Hay, a distinguished lawyer, and of Mary Logan Hay, whose father, Judge Stephen T. Logan, was also distinguished in the early law courts of Illinois.

Her mother died when she was ten years old, and for some years she and her brother, Logan Hay, lived with their mother's sister, Mrs. Louis H. Coleman. The loss of her mother and the feeling of responsibility for her young brother undoubtedly hastened the development of an independent character, which was so marked in her in later years.

At eighteen years of age, after graduating at Monticello Seminary, she took her place as mistress of her father's household. In 1886 she married Stuart Brown, and to them three children were born: Milton Hay Brown, Christine Brown, now the wife of Dushane Penniman, and Jane Logan Brown. The virtue of hospitality was hers and her home was always open to her friends; to the Woman's Club; the church and to functions, civil and social, of all sorts.

To her immediate family and to her friends she was the center of the home. In the life of the community she was a moving spirit. Family and friends sought her advice in many problems and her keen intellect seized at once the salient points and gave valuable help. Her interest was just as active in solving the problems of the community. It was always the constructive side that appealed to her, and through her influence and financial help the first step in many enterprises was taken.

A director for years in the Springfield Home for the Friendless, she was instrumental in improving the method of placing out children in foster homes; and through her aid the



MRS. STUART BROWN

first paid trained worker was installed for that particular work. The Juvenile Court of Springfield also owes her a debt of gratitude, for she interested a group of women who furnished the funds to employ the first probation officer. This probation officer was able to show the need for such an office, and the county continued the work. In the Springfield Survey, made by the Russell Sage Foundation, she was a tireless worker, and afterwards she was active in carrying on the various recommendations made by the Survey to the different organizations with which she was connected.

To the Associated Charities of Springfield, whose vice-president she was for many years, she was a tower of strength. She was a firm believer in the doctrine, that the only effective help is that which gives the individual the power to help himself. From this conviction sprang the "Opportunity Fund," for loans to poor girls to help them to continue their education; also, the "Case Committee," which included representatives from the various social agencies of the city for the working out of the problems of poor families along constructive lines.

When she visited other places at home and abroad, she was quick to bring back to her own community the newer methods and improvements which she found. Education, as the best possible preparation for life, was to her most important, and she always kept some boy or girl in college at her own expense.

During the World War she was local chairman of the Council of National Defense, and her judgment and ability were valued throughout the State.

The last public function which she attended was the Congress of the National Playground Association, held in Springfield, and she promised her name and help to that organization in furthering the work in Illinois. She was a life member of the Illinois State Historical Society, of which her husband is a director.

On October 28, 1923, she died, leaving her impress, not only on those who knew her intimately and loved her, but

on the life of her community and her State. In a world of uncertain standards she stood firmly for the things of the spirit, and tried by the alchemy of an understanding and tender nature to transmute the practical detail of service into the gold of her ideal.

COL. WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER, 1842-1924.

Col. William Lightfood Visscher, 1842-1924, picturesque soldier, writer, actor and newspaperman, came to the end of an adventurous career, February 10, 1924, in a little room at 817 Belden avenue. He died from heart trouble.

He was a notable member of the Press Club, where with Opie Reed he would come in to chat. He was also a friend of Eugene Field and Bill Nye.

Colonel Visscher was born in Owingsville, Kentucky, in 1842. He served in the Union Army with the 24th Kentucky Volunteers for four years during the Civil War. He wrote many novels and over 1,000 poems. He has lived in Chicago for many years.

Burial was made in the Press Club lot at Mount Hope Cemetery.

HENRY BACON, 1866-1924.

Henry Bacon, architect of international reputation, designer of the Lincoln Memorial, Washington, D. C., died February 16, 1924, at the Post-graduate Hospital, New York City.

Henry Bacon, son of Henry and Elizabeth Kelton Bacon, was born in Watseka, Illinois, November 28, 1866. He was a graduate of the University of Illinois, class of 1888; married Laura Florence Calvert of Dardanelles, Turkey, April 27, 1893.

He was connected with the firm of Chamberlin & Whidden, architects, Boston, 1885-1888; with McKim, Mead and White, 1888-91; Rotch Traveling Scholar, 1889-91; member of the firm of Brite & Bacon, 1897-03, afterwards practiced alone; member of the National Institute Arts and Letters, American Academy Arts and Letters, American Institute of Architects, National Academy Design, Century Club and Players Club.

**DEATH OF MRS. CAROLINE AUGUSTIN, 101, ON
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1924.**

Mrs. Caroline Augustin, 101 years old February 17th, died February 20th, 1924, in her home at 1839 Eddy street, Chicago. She was born in Germany, coming to this country in 1863. Two daughters, Mrs. Pauline Augustin and Mrs. Amanda Boetticher, seven grandchildren and one great-grandchild, survive her.

ABBOT JOHN NEPOMUCENE JAEGER, 1844-1924.

Funeral services were held in the monastery chapel of St. Procopious Abbey at Lisle, Illinois, Monday morning, March 3rd, 1924, for the R. Rev. John Nepomucene Jaeger, head of that institution and Chicago's first Benedictine Abbot, who died on Wednesday. Abbot Jaeger was 80 years old. Many deeds of heroism were ascribed to him during the labor riots of 1894 and during the smallpox epidemics that followed the World's Fair.

He was born in Kitua Hora, Czecho-Slovakia, in 1844, and came to the United States with his parents at the age of 8.

MORRIS S. ROSENWALD, 1864-1924.

Morris S. Rosenwald, head of the LaSalle street investment house bearing his name and brother of Julius Rosenwald, died Thursday, March 27, 1924, at his home, 4924 Woodlawn avenue, after an illness of seven months.

His widow, Mrs. Mae Oberfelder Rosenwald; his daughters, Katherine and Eleanor; his son, Richard, and his brother survive him. Mr. Rosenwald was born in Springfield, Illinois, July 26, 1864, and had lived in Chicago for thirty-nine years. His investment house was organized in 1885. Subsequently Mr. Rosenwald became president of the Lowenthal Securities Company and later a director in the Drexel State Bank, the Westinghouse Air Brake Company, the Union Switch and Signal Company, the Webster Electric Company, the Walden W. Shaw corporation and the Consumers Company.

He was interested in philanthropy and had been president of the Home of Jewish Friendless and Working Girls. He was a member of the Standard City, Lake Shore Country and the Illinois Athletic Clubs, and an interested member of the Illinois State Historical Society. Funeral services were private at the family home and interment was made at Rosehill.

LOUIS HENRY SULLIVAN, NOTED ARCHITECT, DIES.

Louis Henry Sullivan, one of the best known architects of the United States, designer of the massive Transportation Building at the World's Fair, Chicago; the Auditorium Hotel and numerous other structures in the leading cities of the country, died Monday, April 14, 1924, at the Warner Hotel, Chicago, after a week's illness.

He retired from active work a year ago and devoted himself to the writing of two books, "The Autobiography of an Idea" and "A System of Architectural Ornament," the completed proofs of which were shown to him on his death bed. Mr. Sullivan was born in Boston, September 3, 1856. He came to Chicago in 1880.

Funeral services were conducted in the chapel at Graceland Cemetery, an address being given by Wallace Rice. Burial was made in Graceland Cemetery.

A meeting of the Municipal Art Commission was held on Wednesday, April 16, in the office of Jarvis Hunt to plan some lasting recognition of Louis Henry Sullivan's service to Chicago and the field of architecture.

**COL. FREDERICK C. PROPPER, CIVIL WAR VETERAN,
DIES AT DOLTON, ILLINOIS.**

Col. Frederick C. Propper, 80 years old, last surviving member of Company "B," 82d Illinois Volunteer Infantry, died at his home, Dolton, Illinois, Monday, March 31st, 1924. Colonel Propper enlisted in the Civil War at the age of 19, was captured during the battle of Gettysburg and served three months as a prisoner of war in Libby prison.

He was Past Commander of the G. W. Spencer Post, No. 489, G. A. R., and President of the Illinois Infantry Veterans' Club. He is survived by one sister, Mrs. Albert Meyer, and six sons and four daughters.

Funeral services were held at the Dolton Home, Thursday afternoon, April 3rd, with further services at the Immanuel Evangelical church. Interment was made in Oakland Cemetery.

**MARY MOONEY, 106, PIONEER OF CHICAGO, DIES.
1818-1924.**

Mrs. Mary Mooney of 2515 West Madison street, a resident of Chicago for more than sixty years and believed to be the city's oldest citizen, died Thursday, May 22nd, at the age of 106. Mrs. Mooney moved with her parents from Canada to the United States when she was a little girl.

When Illinois was still a prairie, she married and settled on what is now Chicago's west side. Mrs. Mooney's home was within several doors of Mrs. O'Leary's, where legend states the Chicago fire was started.

COLONEL RANDOLPH SMITH, 1849-1924.

Randolph Smith, prominent in real estate circles in Clay County, and for the past thirty-eight years located in Flora, Illinois, was one of the well-to-do men of Clay County who achieved large and worthy success as a result of their own efforts, unaided by outside influences of family or fortune. Beginning life as a poor boy, Mr. Smith was especially fortunate in his business ventures, and was one of the big financial men of his district.

Born in Marion County, Illinois, on May 31, 1849, Randolph Smith was the son of Willis and Cynthia (Jones) Smith, the former a native of South Carolina and the latter of Tennessee. Willis Smith was a farmer and stock-buyer. He came to Illinois in 1832 and located in Marion County, where he bought a farm, living there until 1849, at which time he went to Missouri. He then started for California, but died on the way to that state. He was tax collector of Marion County in 1847, and during the panic of that year he disposed of much of his property to pay taxes for his neighbors and friends. His death occurred in 1850. He was a son of John R. Smith, a planter, who was born, reared and died in South Carolina. The maternal grandfather of Randolph Smith, of this review, was born in Tennessee. He came to Illinois in 1833 and settled in Marion County, where he died in 1836, after a life of worthy endeavor and accomplishment. He was a veteran of the War of 1812, through which he served with honor and distinction.

Randolph Smith was educated in Clinton County, Missouri, and in Clay County, Illinois, coming to the latter place in 1868. He taught school for one term after finishing school, after which he became connected with the circuit clerk of the county as his deputy. He was three years in that position, leaving it to take a clerkship in the First National Bank of Flora, of which he became cashier in 1878, and remained thus until 1900, when he was elected president of the bank. Six

years afterward he took charge of the Breeze Trenton Mining Company, with head offices in St. Louis, Missouri, remaining there until 1910, and for one year (1907) he served as president of the Illinois Coal Operators Association, and was afterward a member of the executive committee of that body. In January, 1911, Mr. Smith formed a partnership with Robert S. Jones and they engaged in the real estate business, with investments as a side issue to the business, and conducted a thriving business. During the years of Mr. Smith's connection with the First National Bank he was particularly successful, as he was in all his business ventures, building up a strong and substantial institution. For many years he held an interest in the bank and in the coal mining at Breeze, as well as in many other enterprises of equally prosperous nature. Mr. Smith was a member of the Masonic fraternity, being affiliated with the Chapter and Knights Templar. He was Past Master of Flora Lodge, No. 154, and was a most appreciative member of the Order. Mr. Smith was also a most interested member of the Illinois State Historical Society. He was an adherent of the Republican party and did good work for the cause on many occasions. He was a colonel on the staff of Governor Deneen, and served in a like capacity on the staff of Governor Tanner and of Governor Yates. Altogether, Mr. Smith was one of the most influential men of Clay County.

In 1873 Mr. Smith was united in marriage with Ximena Hanna, the daughter of William H. Hanna, a lawyer of Clay County. In 1899 she passed away, leaving her husband and four children, the names of the children being as follows: Carroll, a practicing physician in St. Louis; Medora, who became the wife of Frank M. Welch and lives in Chicago; Claude E., who died in the west about the time of the death of his father, and whose remains were brought to Flora for burial, and Ximena, who married Roy L. Metcalfe of California. In 1908 Mr. Smith contracted a second marriage, when Margaret Finty became his wife. She was a daughter of John Finty, an early settler of Clay County. She died

in 1910. Mrs. Smith was a communicant of the Roman Catholic church, while her husband was of the Methodist faith.

Colonel Smith died suddenly in the St. Nicholas Hotel, Springfield, Illinois, April 17, 1924, and was buried at Flora, Illinois.

**JUSTICE JAMES H. CARTWRIGHT, ILLINOIS
SUPREME COURT JUSTICE,
1842-1924.**

Justice James H. Cartwright of the Illinois Supreme Court, died on Sunday, May 18, 1924, at his home in Oregon, Illinois. He was 81 years of age and had been on the Supreme bench twenty-eight years. Justice Cartwright would have been re-elected for another term of nine years on June 2nd, as he was the Republican nominee and was unopposed.

Justice Cartwright had been in ill health for a month and had been told he could live a year or so longer or he might die at any minute. He was born in Iowa Territory, December 1, 1842. His father was a Methodist minister, who, a year after the future justice's birth, moved the family to Illinois and became a circuit rider, eventually settling at Mount Morris.

James Cartwright was teaching school when the Civil War began. He was 19, and immediately enlisted with the 69th Illinois Infantry. His father became a chaplain under General Sherman. In 1864 the son was chosen captain of his company, which was then in the 140th Illinois Infantry. After the war he took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1867, and became associated with Henry A. Mix of Oregon, Illinois. In 1873 he married Hattie L. Holmes of Oregon.

He was appointed master in chancery in 1876, elected circuit judge in 1888 and on re-election in 1891 was assigned to the Appellate Court in Ottawa. His work there attracted such favorable attention that he was elected in 1895 to the highest court in the state, of which he has many times since been Chief Justice.

Since his advent to the Supreme Court, Justice Cartwright has been universally praised for his ability to go to the heart of a case and produce a lucid interpretation of the

law, as well as for his tireless activity. He had written thousands of opinions on important matters affecting the people of Illinois.

Justice Cartwright was rated as an authority on the political history of Illinois, but aside from the times he was a candidate for re-election, did not mingle in politics.

The funeral was from the residence in Oregon at 2:00 p. m. Wednesday, May 21, 1924.

MRS. NARCISSA D. AKERS, 1860-1924.

Mrs. Narcissa D. Akers of 1505 South College street, Springfield, Illinois, died in Washington, D. C., Monday, April 21, 1924. She had been spending the winter in Florida. On her arrival in Washington, Sunday, April 20, she suffered an attack of bronchial pneumonia, which disease was too far run to be arrested and she passed away at the Tacoma Park Sanitarium on Monday evening, April 21st.

Mrs. Akers has been prominent in church and charitable work in Springfield for many years. She was one of the founders and a loyal supporter of the Laurel Methodist Episcopal church. She gave liberally to other churches and in support of the general religious work of the church, but her private beneficences which were prompted by the natural kindness of her heart were many and in most cases unknown except to those whom she had befriended and helped. One of her distinguishing qualities was her unfailing loyalty to the friends of her youth and among those who will cherish her memory most tenderly are the few remaining members of a rapidly diminishing circle of friends who were her school-mates at the old College Corner School and in the Sunday School of the old Wesley Chapel near her childhood home on Lick Creek in Curran Township, who grew up with her in the pleasant environment of neighborhood affairs and formed a select coterie whose bond of affection has never been broken though the members scattered far and wide and many have preceded her in the transition to the higher life.

Mrs. Akers was born October 19, 1860, at the old family homestead in Curran Township, Sangamon County, Illinois, and was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Dunn, well known residents and pioneers. After attending the College Corner School, she finished her education at the Illinois Women's College at Jacksonville. For some time after her marriage to Dr. William Akers, who preceded her in death

some years ago, she lived first at Curran and afterwards removed to Springfield, where she maintained a home ever since.

Mrs. Akers was the last of her immediate family. Her nearest relatives are cousins—Mrs. J. P. Sims, 1505 South College street, and Robert Lee Foster, 1229 South Fourth street, Springfield. A foster-daughter, Mrs. J. O. Thornberry, resides in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Akers was an interested member of the Illinois State Historical Society, and when in the city spent many hours among the books and manuscripts. She had been for a number of years working on her family history and found in the collection of the Illinois State Historical Library much valuable material, which proved of service to her.

Funeral services were conducted from the Laurel Methodist church on Thursday afternoon, April 24, Rev. C. F. Juvinall, pastor of the church, assisted by Rev. W. W. Henry, of Virden, officiated. Interment followed in Curran, Illinois. Pall-bearers were J. B. Daniels, Benjamin Burlington, J. I. Sims, Edward Kinney, Louis Cole and John Hoffman.

List of Publications of the Illinois State Historical Library and Society.

No. 1. *A Bibliography of Newspapers published in Illinois prior to 1860. Prepared by Edmund J. James, Ph. D., and Milo J. Loveless 94 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1899.

No. 2. *Information relating to the Territorial Laws of Illinois passed from 1809 to 1812. Prepared by Edmund J. James, Ph. D., 15 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1899.

No. 3. *The Territorial Records of Illinois. Edited by Edmund J. James, Ph. D. 170 pp., 8 vo. Springfield, 1901.

No. 4. *Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the year 1900. Edited by E. B. Greene, Ph. D. 55 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1900.

No. 5. *Alphabetical Catalog of the Books, Manuscripts, Pictures and Curios of the Illinois State Historical Library Authors, Titles and Subjects. Compiled by Jessie Palmer Weber. 363 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1900.

Nos. 6 to 30. *Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the years 1901-1923. (Nos. 6 to 26 out of print.)

*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. I. Edited by H. W. Beckwith, President of the Board of Trustees of the Illinois State Historical Library. 642 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1903.

*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. II. Virginia Series, Vol. I. The Cahokia Records, 1778-1790. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. CLVI and 663 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1907.

*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. III. Lincoln-Douglas Debates of 1858. Lincoln Series, Vol. I. Edited by Edwin Erie Sparks, Ph. D. 627 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1908.

*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. IV. Executive Series, Vol. I. The Governors' Letter Books, 1818-1834. Edited by Evarts Boutell Greene and Clarence Walworth Alvord. XXXII and 317 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1909.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. V. Virginia Series, Vol. II. Kaskaskia Records, 1778-1790. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. L and 681 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1909.

*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VI. Bibliographical Series, Vol. I. Newspapers and Periodicals of Illinois, 1814-1879. Revised and enlarged edition. Edited by Franklin William Scott. CIV and 610 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1910.

*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VII. Executive Series, Vol. II. Governors' Letter Books, 1840-1853. Edited by Evarts Boutell Greene and Charles Manfred Thompson. CXVIII and 469 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1911.

*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VIII. Virginia Series, Vol. III. George Rogers Clark Papers, 1771-1781. Edited with introduction and notes by James Alton James. CLXVII and 715 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1912.

*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. IX. Bibliographical Series, Vol. II. Travel and Description, 1765-1865. By Solon Justus Buck. 514 pp., 8 vo. Springfield, 1914.

*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. X. British Series, Vol. I. The Critical Period, 1763-1765. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. LVII and 597 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1915.

*Illinois Historical Collections, XI. British Series, Vol. II. The New Regime, 1765-1767. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. XXVIII and 700 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1916.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XII. Bibliographical Series, Vol. III. The County Archives of the State of Illinois. By Theodore Calvin Pease. CXLII and 730 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1915.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XIII. Constitutional Series, Vol. I. Illinois Constitutions. Edited by Emil Joseph Verlie. 231 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1919.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XIV. Constitutional Series, Vol. II. The Constitutional Debates of 1847. Edited with introduction and notes by Arthur Charles Cole, XV and 1018 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1919.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XV. Biographical Series No. 1, Governor Edward Coles by Elihu B. Washburne. Reprint with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord. 435 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1920.

*Bulletin of the Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 1, September, 1905. Illinois in the Eighteenth Century. By Clarence Walworth Alvord. 38 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1905.

*Bulletin of the Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 2, June 1, 1906. Laws of the Territory of Illinois, 1809-1811. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. 34 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1906.

*Circular Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 1, November, 1905. An Outline for the Study of Illinois State History. Compiled by Jessie Palmer Weber and Georgia L. Osborne. 94 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1905.

*Publication No. 18. List of Genealogical Works in the Illinois State Historical Library. Compiled by Georgia L. Osborne. 8 vo. Springfield, 1914.

*Publication No. 25. List of Genealogical Works in the Illinois State Historical Library. Supplement to Publication No. 18. Compiled by Georgia L. Osborne. 8 vo. Springfield, 1918.

Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society, Vol. I, No. 1, April, 1908, to Vol. XVII, Nos. 1-2. October, 1923-January, 1924.

Journals out of print: Volumes I to X, inclusive.

* Out of print.





